UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY
OU_166852
UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Call No. 820.9 / A66 E Accession No. 6018

Author Ayer, E.

Title English Journal

This book should be returned on or before the date last marked below.

AN ENGLISH GARNER

INGATHERINGS FROM OUR HISTORY AND LITERATURE

BY EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.

'*Yea, history hath triumphed over time: which besides it, nothing but eternity hath triumphed over.*' SIR W. RALEIGH, Hist. of the World.

'*Airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers.*' J. MILTON, Areopagitica

VOLUME V

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.
14 PARLIAMENT ST., WESTMINSTER

MDCCCXCV

Contents of the Fifth Volume.

PAGE

Master ROGER BODENHAM. *Trip to Mexico*, 1564–1565, A.D. (?) 59

Rev. RICHARD HAKLUYT. *The Voyages of WILLIAM HAWKINS senior, to Brazil, about* 1530, A.D. (1589.) 11

———————— *Sir JOHN HAWKINS's First Voyage to the West Indies*, 1562–1563, A.D. (? 1589.)... 17

A Gentleman in the Voyage. *Sir JOHN HAWKINS's Second Voyage to the West Indies; 18th Oct.*, 1564—*20th Sept.*, 1565. (? 1565.) 87

The Third Voyage of Sir JOHN HAWKINS:—

1. *Earliest tidings of the disaster in England, Dec.* 1558—*Jan.* 1569 205
2. *A true Declaration of the troublesome Voyage of Mr. JOHN HAWKINS to the parts of Guinea and the West Indies, in the years of our Lord* 1567 *and* 1568... 213
3. *The Depositions in the English Admiralty Court, March* 1569 226
4. *The Narratives of Three Survivors of the* 112 *men landed near Tampico on 8th October*, 1568:—
 (a) *The relation of DAVID INGRAM, of Barking, in the county of Essex, sailor* 249
 (b) *A Discourse written by one MILES PHILLIPS, Englishman, one of the company put ashore in the West Indies by Master JOHN HAWKINS in the year* 1568 261
 (c) *The Rare Travels of JOB HORTOP, an Englishman, who was not heard of, in three and twenty years' space.* (1591.) 307
5. *Sir JOHN HAWKINS's pretended treachery, in the Summer of* 1571; *carried on with the knowledge and under the sanction of Queen ELIZABETH and Lord BURLEIGH* 331

Sir FRANCIS DRAKE revived; calling upon this dull or effeminate Age, to follow his noble steps for gold and silver: By this memorable Relation of the rare occurrences (never yet declared to the world) in a Third Voyage made by him into the West Indies, in the years [15]72 *and* [15]73. (1593.) 487

BARNABE BARNES. *PARTHENOPHIL and PARTHENOPHE. Sonnets, Madrigals, Elegies, and Odes.* (? May 1593.) 335

[?] *ZEPHERIA.* (? 1594.) 61

Sir J. DAVIES. *ORCHESTRA, or, A Poem of Dancing. Judicially proving the true observation of Time and Measure, in the authentical and laudable use of Dancing.* (? June 1594.) ... 19

———————— *Nosce teipsum! This Oracle expounded in two Elegies* 137

———————— *Hymns of ASTRÆA, in Acrostic Verse.* (1599.)... ... 561

B. GRIFFIN, Gent. *FIDESSA, more chaste than kind.* (1596.) ... 587

JOHN SAVILE. *King JAMES his entertainment at Theobalds. With his welcome to London.* (1603.) 623

GILBERT DUGDALE. *The Time Triumphant, Declaring in brief the arrival of our Sovereign liege Lord, King JAMES, into England.* (1604.) 639

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, Baronet. *Songs.* (Before 1700.)... 14

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *Poor RICHARD improved, Being an Almanac, &c. for the year of our Lord* 1758... 577

FIRST LINES OF POEMS AND STANZAS.

	PAGE
A diverse cause, but ...	45
A fair curled head, and	438
After AURORA's blush...	401
Again, how can She.....	159
Again, how can She.....	183
Again, if by the body's	187
Again, if Souls do.....	162
Again, if Souls, of Souls	163
A gallant Dance!	40
A Glove of Gold	451
Ah me! How many	478
Ah me! sweet beauty!...	374
Ah, pierce-eye piercing	366
Ah, sweet Content!	379
Ah, ten times worse.....	377
A hundred thousand ...	15
Ah, were my tears	426
Ah, would Thou set.....	436
Alas! that some that ...	161
Alike torment her, with	480
All beauty's far..... ...	434
All bodies are confined	157
All bodies are, with	158
All in Himself, as in ...	165
"All moving things.....	183
All things received	158
All things without	144
All this he tells	24
Although they say	182
And after wars, when	45
And as from senses	178
And as if beasts	190
And as MINERVA is.....	160
And as the better spirit	187
And as the man loves ...	145
And as the moisture.....	184
And as the Sun above	170
And as the root and.....	165
And as the Wit doth ..	180
And as this Wit should	179
And as when th'hand ...	166
And cease	482
And doubtless such	198
And even this selfsame	48
And hence it is	22
And how was CŒNEUS	43
And humbly honouring	53
And if a man should ...	196
And if her Powers	195
And if herself She can...	190
And if that wisdom still	199
And if thou, like a child	201
And in her heaven	455
And is it by immutable	75
And is not GOD's	167
And let us know that ...	169
And merry BACCHUS	44
And not alone the	46
"*And now, behold*	34
And now, thou winged	85
And saying, "Let her...	480
And so did purpose all...	164
And so the ancestor.....	166
And swifter than the...	30
And then the Soul	167
And therefore, now.....	43
And these, those	448
And these three.....	180
And those great	46
And though some.....	189
And though these.....	179
And though the Soul ...	163
And though the Soul ...	171
And though the Spirit...	150
And though things	171
And though this Sense	173
And thou, my Soul!.....	202
"*And thou, sweet*	34
And thus continuing ...	359
And thus, from divers ...	159
And view at once	165
And when He took the	163
And when their.....	141
And when thou thinkest	201
And when your ivory...	50
And while the face of ...	145
And why did GOD in...	168
And yet, alas, when.....	143
And yet good scents ...	174
And yet she thought ...	54
And yet the Lights	147
And yet these Porters...	175
And yet these sparks ...	179
And yet this First True	185
And yet this Soul.....	164
"And yet we see in her	162
Anon, Fear (Sentinel ...	67
ANTINOUS answered ...	30
Are they not senseless...	154
Are you so waspish	472
Arraigned, poor captive	593
As a good harper	194
As a King's daughter ...	185
As if most skill in that .	156
As is the fable of that ...	144
As spiders touched	145
As streams, which	173
As then, the Soul a	159
As the victorious twins	41
As when, AMPHION ...	28
As when a Nymph	39
As when the Indians ...	57
(*As where the sun is* ...	140
At first, Disdain and ...	14
At first, our Mother.....	184
At first, she startles! ...	145
At length, by.....	460
At length, good heart ...	460
At length, he doth	454
At length, he somewhat	454
At length, methought ...	460
Away, TERPSICHORE !...	55
Ay me! Embrace me!...	481
BACCHUS! Father of all	447
Bear the sea's sand in ...	573
Bear up this Hymn! ...	565
Beating mine arms on...	458
Beauty's Crown.....	575
BEAUTY, VIRTUE.....	567
Be blind, mine Eyes! ...	384
Because her temper is...	572
Before bright TITAN ...	467
Before the grooms	457
Begs LOVE! which	393
Behold, a herd of jolly	456
Behold, and learn in my	458
Behold her in her.....	570
Behold, how my proud	576
Behold! (if you can	571
Behold me mildly from	568
Behold, out walking in	454
Behold these tears, my	413
"*Behold the world*	31
Behold, within that	455
Besides, another	177
Besides as HOMER's.....	191
Besides! This world ...	169
Besides those single.....	175
Besides! Were we	168
Best jewel that the	566
Be thou our law	571
Blasts are mild, and seas	564
Blessed ASTRÆA! I, in	564
Bless still the myrrh.....	355
Blest is Arcadia's	445
Blest is that Shepherd...	449
Bodies are fed with	191
Both you, fresh.....	565
Brave Princes of this ...	567
Brave Spirit! Large.....	575
Bright image of an	570
Brought down from	569
Burn on, sweet Fire! ...	389
But after, by	178
But after these, as men	39
But, ah, my plague	361
But as GOD's	161
But as Noah's pigeon ...	198
But as, the Body	195
But as the fair and	170
But as the sharpest Eye	147
But as this world's sun	170
But, blest be that.....	199
But for more divers ...	40
But here are colours ...	569
But high perfection	191
But how shall we this ...	169
"But *how*, till then	196
But if a frenzy do.....	193
But if APOLLO take	194
But if She shall attend	86
But if the body's death	186
But if these eyes	52
But if, upon the world's	186
But if, with error and ...	83
But in another world	53
But in this life	183
But it exceeds Man's ...	181
But it on Her! not She	157
"But lastly, Time	191
But many subtle wits ...	162
But most of them	195
But neither for their ...	568
But, Nightingale! sith	566
But not alone, this	51
But now I feel they.....	164
But now I have a Will	177
But now these Epicures	192
But Pity, which	359
But purge the humours	193
"*But see the EARTH*	33
But She doth doubt.....	188
But She that should.....	459
But since our life	183
But since She hath a ...	573
But sith the Brain doth	176
But still this Crew	197
But such as are detruded	198
But then grew Reason...	142
But they do want that...	155
But they that know.....	192
But things of weight ...	152
But Thou, bright	149
"But though Corruption	190
But though the	176
But though this.....	157

But, Thou! which 149
But to the Soul..... 192
But we (that measure ... 165
But we, their wretched 142
But when in heaven ... 186
But when, in May 358
But when She sits to ... 153
But when the Cause..... 152
" *But wherefore do* 36
But, whereto shall we... 563
But whoso makes a 182
But why do I the Soul 155
But why persuade you 27
But women will have ... 440
But yet her Fancy 452
By instruments, her..... 572
By Love, She rules 574
By such degrees 14
By them, the forms 153
By this straight rule ... 574
By touch; the first pure 175
" *By why relate I* 38
Care-charmer Sleep! ... 598
Cast down thyself! 202
Cease, over-tired 383
" Cease, Sorrow! Cease. 415
Clip not, sweet Love ... 596
Come, blessed goat 481
Compare me to 603
Compare me to the 597
Concord's true picture... 50
Consume! consume 459
Cool! cool in waves..... 367
Could any power of 154
Could EVE's weak hand 165
Covetous Eyes! What... 385
Daisies, cowslips, and.. 456
Dancing, bright Lady! 27
Dark Night! Black 387
Dear Mistress! than my 427
Dear Sorrow! Give me 429
Deign, mighty Lord! ... 483
Despairing how to slack 440
Did Sense persuade..... 154
Did you sometimes 593
Die magic boughs! 482
Do I unto a cruel tiger 620
Doubtless, *all* Souls ... 187
Doubtless in Man 154
Doubtless the Body's ... 195
Doubtless, this could ... 158
Do *you*, then, think this 198
Each day of thine 565
Each month hath praise 568
Eagle-eyed Wisdom! ... 574
Early, before the day ... 563
Early, cheerful 565
Earth, now adieu! 569
Earth now is green 564
Earth! take this earth... 605
ECHO! this favour, if I 446
Echo! What shall I do 471
Eclipsed She is, and her 572
Either at first uncapable 193
ELIZA's praises were too 452
Empress of Flowers! ... 567
Empress of Kingdoms... 575
Envious air, all Nature's 399
Envy, go weep! My ... 576
Ere thou proceed in..... 573
Eternal Virgin! Goddess 564
Europe! the Earth's ... 567
Even as her State..... 575
Even as our great wise 152
Even so, by tasting 142
Even so, Man's Soul ... 145
Even so, the King 180
Even so the Soul 184
Even so, the Soul..... 193
Even then, to them 141
Ever well affected Will 571
Every night, from even 566
Eye of that Mind 570
Eye of the garden! 566
Eye of the world!..... 568
Exacter, should it 74
Examine not th' 573
Exceeding glorious is ... 570
Excellent jewels would 571
Exiled ASTRÆA is 574
Exquisite curiosity!..... 572
Extreme was his 569
Fair CLYTIE doth..... 374
Fair is my love that..... 609
Fair Pearls, which 464
Fair Soul! since to the 140
FIDESSA fair! long 591
FIDESSA's worth in time 621
Fie! fie, fierce Tyrant! 376
Fie, Pleasure! fie! 608
First, GOD, from..... 164
First, In man's mind ... 182
First, the two Eyes 172
" *First, you see fixed* ... 32
FLORA doth greet thee 448
Fly to her heart! 602
Fond men! if we believe 197
For after Towns and ... 45
For all things else 187
For all things made..... 162
For all those Nerves ... 175
For as that easy law ... 166
For as the Devil, father 198
For as the Soul's 200
For Comeliness is a..... 51
For even, at first 145
For even the *thought* ... 190
For, give her organs fit 194
For glory, pleasure, and 369
For here, like to the..... 57
For her true form 148
For he which reasons ... 189
For how can that be ... 199
For how may we 143
" For if GOD make her 161
For if that region 192
For if we chance to fix 155
For I have lovèd long ... 599
For I will sing 450
" *For lo, the Sea that*... 35
For LOVE, within his... 41
For Nature, in man's .. 179
For no crazed brain..... 149
For not the Christian ... 199
For of her Barons..... 57
For pity, he cried..... 460
For Rhetoric clothing... 46
For She, all natures..... 157
For should the voice ... 173
For since the world for 199
Forsooth, quoth she..... 47
" *For that brave SUN* 33
For that same Ill 141
For their assistance to... 479
For then, their minds... 142
Forth from mine eyes ... 393
For this, few *know* 145
For this! the better..... 186
For this, the wisest 143
"*For those blue veins* 36
For though our eyes ... 152
For though the body ... 195
For though these light 182
For though the Soul..... 200
For well she knows 185
For what did he, who... 42
For what is Man 168
For what is this 167
" For what!" they say 192
For, when Death's 187
For when GOD's hand 141
" For when," say they 161
For when She sorts 150
For when we judge 189
" *For when you* 34
For who did ever yet ... 184
For why should we..... 144
For your sweet beauty 49
From East's bed rosy ... 388
From hence, that 189
From their gross 158
From the kind heat 176
From thence this Power 178
From the revenue of ... 85
From thine heart's 352
From this desire, that... 189
Give me my Heart!..... 366
Go, Bastard Orphan! ... 338
Goddess of women! 26
GOD doubtless makes... 164
GOD, first, made 169
GOD never gave a 183
GOD, only-Wise! 149
Graces would smile 450
Great is the joy that no 601
Grief-urging Guest! ... 595
Had I been banished ... 397
Happy! depart with ... 432
Hark! all you lovely ... 462
" *Hark how the birds*... 37
Hark, Nymphs forlorn! 462
Hears not, my PHILLIS! 15
Heaven waxeth old 191
He bare about him a ... 460
HECATE! make signs ... 480
HECATE! reveal if She 480
HECATE tell, which..... 479
He cheered the Muses 444
He first extracted 49
He keeps it doubtless ... 196
He looks on ADAM 165
Hence, goat! and bring 480
" *Hence is her prattling* 34
Hence is it, that these... 42
Hence it is that..... 21
Hence, lastly, springs... 189
Hence sprang the fable 44
Hence, springs that..... 188
Her brighter dazzling ... 56
Her cheeks exceed the 406
Here are they guides ... 172
Here, Even! there 170
Here, Sense's..... 176
Here, She attracts!..... 171
Her hardened heart..... 481
Her harmonies are 153
Her I did promise 446
Her love to me, She ... 342
Her nimble body, yet ... 159
Her only end, in never 181
Her Quick'ning Power 171
Her winged thoughts ... 54
He said, " Sweet 453
He that will Cæsar be... 601
He that would fain 607
He, when continual..... 340
Him when I caught..... 342
His civil acts to bind ... 166
Hither, chaste PHŒBE's 82
Hold! matchless 407
HOMER doth tell 94

HOMER, to whom 23
How can I live in..... 384
How can that 592
How can we hope..... 143
"How can we say 161
"*How doth Confusion's* 31
How have I forfeited ... 73
How justly then is 28
How made I, then 70
How many golden 80
How often hath my pen 75
How often have mine ... 71
How oft have I, the ... 466
How senseless then 182
How shall I deck my ... 73
How then succeedeth ... 349
How wert thou pleased 70
I burn, yet am I cold!... 356
I dare not speak of that 405
If all the Loves were ... 578
If any think a virgin ... 462
If by His word, He had 168
If by the Body! how ... 163
If CUPID keep his quiver 379
If Death do quench us 199
If great Apollo offered... 618
If him thou take 439
If, lastly, Souls did 163
If, lastly, this quick..... 159
If neither Love, nor Pity 428
If ought can teach us ... 146
"*If Sense hath not yet* 31
If She doth then the ... 156
If She, the Body's 156
If She were but the 156
If She were but the 156
If th'Elements (which... 156
If then, all souls, both... 188
If then a man, on light 167
If then, by death, the ... 187
"*If then Fire, Air* 35
If then the Soul 162
If then this Virtue 198
If the report be good ... 177
If they whom sacred ... 51
If th'objects be far off... 172
If to the City, I repair 442
If we had nought but ... 155
If we had nought but ... 155
If we these rules unto ... 189
I have not spent the..... 608
I *know* my Body's of so 146
I *know* my Life's a 146
I *know* my Soul hath ... 146
Illuminating Lamps! ... 69
Imperious JOVE, with ... 350
I must write with tears 472
In a shady grove of..... 453
In centre of these Stars 403
In judgement of her..... 148
Injurious Fates! to rob 611
I note this day 451
In quiet silence of the... 418
In sweetest pride of..... 440
"*In the chief angle*..... 37
In this third Life 201
I offer up some sparkles 140
I see, I hear, I feel 614
Is it because the Mind 144
Is it, then, just with us 167
I slept, when 403
Is Trust betrayed? 619
It chanced, after 341
It is some comfort to ... 617
It is the slowest, yet ... 173
It was not long ago 78
It was of love, ungentle 608
I was a King of sweet... 617
I wish no rich refined ... 367
Jove for EUROPA's love 377
Kill not her Quick'ning 201
Lame Consonants 368
Lastly, GOD, being..... 163
Lastly. Nine things ... 172
Lastly, the brute 169
Lastly, the Feeling 174
Lastly, the Soul were ... 168
"*Lastly, where keep* ... 35
LAVA, soon sounding ... 341
"*Learn then to dance!* 38
Let every man drink ... 445
Let me the mover be ... 26
Let not Disdain, thy ... 78
Like heaven in all;..... 139
Like this, he framed ... 28
Like to the Mountains 371
Long doth she stay 184
Long-wished for Death! 386
Long to the rocks, have 436
Look in thy Soul! 201
Lo, this is Dancing's ... 47
Love heard his prayer 53
LOVE in the twinkling 49
Love is a name too 383
Lovely MAYA! 456
Love must free hearted 168
Love still has something 14
LOVE taught the 48
Lulled in a heavenly ... 65
MARY, my Saint chaste 447
Methought, CALLIOPE.. 369
Might not this be for ... 345
Mine eye bewrays the... 613
Mine Eyes and Sleep be 435
Mistress! Behold 339
More fair, but yet..... 68
Most true that I must... 622
Much like a subtle 175
"Murder! O murder!" 615
Musicians think our..... 148
Must then, your 15
Must Virtue be..... 198
My cruel fortunes..... 615
My fate! O not my 68
My lady's hair is 610
My LOVE, alas, is sick! 402
My Mistress' Arms, are 391
My Mistress' beauty ... 382
My pain paints out my 600
My spotless love, that... 595
My sweet 388
My verses do not please 441
My woes, all comforts... 459
Nature, I find, doth ... 81
Nature's pride 398
Ne'er from a lofty pitch 79
Ne'er were the silvery... 72
Neither MINERVA, nor 146
"*Next her, the pure* ... 33
Next, in the nostrils ... 174
Next, when my sun..... 358
Next, when the..... 357
No Body can, at once 158
No choice of change can 613
No, doubtless! for the... 144
No, I dare not!..... 618
None are so gross..... 162
None that acknowledge 199
No! no, ZEPHERIA!..... 74
Nor as a vessel, water... 170
Nor can herself..... 151
Nor can her wide..... 158
Nor could the world's ... 187
Nor could we by our ... 159
Nor did He first a 160
Nor hath He given 181
Nor He, in this, doth ... 162
Nor in the secret 160
Nor is it strange that ... 167
Nor may a man, of 159
"Not Adam's Body ... 161
Not those old students... 39
Now, GOD, the Truth! 185
Now in my Zodiac's..... 362
Now let us hear, how ... 173
Nymphs begin 461
Nymphs shall resort! ... 451
Nymphs, which in 372
O Beauty! Siren! kept 620
O could I, sweet 55
O could we see! how ... 165
O dart and thunder! ... 365
O dear remembrance ... 425
O dear vexation of my 430
O fair sweet glove! 449
"*Of all their ways* 36
Of Him, She thinks..... 186
O Fiery Rage! when ... 389
Oft have mine Eyes..... 594
Of this, we find some ... 166
Of which swift little..... 183
O how long! how long 435
O, how oft! how oft did 466
O if my heavenly sighs 597
O ignorant poor Man! 201
O Kingly Jealousy!..... 386
O let me sigh, weep..... 621
O let my heart, my body 609
O LIGHT! (which..... 148
O lovely tender paps! ... 465
O LOVE! my King! ... 52
O Love's soft hills! 465
O many, many years ... 140
Once in an arbour was 347
One night, I did attend 459
One thinks the Soul..... 148
O never can I see that... 420
One while, they seem ... 14
On her breast..... 461
On her fair hand 449
Only ANTINOUS, when 26
Only one night's 25
"*Only the Earth*..... 36
On the plains..... 461
O Powers Celestial!..... 345
Or as the man, whom ... 152
Or GOD (which to 183
Or if "*this All* 28
Or that one penal law... 165
O, she must love my ... 600
O sweet, pitiless eye ... 478
O that I could make her 476
O that I had HOMER's... 55
O that I had no heart! 378
O that I might that..... 56
O that my ceaseless..... 466
O that, some time, thou 409
O then, Desire!..... 67
Our bodies, every..... 191
Our Eyes have lids 173
Our Wit is given 180
O what a lively life! ... 181
O what is Man! 181
O why loved I? For ... 363
O why should Envy ... 395
PALLAS, that hour 25
PARTHENOPHE mine ... 441
PARTHENOPHE! See ... 448
PARTHENOPHE! thy ... 441
Pass all! Ah, no! 362
PENELOPE the Queen ... 53

"Perhaps, for want..... 191
"Perhaps her cause..... 190
"Perhaps something ... 190
PHILLIS is my only joy! 16
PHILLIS! Men say that 16
PHŒBUS, rich father ... 404
Pleading for pity to my 396
Poor worm, poor silly ... 604
Pride of our English ... 485
Pronounce who best..... 451
Proud in thy love..... 71
Radiant virtues! if your 570
Raise but your looks ... 567
Read this fair book 571
Reason hath both their 29
Reason (if She 575
Rebound upon thyself... 570
Receive, sweet Lord!... 484
Recount these numbers 573
Rectified so, they, in ... 573
Red in her right cheek 568
Renowned art thou 568
Renowned ASTRÆA..... 565
Report my seas of salt 459
Reserve, sweet Spring! 564
Resolve me, Muse! how 572
Respect my pen, as free 576
Reveal, sweet Muse 474, 475
Reveal, sweet Muse ... 475
Reveal, sweet Muse ... 476
Reward doth sit in her 574
Rich sunbeam of th'..... 569
Right dear art thou! ... 565
Right glad am I, that... 564
Right otherwise, a 572
Right Princely virtue ... 574
Right so, the Soul 153
Rocks, pillars, and 575
Rose of that Garland!... 486
Rose, of the Queen of... 566
Roses and lilies did 567
Royal ASTRÆA makes... 566
Royal Free Will and ... 571
Rude counterfeit!..... 569
Rudeness itself 563
Scarce twice seven times 357
See *how* Man's Soul ... 196
"*See how those flowers* 37
See! whence She comes 481
Sense, outsides knows! 155
Sense thinks the 154
She is a Spirit; yet not 157
She is a Substance 150
She is a Vine, which ... 150
She lodgeth heat 190
Shepherds! I fill sweet 444
She's sent as soon to ... 159
She, within lists 146
Shortly, what is it?..... 142
Since Body and Soul ... 160
Since from the flowered 83
Since from the full feed 82
Since Nature fails us ... 147
Since then, her heavenly 185
Since, then, the Soul ... 157
Since when; all 42
Since when, they still... 27
Sing! sing 443
Sing then 24
Sir! Whatsoever You ... 22
Sleep PHŒBUS still 398
Sleep PHŒBUS still with 482
So be my labours 355
So be She brought!..... 479
So did MUSÆUS! so ... 43
So did PARTHENOPHE 343
So do the winds and ... 146
So doth the piercing ... 170
Soft, lovely, rose-like ... 376
So if one man well on ... 195
So in our little world ... 171
Sole Heir of Virtue..... 27
So many months 15
So, many stairs we 178
Some place it in the..... 148
Some think one General 148
"*Sometimes his proud* 35
Some, woodbines bear! 450
So might the heir..... 143
So Music, to her own ... 47
Sore sick of late, Nature 607
So she seemèd, in her ... 406
So soon as peeping 614
So subtle and curious ... 57
So that if Man would be 168
So that themselves 142
So that the widow Soul 160
So this continual 356
So, though GOD 167
So though still She 473
So, though the 196
So though the clouds ... 193
So though this cunning 152
So to a fish, VENUS ... 44
So warble out your 368
So, when the Body 195
So when the root and ... 166
So when the Soul..... 190
So, when the Soul finds 185
So when the Soul is born 197
So wher we GOD and 189
So while the virgin Soul 186
Speak, ECHO! tell 442, 443
Stay long, sweet Spirit! 140
Still resting whole 170
Striving is past! Ah ... 603
Such strange effects..... 363
Sweet Beauty's rose!... 365
Sweet Eglantine 464
Sweet is the golden 463
Sweet Lady! Might my 485
Sweet stroke! (so might 599
Sweet thraldom, by 410
Swift ATALANTA (when 423
Take heed of 202
Tell me of love, Sweet 612
That night, the Queen... 25
That Power (which 147
That there ten thousand 197
The barren Hebene 455
The Body's life, with ... 174
The bullocks leap! the 444
The Chariot, with the... 387
The comely Order 30
The Courtly love 24
The Dial! love, which 373
The fairest deers, which 445
The first Life in the..... 200
The Furies, they shall... 482
The God of Love 15
The leafless branches ... 380
The Ledger Book lies... 176
The Lights of Heaven 147
The like just order 45
The more She lives 192
Then as a bee, which ... 184
Then as a cunning 193
Then count it not..... 353
Then did he rarify 31
Then Dotage is no 194
Then doth She see 197
Then doth th'aspiring... 200
Then doth the Soul 194
Then doth the Wit 193
Then dwells She *not* ... 170
Then, first of all 38
Then, first, with locks... 479
Then (from her Venus 360
Then her self-being 153
Then him controlling ... 348
Then if her heavenly ... 162
Then is the Soul a 155
Then is the Soul from .. 164
Then let us praise that 169
Then, like God's angel 152
Then MARS subdued ... 463
Then neither, from 160
Then She the Senses ... 153
Then She, which hath... 188
Then these defects 194
Then this desire of 188
Then to flatter awhile... 472
Then to PARTHENOPHE 343
"Then what do those ... 196
Then, what vast body... 158
Then why should 52
The prison I am in is ... 611
The proudest Planet ... 385
The Queen, whose 47
The Quickening Power 180
Therefore no heretics ... 182
Therefore, no Sense..... 153
Therefore the angels ... 163
Therefore the fables..... 180
Therefore, this sin 166
There, had my ZEUXIS 347
There in a mantle of..... 458
There, is She crowned... 186
There playfellows..... 619
There, seated in that ... 453
There, with a garland... 457
The richest jewel in ... 50
The Rose for anger at .. 406
The roses and lilies of... 441
These actions, in her ... 151
These are the outward 175
These are the Windows 172
These Arts of Speech ... 46
These bitter gusts..... 392
These children (if they 196
These Conduit Pipes ... 174
These Eyes (thy 351
These imperfections..... 194
These light vain 188
These, mine heart..... 353
These Mirrors take 172
These Passions have ... 176
These powers the 177
These questions make... 192
These spirits of Sense ... 177
(These thoughts are..... 163
These tunes of Reason 153
These various forms of 41
These Wickets of the ... 173
The Shepherds poopen 457
The silly bird that 604
The Soul, a Substance 150
The Soul hath, here..... 197
The Soul, in all, hath ... 194
The sovereign Castle ... 25
The Sun in Pisces 394
The Sun, my Lady's ... 395
The wits that dived..... 143
The Wit (the pupil 178
The workman on his ... 152
They are becalmed 14
They are her farthest ... 172
They that pity lovers ... 474
They would cry out..... 196
Thine Eyes, mine..... 370
Think of her worth!..... 201

This busy power is 176
This careful head 396
This day, sweet Mistress 411
This done, with jolly ... 457
This doth She, when ... 158
This glove, I kiss! 450
This is the Body's 174
This is the net, wherein 41
This is the Soul! 180
This is True Love 49
This Lamp, through ... 149
This makes the Idiot ... 193
This makes the pulses... 177
This Mistress, lately ... 146
This Power, in parts ... 171
This Power is Sense ... 171
This power spreads 155
This power to MARTHA 171
This rich Assyrian drug 199
This said, the Queen &. 29
This Sense is also..... 174
This Substance, and ... 169
This true PROMETHEUS 160
This was the Picture •... 54
This, we call Birth!..... 200
This, would they think 197
Those golden darts fly... 445
Those hairs of angels' ... 381
Those outward Organs 175
Thou bright beam 394
Thou coop'st him in..... 341
Though, alas, too late... 16
Though be thou limned 66
Though I be rude, as ... 449
Though like an exile ... 72
Thou leav'st Thy Print 181
Thou, like the sun 149
Thou scaled my fort..... 370
Thou! that hast 149
Through empty clouds 481
Thus, as She was..... 404
Thus by the organs..... 174
Thus doth it equal age 29
Thus LOVE persuades 38
Thus LOVE taught..... 42
Thus see we, how the ... 173
Thus these good men ... 162
Thus these great 148
Thus the Soul tunes..... 177
Thus they said 462
Thus they who first did 44
Thus, when, at first ... 39
Thy beauty is the Sun 373
Thy beauty past, with 434
Thy coral-coloured lips 76
Thy love's conceits are 401
'Tis cruel to prolong ... 14
'Tis now acquitted!..... 482
To Love, stood 407
To judge herself 149
Tongue, never cease to 606
To none but to 375
To see the frisking 457
To see the Rounds 458
To that clear..... 139
To that great Spirit!... 139
To the divinest and..... 139
To these high powers ... 180
To whom shall I 21
To you, whose 22
"*Under that spangled* 32
Unhappy sentence!..... 594
Unto the Muses 77
Upon a holy Saintès ... 446
Vain gallants! whose ... 327
VENUS aloud, for her ... 438
VENUS, and young 592
VENUS directed me to... 452
"*VENUS* (*the mother*... 32
Vext with th' assaults ... 346
Violets in her veins! ... 456
Virgins, whom VENUS... 462
Vouchsafe, thrice 484
VULCAN, in Lemnos Isle 463
Was it decreed by..... 419
Was it then fit, that 164
Was never eye did see... 610
Water in conduit pipes 183
Weep now no more 606
Well may my soul 605
"Well, well," say these 198
Were I, of all these 16
Were She a Body..... 157
We seek to know the ... 144
We should not find her 187
We study Speech 144
We that acquaint..... 144
"What! are not Souls 192
What be those hairs..... 390
What can these wrinkles 381
What can we know?..... 143
What eye doth see the... 29
What, if by often..... 51
"*What if to you these* 32
What is it? but the 142
What is it, then, that ... 154
What is this 142
"*What makes the Vine* 37
What mean the 48
What power was that ... 154
What shall I name..... 40
What! Shall I ne'er..... 80
What tied him? Hath 444
What, when they do ... 473
When all her works 151
When as the Golden ... 69
When clear hath been... 79
When, from the tower... 66
When he had..... 461
When he hath passed ... 200
When her assent 178
When I did think to..... 452
When I go forth to feed 442
When in th'Effects 151
When I pass pensive ... 442
When I remember that 424
When I the hooks of ... 616
When I waked out of ... 406
When I walk forth into 441
When I was young 372
When last mine eyes ... 84
When LOVE had..... 30
When lovely wrath 354
When MARS returned... 463
When men seem crows 154
When my sun 361
When never-speaking ... 612
When none of these..... 346
When of the dew 150
When PARTHENOPHE ... 407
When Reason's lamp ... 143
When She defines..... 151
When She from sundry 150
When shepherds would 442
When She rates things 178
When She, without a ... 151
When silent sleep had... 598
When thine heart..... 360
When this celestial 403
When was there ever ... 188
When we, in kind..... 78
When without hands ... 151
When, with the..... 352
Wherefore was..... 43
Where lives the 23
Where, or to whom 348
Where Phantasy 175
Which, also, GOD 169
Which Himself makes... 161
Whiles these two 405
Whiles, with strong..... 340
Whilst some, the Trojan 375
Who can in Memory ... 156
"*Who doth not see* 33
Whoever sees these 188
Who sees an army all... 52
Who would at first 163
Why am I thus in mind 364
Why did my parents ... 141
Why did rich Nature ... 382
Why didst thou, then ... 344
Why did the milk..... 408
Why do I draw my 371
Why do I draw this..... 354
Why doth earth bring... 456
Why doth heaven bear 455
Why doth not Beauty... 156
Why should I weep..... 477
Will is as free as any ... 179
Will is the Prince! 179
Will puts in practice ... 179
Winged with sad woes... 596
Wilt thou know..... 392
With frisking gambols... 457
With humble suit 416
With that, he sighed ... 453
With that, I touched ...[illegible] 461
With these, sometime ... 186
Within thine eyes, mine 390
With this Desire, She ... 182
With this, the modest ... 26
Wit is the Mind's Chief 179
Wit seeking Truth 185
Work! work apace you 616
Would GOD (when 380
Write! write! help!..... 350
Yea, but most Ladies ... 473
Yea, but uncertain 351
Yea, that accursed 349
Ye modern Laureates 63
Yet, always, all may ... 176
Yet ASTROPHEL (might 55
Yet can she love a 185
Yet give me leave..... 344
Yet hath the Soul..... 178
Yet if Affliction once her 145
Yet in the Body's..... 151
Yet is not GOD, the ... 164
Yet is there one 40
Yet Nature, so her 184
Yet none shall equal me 81
Yet not, alone, the first 167
Yet of the forms, She ... 157
Yet, once again..... 48
Yet, out he comes! 200
Yet say these men 195
Yet shall these infants 197
Yet their best object ... 172
Yet these and their 166
Yet these three Powers 181
Yet this, the curious ... 168
Yet though these men... 182
Yet, under heaven 184
"Yet violence perhaps 192
Yet were these natural 177
Yet your fair soul 50
You hapless winds! 437
You, Lady Muse 54
You loathed fields and... 458
Youth, full of error!..... 414
Youth's wanton Spring 364

AN

ENGLISH GARNER

INGATHERINGS

FROM OUR

HISTORY AND LITERATURE

VOL. V.

Rev. RICHARD HAKLUYT.

The Voyages of WILLIAM HAWKINS, *senior, to Brazil, about* 1530, A.D.

[*Voyages*, 1589.]

A Voyage to Brazil made by the Worshipful Master WILLIAM HAWKINS, of Plymouth (father to Sir JOHN HAWKINS Knight, now living), in the year 1530.

OLD Master WILLIAM HAWKINS, of Plymouth (a man for his wisdom, valour, experience, and skill in sea causes, much esteemed and beloved of King HENRY VIII.; and being one of the principal sea captains in the West parts of England in his time), not contented with the short voyages commonly then made only to the known coasts of Europe; armed out a tall and goodly ship of his own, of the burden of 250 tons, called the *Pole* [*i.e.*, *Paul*] of Plymouth: wherewith he made three long and famous voyages unto the coast of Brazil; a thing, in those days, very rare, especially to our nation.

In the course of which voyages, he touched at the river of Sestos upon the coast of Guinea; where he trafficed with the Negroes, and took of them oliphants' [*elephants'*] teeth and other commodities which that place yieldeth: and so arriving on the coast of Brazil, he used there such discretion, and behaved himself so wisely with those savage people, that he grew into great familiarity and friendship with them. Insomuch that, in his second voyage, one of the savage kings of the country of Brazil was contented to take ship with him, and to be transported hither into England: whereunto Master HAWKINS agreed; leaving behind in the country, as a pledge for his safety and return again, one MARTIN COCKERAM, of Plymouth.

This Brazilian king being arrived, was brought up to London, and presented to King HENRY VIII., lying as then at Whitehall. At the sight of whom, the King and all the nobility did not a little marvel: and not without cause. For in his cheeks were holes made according to their savage manner; and therein small bones were planted, standing an inch out from the said holes: which, in his own country, was reputed for a great bravery [*ornament*]. He had also another hole in his nether lip, wherein was set a precious stone, about the bigness of a pea. All his apparel, behaviour, and gesture were very strange to the beholders.

Having remained here the space almost of a whole year, and the king with his sight fully satisfied; Master HAWKINS, according to his promise and appointment, purposed to con-

vey him again into his country: but it fell out in the way that by the change of air and alteration of diet, the said savage king died at sea; which it was feared would turn to the loss of the life of MARTIN COCKERAM, his pledge. Nevertheless, the savages being fully persuaded of the honest dealing of our men with their prince, restored again the said pledge without any harm to him, or any man of his company: which pledge of theirs, they brought home again into England, with their ship freighted, and furnished with the commodities of the country.

Which MARTIN COCKERAM (by the witness of Sir JOHN HAWKINS) being an Officer in the town of Plymouth, was living within these few years [*i.e.*, *of* 1589].

I have been informed by Master ANTHONY GARRARD, an ancient and worshipful Merchant of London, that this voyage to Brazil was frequented by ROBERT RENIGER, THOMAS BOREY, and divers other wealthy Merchants of Southampton, about fifty years ago, to wit, in the year 1540.

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, Baronet.

Songs.

[*Poetical Works.* 1707.]

SONG.



OVE still has something of the sea!
From whence his Mother rose;
No time, his slaves from Doubt can free,
Nor give their Thoughts repose.

They are becalmed, in clearest days;
And in rough weather tost:
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while, they seem to touch the port:
Then straight into the Main!
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first, Disdain and Pride they fear;
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees, to Joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good!

'Tis cruel to prolong a Pain!
And to defer a Joy
(Believe me, gentle CELEMENE!)
Offends the wingèd Boy!

A hundred thousand oaths, your fears,
Perhaps, would not remove!
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could no deeper love!

SONG.

HEARS not, my PHILLIS! how the birds
Their feathered mates salute!
They tell their Passion in their words;
Must I alone be mute?
PHILLIS, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while!

The God of Love, in thy bright eyes,
Does like a tyrant reign!
But in thy heart, a child he lies,
Without his dart, or flame!
PHILLIS, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while!

So many months, in silence past,
(And yet in raging love)
Might well deserve One Word, at last
My Passion should approve!
PHILLIS, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while!

Must then, your faithful Swain expire!
And not one look obtain!
Which he, to sooth his fond Desire,
Might pleasingly explain!
PHILLIS, without frown or smile
Sat and knotted all the while!

SONG.

PHILLIS! Men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune, paid!
Alas, my heart, he little knows;
Who thinks my love a Trade!

Were I, of all these woods the Lord!
One berry, from thy hand,
More real pleasure would afford!
Than all my large command.

SONG.

PHILLIS is my only joy!
Faithless as the winds or seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet She never fails to please!
If with a frown,
I am cast down:
PHILLIS smiling,
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before!

Though, alas, too late I find,
Nothing can her Fancy fix!
Yet the moment, She is kind;
I forgive her all her tricks!
Which, though I see,
I can't get free!
She deceiving,
I believing;
What need lovers wish for more?

Rev. RICHARD HAKLUYT.

Sir JOHN HAWKINS's First Voyage to the West Indies, Oct. 1562-Sept. 1563, A.D.

[The foul blot on this and the two subsequent Voyages of Sir JOHN HAWKINS is, that they were the first initiation of the English into the execrable iniquities of the African slave trade, and the horrors of the middle passage.

While the primary object of these voyages was Traffic: the secondary one was Discovery; to find out those West Indian coasts which the Spaniards had hitherto kept so secret. Notice how each successive expedition penetrated further and further towards the Gulf of Mexico.

It should also be remembered that, at the time of these Voyages, HAWKINS had not been knighted, and was simply an Esquire.]

[*Voyages.* 1589.]

The first Voyage of the right worshipful and valiant Knight, Sir JOHN HAWKINS (now [*i.e.*, *in* 1589] Treasurer of Her Majesty's Royal Navy), made to the West Indies.

MASTER JOHN HAWKINS having made divers voyages to the Isles of the Canaries; and there, by his good and upright dealing, being grown in love and favour with the people, informed himself amongst them, by diligent inquisition, of the state of the West India: whereof he had received some knowledge by the instructions of his father; but increased the same, by the advertisements and reports of that people.

And being, amongst other particulars, assured that Negroes were very good merchandise in Hispaniola; and that store of Negroes might easily be had upon the coast of Guinea; he resolved with himself to make trial thereof: and communicated that device with his worshipful friends in London, namely, with Sir LIONEL DUCKET, Sir THOMAS LODGE, Master GUNSTON his father-in-law, Sir WILLIAM WINTER, Master BROMFIELD, and others. All which persons liked so well of his intention, that they became liberal Contributors and Adventurers in the action.

For which purpose, there were three good ships immediately provided, the one called the *Solomon*, of the burthen

of 120 tons, wherein Master HAWKINS himself went as General [*i.e.*, *Admiral*]; the second, the *Swallow*, of 100 tons, wherein went for Captain, Master THOMAS HAMPTON; and the third, the *Jonas*, a bark of 40 tons, wherein the Master supplied the Captain's room. In which small fleet, Master HAWKINS took with him not above a hundred men, for fear of sickness and other inconveniences, whereunto men in long voyages are commonly subject.

With which company, he put off and departed from the coast of England, in the month of October, 1562; and in his course, touched first at Teneriffe, where he received friendly entertainment. From thence, he passed to Sierra Leone, upon the coast of Guinea; which place, by the people of the country is called Tagarin; where he stayed some good time, and got into his possession, partly by the sword, and partly by other means, to the number of three hundred Negroes, at the least; besides other merchandise which that country yieldeth.

With this prey, he sailed over the ocean sea unto the island of Hispaniola, and arrived first at the port of Isabella; and there he had reasonable utterance of his English Commodities, as also of some part of his Negroes: trusting the Spaniards no further than that, by his own strength, he was able still to master them.

From the port of Isabella, he went to Porte de Plata, where he made like sales: standing always upon his guard.

From thence also, he sailed to Monte Christi, another port on the north side of Hispaniola; and the last place of his touching: where he had peaceable traffic, and made vent of the whole number of his Negroes.

For which he received, in those three places, by way of exchange, such a quantity of merchandise, that he did not only lade his own three ships with hides, ginger, sugar, and some quantity of pearls; but he freighted also two other Hulks with hides and other like commodities, which he sent into Spain.

And thus leaving the island, he returned and disimboked [*disemboqued, i.e., went out into the main ocean*], passing by the islands of the Caicos, without further entering into the Bay of Mexico, in this his First Voyage to the West India.

And so, with prosperous success, and much gain to himself and the aforesaid Adventurers, he came home, and arrived in the month of September, 1563.

ORCHESTRA,

or,

A Poem of Dancing.

Judicially proving the true observation of Time and Measure; in the authentical and laudable use of Dancing.

OVID, *Art. Aman.* lib. 1.

Si vox est, canta: si mollia brachia, salta:
Et quacunque potes dote placere, place.

At London,
Printed by J. ROBARTS for N. LING.
1596.

[The following entries at Stationers' Hall prove that this Poem, composed in fifteen days, was written not later than June, 1594; though it did not come to the press till November, 1596.

25 Junij [1594].

Master HARRISON. *Senior.* Entred for his copie in Court holden this day/ a booke entituled, *Orchestra, or a poeme of Daun ing.* vjd.

Transcript &c. ii. 655. *Ed.* 1875.

xxj° Die Novembris [1596].

NICHOLAS LYNG/ Entered for his copie under th[e h]andes of Master JACKSON and master Warden DAWSON, a booke called *Orchestra, or a poeme of Dauncinge.* vjd.

Transcript &c. iii. 74. *Ed.* 1876.]

To his very friend, Master RICHARD MARTIN.

TO WHOM, shall I, this Dancing Poem send;
This sudden, rash, half-capreol of my wit?
To you! first mover, and sole cause of it!
Mine own-self's better half! my dearest friend!
O would you, yet, my Muse, some honey lend
From your mellifluous tongue (whereon doth sit
Suada *in majesty)! that I may fit*
These harsh beginnings, with a sweeter end!
You know the modest sun, full fifteen times,
Blushing did rise, and blushing did descend,
While I, in making of these ill made rhymes,
My golden hours, unthriftily did spend:
Yet if, in friendship, you, these Numbers praise;
I will mispend another fifteen days!

[The following Dedication was substituted in a later edition, ? that of 1608.

To the Prince.

[*i.e.*, *Henry, Prince of Wales.*]



Ir! Whatsoever You are pleased to do;
It is your special praise, that you are bent,
And sadly set your Princely mind thereto:
Which makes You in each thing so excellent.

Hence it is, that You came so soon to be
A Man-at-arms in every point aright,
The fairest flower of noble Chivalry,
And of Saint George his Band, the bravest Knight.

And hence it is, that all your youthful train
In activeness and grace, You do excel:
When You do Courtly dancings entertain,
Then Dancing's praise may be presented well!

To You, whose action adds more praise thereto!
Than all the Muses, with their pens can do.]



ORCHESTRA,

or,

A Poem of Dancing.

1.

WHERE lives the man, that never yet did hear
Of chaste PENELOPE, ULYSSES's Queen?
Who kept her faith unspotted twenty year;
Till he returned, that far away had been,
And many men and many towns had seen:
Ten years at Siege of Troy, he ling'ring lay;
And ten years in the midland sea did stray.

2.

HOMER, to whom the Muses did carouse
A great deep cup, with heavenly nectar filled;
The greatest deepest cup in JOVE's great house
(For JOVE himself had so expressly willed):
He drank of all, ne let one drop be spilled;
Since when, his brain, that had before been dry,
Became the Wellspring of all Poetry.

3.

HOMER doth tell, in his abundant verse,
The long laborious travails of the Man:
And of his Lady too, he doth rehearse,
How she eludes, with all the art she can,
Th'ungrateful love, which other Lords began.
For of her Lord, false Fame, long since, had sworn
That NEPTUNE's monsters had his carcass torn.

4.

All this he tells. But one thing he forgot!
One thing most worthy his eternal Song!
But he was old, and blind; and saw it not:
Or else he thought he should ULYSSES wrong,
To mingle it, his tragic acts among.
Yet was there not, in all the world of things,
A sweeter burden for his Muse's wings.

5.

The Courtly love, ANTINOUS did make!
ANTINOUS, that fresh and jolly Knight!
Which of the Gallants did undertake
To win the Widow, had most Wealth and Might,
Wit to persuade, and Beauty to delight!
The Courtly love he made unto the Queen,
HOMER forgot, as if it had not been.

6.

Sing then, TERPSICHORE! my light MUSE! sing
His gentle art and cunning courtesy!
You, Lady! can remember everything,
For you are daughter of Queen MEMORY!
But sing a plain and easy melody,
For the soft mean that warbleth but the ground,
To my rude ear, doth yield the sweetest sound.

7.

Only one night's Discourse I can report!
When the great Torchbearer of heaven was gone
Down, in a masque, unto the Ocean's Court,
To revel it with THETIS, all alone;
ANTINOUS disguised, and unknown,
Like to the Spring in gaudy ornament
Unto the Castle of the Princess went.

8.

The sovereign Castle of the rocky isle,
Wherein PENELOPE the Princess lay,
Shone with a thousand lamps, which did exile
The dim dark shades, and turned the night to day.
Not JOVE's blue tent, what time the sunny ray
Behind the bulwark of the earth retires,
Is seen to sparkle with more twinkling fires!

9.

That night, the Queen came forth from far within,
And in the presence of her Court was seen.
For the sweet singer PHŒMIUS did begin
To praise the Worthies that at Troy had been:
Somewhat of her ULYSSES she did ween,
In his grave Hymn, the heavenly man would sing
Or of his wars, or of his wandering!

10.

PALLAS, that hour, with her sweet breath divine,
Inspired immortal beauty in her eyes,
That with celestial glory she did shine
Brighter than VENUS, when she doth arise
Out of the waters to adorn the skies.
The Wooers, all amazèd, do admire
And check their own presumptuous Desire.

11.

Only Antinous, when at first he viewed
Her star-bright eyes, that with new honour shined,
Was not dismayed; but therewithal renewed
The *noblesse* and the splendour of his mind:
And, as he did fit circumstances find,
Unto the throne, he boldly 'gan advance,
And, with fair manners, wooed the Queen to dance.

12.

Goddess of women! sith your heavenliness
Hath now vouchsafed itself to represent
To our dim eyes; which though they see the less,
Yet are they blest in their astonishment:
Imitate heaven! whose *beauties excellent*
Are in continual motion, day and night;
And move thereby more wonder and delight.

13.

Let me the mover be, to turn about
Those glorious ornaments that Youth and Love
Have fixed in you, every part throughout:
Which if you will in timely measure move;
Not all those precious gems in heaven above
Shall yield a sight more pleasing to behold
With all their turns and tracings manifold!

14.

With this, the modest Princess blushed and smiled
Like to a clear and rosy eventide,
And softly did return this answer mild:
Fair Sir! You needs must fairly be denied,
Where your demand cannot be satisfied.
My feet, which only Nature taught to go,
Did never yet, the Art of Footing know.

15.

But why persuade you me, to this new rage?
For all Disorder and Misrule is new:
For such misgovernment in former Age
Our old divine forefathers never knew;
Who if they lived, and did the follies view,
Which their fond nephews make their chief affairs,
Would hate themselves, that had begot such heirs.

16.

Sole Heir of Virtue, and of Beauty both!
Whence cometh it, ANTINOUS replies,
That your imperious Virtue is so loath
To grant your Beauty her chief exercise?
Or from what spring doth your opinion rise
That Dancing is a Frenzy and a Rage,
First known and used in this new-fangled Age?

17.

Dancing, bright Lady! then, began to be,
When the first seeds whereof the world did spring;
The Fire, Air, Earth, and Water did agree
By LOVE*'s persuasion (Nature's mighty King!)*
To leave their first disordered combating;
And, in a dance, such Measure to observe,
As all the world, their motion should preserve.

18.

Since when, they still are carried in a round;
And changing come one in another's place:
Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,
But every one doth keep the bounded space,
Wherein the Dance doth bid it turn or trace.
This wondrous miracle did LOVE *devise,*
For Dancing is LOVE*'s proper exercise.*

19.

Like this, he framed the gods' eternal bower,
And of a shapeless and confusèd mass,
By his through-piercing and digesting power,
The turning Vault of Heaven framèd was;
Whose starry wheels he hath so made to pass
As that their movings do a Music frame,
And they themselves still dance unto the same.

20.

Or if "this All, which roundabout we see,"
As idle MORPHEUS some sick brains hath taught,
"Of undivided motes compactèd be,"
How was this goodly architecture wrought?
Or by what means were they together brought?
They err, that say, "they did concur by Chance!"
LOVE made them meet in a well ordered Dance!

21.

As when, AMPHION with his charming Lyre,
Begot so sweet a Siren of the air,
That, with her rhetoric, made the stones conspire,
The ruins of a city to repair
(A work of Wit! and Reason's wise affair!):
So LOVE's smooth tongue, the motes, such measure taught,
That they joined hands; and so the world was wrought!

22.

How justly then is Dancing termèd new,
Which, with the world, in point of time began?
Yea Time itself (whose birth JOVE never knew,
And which is far more ancient than the sun)
Had not one moment of his age outrun,
When out leaped Dancing from the heap of things!
And lightly rode upon his nimble wings!

23.

Reason hath both their pictures in her Treasure;
Where Time the Measure of all moving is,
And Dancing is a Moving in all measure.
Now, if you do resemble that to this,
And think both One; I think, you think amiss!
But if you judge them Twins, together got,
And Time first born; your judgement erreth not!

24.

Thus doth it equal age with Age enjoy,
And yet, in lusty youth for ever flowers!
Like LOVE, his Sire! whom painters make a boy;
Yet is he Eldest of the Heavenly Powers.
Or like his brother Time, whose wingèd hours,
Going and coming, will not let him die,
But still preserve him in his infancy.

25.

This said, the Queen, with her sweet lips divine,
Gently began to move the subtle air,
Which gladly yielding, did itself incline
To take a shape between those rubies fair;
And being formed, softly did repair,
With twenty doublings in the empty way,
Unto ANTINOUS' ears, and thus did say.

26.

What eye doth see the heaven, but doth admire
When it the movings of the heavens doth see?
Myself, if I, to heaven may once aspire;
If that be Dancing, will a dancer be!
But as for this, your frantic jollity!
How it began, or whence you did it learn,
I never could, with Reason's eye discern?

27.

ANTINOUS answered, *Jewel of the earth!*
Worthy you are, that heavenly Dance to lead!
But for you think our Dancing base of birth,
And newly born but of a brain-sick head,
I will forthwith his antique gentry read!
And (for I love him!) will his herald be!
And blaze his arms, and draw his pedigree!

28.

When LOVE *had shaped this world, this great fair wight,*
(That all wights else, in this wide womb contains),
And had instructed it to dance aright
A thousand measures, with a thousand strains,
Which it should practise with delightful pains,
Until that fatal instant should revolve,
When all to nothing should again resolve:

29.

The comely Order and Proportion fair
On every side, did please his wand'ring eye;
Till glancing through the thin transparent air,
A rude disordered rout, he did espy,
Of men and women, that most spitefully
Did one another throng and crowd so sore,
That his kind eye, in pity, wept therefore.

30.

And swifter than the lightning down he came,
Another shapeless chaos to digest.
He will begin another world to frame
(For LOVE, *till all be well, will never rest!).*
Then with such words as cannot be expresst,
He cuts the troops, that all asunder fling,
And ere they wist, he casts them in a ring.

31.

Then did he rarify the Element,
And in the centre of the ring appear;
The beams that from his forehead shining went,
Begot a horror and religious fear
In all the souls that round about him were,
Which in their ears attentiveness procures,
While he, with such like sounds, their minds allures.

32.

"How doth Confusions's Mother, headlong Chance
Put Reason's noble squadron to the rout?
Or how should you, that have the governance
Of Nature's children, heaven and earth throughout,
Prescribe them rules, and live yourselves without?
Why should your fellowship a trouble be?
Since Man's chief pleasure is Society!"

33.

"If Sense hath not yet taught you, learn of me
A comely moderation and discreet!
That your assemblies may well ordered be,
When my uniting power shall make you meet,
With heavenly tunes, it shall be tempered sweet;
And be the model of the world's great frame,
And you, Earth's children, Dancing shall it name!"

34.

"Behold the world, how it is whirlèd round!
And for it is so whirled, is namèd so:
In whose large volume, many rules are found
Of this new Art, which it doth fairly show.
For your quick eyes in wandering to and fro,
From East to West, on no one thing can glance;
But (if you mark it well!) it seems to dance!"

35.

"*First, you see fixed in this huge mirror blue,*
Of trembling lights, a number numberless;
Fixed, they are named! but with a name untrue;
For they are moved! and in a dance express
The great long Year! that doth contain no less
Than threescore hundreds of those years in all,
Which the Sun makes with his course natural."

36.

"*What if to you these sparks disordered seem,*
As if by chance they had been scattered there!
The gods, a solemn measure do it deem!
And see a just proportion everywhere,
And know the points, whence first their movings were:
To which first points, when all return again;
The Axletree of Heaven shall break in twain!"

37.

"*Under that spangled sky, five wandering Flames,*
Besides the King of Day and Queen of Night,
Are wheeled around, all in their sundry frames,
And all in sundry measures do delight!
Yet altogether keep no measure right.
For by itself, each doth itself advance!
And by itself, each doth a Galliard dance!"

38.

"*VENUS (the mother of that bastard LOVE,*
Which doth usurp the world's Great Marshal's name),
Just with the sun, her dainty feet doth move;
And unto him doth all her gestures frame!
Now after, now afore, the flattering Dame,
With divers cunning passages doth err,
Still him respecting, that respects not her."

39.

"For that brave SUN, the Father of the Day!
Doth love this EARTH, the Mother of the Night!
And like a reveller, in rich array,
Doth dance his Galliard, in his leman's sight;
Both back, and forth, and sideways passing light.
His gallant grace doth so the gods amaze,
That all stand still, and at his beauty gaze."

40.

"But see the EARTH, when she approacheth near,
How she for joy doth spring and sweetly smile!
But see again, her sad and heavy cheer;
When, changing places, he retires a while!
But those black clouds he shortly will exile,
And make them all before his presence fly,
As mists consumed before his cheerful eye!"

41.

"Who doth not see the Measures of the MOON
Which thirteen times she danceth every year,
And ends her Pavin thirteen times as soon
As doth her brother, of whose golden hair
She borroweth part, and proudly doth it wear.
Then doth she coyly turn her face aside
That half her cheek is scarce sometimes descried."

42.

"Next her, the pure, subtle, and cleansing fire
Is swiftly carried in a circle even:
Though VULCAN be pronounced by many, a liar,
The only halting god that dwells in heaven.
But that foul name may be more fitly given
To your false fire, that far from heaven is fall,
And doth consume, waste, spoil, disorder all."

43.

"And now, behold your tender nurse, the Air!
And common neighbour that aye runs around;
How many pictures and impressions fair,
Within her empty regions lurk'd there found,
Which to your senses, Dancing do propound?
For what are breath! speech! echoes! music! winds!
But Dancings of the Air, in sundry kinds?"

44.

"For when you Breathe, the air in order moves;
Now in, now out, in time and measure true!
And when you Speak, so well the Dancing loves
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand forms she doth herself endue.
For all the words that from your lips repair,
Are nought but tricks and turnings of the Air!"

45.

"Hence is her prattling daughter, ECHO, born!
That dances to all voices she can hear.
There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn;
Nor any time, wherein she will forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to wear!
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth every trick."

46.

"And thou, sweet Music! Dancing's only life!
The Ear's sole happiness! the Air's best speech!
Loadstone of fellowship! Charming rod of strife!
The soft mind's Paradise! the sick mind's Leech!
With thine own tongue, thou trees and stones canst teach,
That when the Air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born! the gods' and men's sweet pleasure!"

47.

"Lastly, where keep the Winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling Hayes;
But in the Air's tra[ns]lucent gallery?
Where she herself is turned a hundred ways,
While with those Maskers, wantonly she plays.
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace
As two, at once, encumber not the place."

48.

"If then Fire, Air, Wandering and Fixed Lights,
In every province of th'imperial sky,
Yield perfect forms of Dancing to your sights;
In vain I teach the ear, that which the eye,
With certain view, already doth descry!
But for your eyes perceive not all they see,
In this, I will your senses' master be!"

49.

"For lo, the Sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and Measure both doth understand!
For this great Crystal Eye is always cast
Up to the Moon, and on her fixèd fast;
And as she danceth, in her pallid sphere,
So danceth he about the centre here!"

50.

"Sometimes his proud green waves, in order set,
One after other, flow unto the shore;
Which when they have, with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order, as before:
And to make known his Courtly Love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-forked mace,
And with his arms, the timorous Earth embrace."

51.

"Only the Earth doth stand for ever still.
Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains meet
(Although some wits enriched with learning's skill,
Say 'Heaven stands firm!' and that the Earth doth fleet,
And swiftly turneth underneath their feet');
Yet though the Earth is ever steadfast seen,
On her broad breast, hath Dancing ever been."

52.

"For those blue veins, that through her body spread;
Those sapphire streams which from great hills do spring,
(The Earth's great dugs! for every wight is fed
With sweet fresh moisture from them issuing)
Observe a Dance in their wild wandering!
And still their Dance begets a murmur sweet,
And still the Murmur with the Dance doth meet!"

53.

"Of all their ways, I love Mæander's path;
Which, to the tunes of dying swans, doth dance
Such winding slights. Such turns and tricks he hath,
Such creeks, such wrenches, aad such daliance
That (whether it be hap or heedless chance)
In his indented course and wringing play,
He seems to dance a perfect cunning Hay."

54.

"But wherefore do these streams for ever run?
To keep themselves for ever sweet and clear!
For let their everlasting course be done,
They straight, corrupt and foul with mud appear!
O ye sweet Nymphs, that beauty's loss do fear,
Contemn the drugs that physic doth devise;
And learn of Love, this dainty exercise!"

55.

" See how those flowers, that have sweet beauty too,
(The only jewels that the EARTH doth wear
When the young SUN in bravery, her doth woo!)
And oft as they, the whistling wind do hear,
Do wave their tender bodies here and there:
And though their dance no perfect measure is;
Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss!"

56.

" What makes the Vine about the Elm to dance
With turnings, windings, and embracements round?
What makes the loadstone to the North advance
His subtle point, as if from thence he found
His chief attractive virtue to redound?
Kind Nature, first, doth cause all things to love!
Love makes them dance, and in just order move!"

57.

" Hark how the birds do sing! and mark then how,
Jump with the modulation of their lays,
They lightly leap, and skip from bough to bough!
Yet do the cranes deserve a greater praise,
Which keep such measure in their airy ways:
As when they all in order ranked are,
They make a perfect form triangular."

58.

" In the chief angle, flies the watchful guide;
And all the followers their heads do lay
On their foregoers' backs, on either side:
But, for the Captain hath no rest to stay
His head forwearied with the windy way,
He back retires; and then the next behind,
As his Lieutenant, leads them through the wind."

59.

"By why relate I, every singular ?
Since all the world's great fortunes and affairs,
Forward and backward rapt and whirlèd are ;
According to the music of the spheres !
And Chance herself, her nimble feet upbears
On a round slippery wheel, that rolleth aye,
And turns all states with her impetuous sway ?"

60.

"Learn then to dance ! you, that are Princes born !
And lawful Lords of earthly creatures all !
Imitate them, and thereof take no scorn !
For this new Art to them is natural.
And imitate the stars celestial !
For when pale Death, your vital twist shall sever,
Your better parts must dance with them for ever !"

61.

Thus LOVE persuades, and all the crowd of men
That stands around, doth make a murmuring,
As when the wind, loosed from his hollow den,
Among the trees, a gentle bass doth sing ;
Or as a brook, through pebbles wandering :
But in their looks, they uttered this plain speech,
"That they would learn to dance, if LOVE would teach !"

62.

Then, first of all, he doth demonstrate plain,
The motions seven that are in Nature found ;
Upward and downward, forth and back again,
To this side, and to that, and turning round :
Whereof a thousand Brawls he doth compound,
Which he doth teach unto the multitude ;
And ever, with a turn they must conclude.

63.

As when a Nymph arising from the land,
Leadeth a dance, with her long watery train,
Down to the sea, she wries to every hand,
And every way doth cross the fertile plain;
But when, at last, she falls into the Main,
Then all her traverses concluded are,
And with the sea, her course is circular.

64.

Thus, when, at first, LOVE had them marshallèd,
(As erst he did the shapeless mass of things)
He taught them Rounds and winding Heyes to tread,
And about the trees, to cast themselves in rings:
As the two Bears, whom the First Mover flings
With a short turn, about Heaven's Axle-tree,
In a round dance, for ever wheeling be.

65.

But after these, as men more civil grew,
He did more grave and solemn Measures frame;
With such fair order and proportion true,
And correspondence every way the same,
That no fault-finding eye did ever blame:
For every eye was movèd at the sight
With sober wondering, and with sweet delight.

66.

Not those old students of the heavenly book,
ATLAS the great, PROMETHEUS the wise;
Which on the stars did all their lifetime look,
Could ever find such measures in the skies,
So full of change and rare varieties:
Yet all the feet whereon these measures go
Are only Spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.

67.

But for more divers and more pleasing show,
A swift and wandering dance, She did invent;
With passages uncertain, to and fro,
Yet with a certain Answer and Consent
To the quick music of the instrument.
Five was the number of the Music's feet;
Which still the Dance did with five paces meet.

68.

A gallant Dance! that lively doth bewray
A spirit and a virtue masculine;
Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
Since she herself is fiery and divine.
Oft doth she make her body upward flyne
With lofty turns and caprioles in the air,
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.

69.

What shall I name those current travases,
That on a triple Dactyl foot, do run
Close by the ground, with sliding passages;
Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won,
Which with best order can all orders shun;
For everywhere he wantonly must range,
And turn, and wind, with unexpected change.

70.

Yet is there one, the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping, or a leaping round!
When, arm in arm, two dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves, with strict embracements bound,
And still their feet an Anapest do sound!
An Anapest is all their music's song;
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long.

71.

As the victorious twins of LÆDA *and* JOVE,
(That taught the Spartans dancing on the sands
Of swift Eurotas) dance in heaven above,
Knit and united with eternal bands;
Among the stars, their double image stands,
Where both are carried with an equal pace,
Together jumping in their turning race.

72.

This is the net, wherein the sun's bright eye,
VENUS and MARS entangled did behold!
For in this dance, their arms they so imply,
As each doth seem, the other to enfold.
What if lewd wits another tale have told,
Of jealous VULCAN, and of iron chains!
Yet this true sense, that forged lie contains.

73.

These various forms of dancing, LOVE did frame,
And besides these, a hundred millons mo[r]e;
And as he did invent, he taught the same:
With goodly gesture, and with comely show,
Now keeping state, now humbly honouring low.
And ever for the persons and the place,
He taught most fit, and best according grace.

74.

For LOVE, within his fertile working brain,
Did then conceive those gracious Virgins three,
Whose civil moderation did maintain
All decent order and conveniency,
And fair respect, and seemly modesty:
And then, he thought it fit they should be born,
That their sweet presence, Dancing might adorn.

75.

Hence is it, that these Graces painted are
With hand in hand, dancing an endless round;
And with regarding eyes, that still beware
That there be no disgrace amongst them found:
With equal foot, they beat the flowery ground,
Laughing, or singing, as their Passions will;
Yet nothing that they do, becomes them ill!

76.

Thus Love taught men! and men thus learned of Love,
Sweet Music's sound, with feet to counterfeit:
Which was long time before high-thundering Jove
Was lifted up to Heaven's imperial seat.
For though by birth, he were the Prince of Crete;
Nor Crete, nor Heaven should that young Prince have
If dancers with their timbrels, had not been! [seen,

77.

Since when; all ceremonious mysteries,
All sacred orgies and religious rites,
All pomps, and triumphs, and solemnities,
All funerals, nuptials, and like public sights,
All parliaments of peace, and warlike fights,
All learned arts, and every great affair,
A lively shape of Dancing seems to bear.

78.

For what did he, who, with his ten-tongued Lute,
Gave beasts and blocks an understanding ear;
Or rather into bestial minds and brutes,
Shed and infused the beams of Reason clear?
Doubtless, for men that rude and savage were,
A civil form of Dancing he devised!
Wherewith unto their gods, they sacrificed!

79.

So did MUSÆUS *! so* AMPHION *did !*
And LINUS, *with his sweet enchanting Song !*
And he, whose hand, the earth of monsters rid,
And had men's ears fast chained to his tongue !
And THESEUS *to his wood-born slaves among,*
Used Dancing, as the finest policy
To plant Religion and Society !

80.

And therefore, now, the Thracian ORPHEUS' *lyre,*
And HERCULES *himself are stellified,*
And in high heaven, amidst the starry quire
Dancing their parts, continually do slide.
So, on the Zodiac, GANYMEDE *doth ride !*
And so is HEBE *with the Muses nine,*
For pleasing JOVE *with dancing, made divine !*

81.

Wherefore was PROTEUS *said himself to change*
Into a stream ! a lion ! and a tree !
And many other forms fantastic strange,
As, in his fickle thought, he wished to be ?
But that he danced with such facility,
As, like a lion, he could pace with pride !
Ply like a plant ! and like a river slide !

82.

And how was CŒNEUS *made, at first, a man !*
And then, a woman ! then, a man again !
But in a Dance ? which when he first began
He, the man's part in measure did sustain :
But when he changed into a second strain,
He danced the woman's part another space ;
And then returned unto his former place.

83.

Hence sprang the fable of TIRESIAS,
That he the pleasure of both sexes tried;
For, in a dance, he man and woman was,
By often change of place, from side to side,
But, for the woman easily did slide,
And smoothly swim with cunning hidden Art,
He took more pleasure in a woman's part.

84.

So to a fish, VENUS *herself did change!*
And swimming through the soft and yielding wave,
With gentle motions did so smoothly range,
As none might see where she the water drave!
But this plain truth, that falsèd fable gave,
That she did dance with sliding easiness,
Pliant and quick in wandering passages.

85.

And merry BACCHUS *practised dancing too!*
And to the Lydian numbers, Rounds did make.
The like he did in th'Eastern India do,
And taught them all, when PHŒBUS *did awake;*
And when, at night, he did his coach forsake,
To honour heaven, and heaven's great rolling eye,
With turning dances, and with melody.

86.

Thus they who first did found a Common weal,
And they who first Religion did ordain;
By dancing first, the people's hearts did steal:
Of whom we now a thousand tales do feign.
Yet do we now their perfect rules retain,
And use them still in such devices new;
As in the world, long since, their withering grew.

87.

For after Towns and Kingdoms founded were;
Between great states arose well-ordered war!
Wherein most perfect Measure doth appear:
Whether their well set Ranks respected are,
In quadrant forms or semicircular;
Or else the March, when all the troops advance,
Unto the drum in gallant order dance.

88.

And after wars, when white-winged Victory
Is with a glorious Triumph beautified;
And every one doth Iῶ! Iῶ! cry,
While all in gold, the Conqueror doth ride.
The solemn pomp that fills the city wide
Observes such Rank and Measure everywhere,
As if they altogether dancing were.

89.

The like just order, Mourners do observe,
But with unlike affection and attire,
When some great man, that nobly did deserve,
And whom his friends impatiently desire,
Is brought with honour, to his last fire.
The dead corpse, too, in that sad dance is moved!
As if both dead and living, dancing loved.

90.

A diverse cause, but like solemnity,
Unto the Temple leads the bashful bride!
Which blusheth like the Indian ivory
Which is with dip of Tyrian purple dyed.
A golden troop doth pass on every side,
Of flourishing young men and virgins gay,
Which keep fair Measure all the flowery way.

91.

And not alone the general multitude
But those choice Nestors, *which in counsel grave,*
Of cities and of kingdoms do conclude,
Most comely order in their sessions have!
Wherefore the wise Thessalians ever gave
The name of Leader of their Country's Dance,
To him, that had their country's governance.

92.

And those great Masters of the liberal arts,
In all their several Schools, do Dancing teach!
For humble Grammar first doth set the parts,
Of congruent and well according Speech.
Which Rhetoric, whose state the clouds doth reach,
And heavenly Poetry do forward lead,
And divers Measures, diversely do tread.

93.

For Rhetoric clothing Speech in rich array,
The looser numbers teacheth her to range
With twenty tropes, and turnings every way,
And various figures and licentious change:
But Poetry, with rule and order strange
So curiously doth move each single pace,
As all is marred if she one foot misplace.

94.

These Arts of Speech, the Guides and Marshals are!
But Logic leadeth Reason in a dance.
(Reason, the Cynosure and bright Loadstar
In this world's sea, t'avoid the rocks of Chance!)
For with close following, and continuance,
One reason doth another so ensue;
As, in conclusion, still the Dance is true.

95.

So Music, to her own sweet tunes doth trip,
With tricks of 3, 5, 8, 15, *and more!*
So doth the Art of Numbering seem to skip
From Even to Odd, in her proportioned score!
So do those skills, whose quick eyes do explore
The just dimension both of earth and heaven;
In all their rules, observe a Measure even:

96.

Lo, this is Dancing's true nobility!
Dancing, the Child of Music and of Love!
Dancing itself, both Love and Harmony;
Where all agree, and all in order move!
Dancing the art, that all Arts doth approve!
The sure Character of the world's consent!
The heaven's true figure, and th'earth's ornament!

97.

The Queen, whose dainty ears had borne too long
The tedious praise of that she did despise,
Adding once more the music of the tongue
To the sweet speech of her alluring eyes;
Began to answer in such winning wise,
As that forthwith, ANTINOUS' tongue was tied,
His eyes fast fixed, his ears were open wide.

98.

Forsooth, quoth she, *great glory you have won*
To your trim minion, Dancing, all this while,
By blazing him LOVE*'s first begotten son!*
Of every ill, the hateful father vile,
That doth the world, with sorceries beguile!
Cunningly mad! religiously profane!
Wit's monster! Reason's canker! Sense's bane!

99.

Love taught the mother that unkind desire,
To wash her hands, in her own infant's blood!
Love taught the daughter to betray her sire
Into most base unworthy servitude!
Love taught the brother to prepare such food
To feast his brothers, that the all-seeing sun,
Wrapt in a cloud, the wicked sight did shun!

100.

And even this selfsame Love hath Dancing taught!
An Art that shewed th'Idea of his mind!
With vainness, frenzy, and misorder fraught;
Sometimes with blood and cruelties unkind!
For in a dance, Tereus' mad wife did find
Fit time and place, by murdering her son,
T'avenge the wrong, his traitorous sire had done!

101.

What mean the Mermaids, when they dance and sing,
But certain death unto the mariner?
What tidings do the dancing Dolphins bring,
But that some dangerous storm approacheth near?
Then since both Love and Dancing liveries bear
Of such ill hap: unhappy may they prove
That, sitting free, will either dance or love!

102.

Yet, once again, Antinous did reply,
Great Queen! condemn not Love the innocent,
For this mischievous Lust, which traitorously
Usurps his Name, and steals his Ornament!
For that True Love, which Dancing did invent,
Is he that tuned the world's whole harmony,
And linked all men in sweet society!

103.

He first extracted from th'earth-mingled mind,
That heavenly fire, or quintessence divine,
Which doth such sympathy in Beauty find,
As is between the Elm and fruitful Vine;
And so to Beauty ever doth incline!
Life's life it is! and cordial to the heart!
And of our better part, the better part!

104.

This is True Love, by that true CUPID *got,*
Which danceth Galliards in your amorous eyes,
But to your frozen heart approacheth not!
Only your heart, he dares not enterprise!
And yet through every other part he flies,
And everywhere he nimbly danceth now,
That in yourself, yourself perceive not how!

105.

For your sweet beauty daintily transfused
With due proportion, throughout every part;
What is it but a dance where LOVE *hath used*
His finer cunning, and more curious Art?
Where all the Elements themselves impart,
And turn, and wind, and mingle with such measure,
That th' eye that sees it, surfeits with the pleasure.

106.

LOVE in the twinkling of your eyelids danceth!
LOVE dances in your pulses, and your veins!
LOVE, when you sew, your needle's point advanceth,
And makes it dance a thousand curious strains
Of winding rounds; whereof the form remains
To shew that your fair hands can dance the Hey.
Which your fine feet would learn as well as they.

107.

And when your ivory fingers touch the strings
Of any silver-sounding instrument,
Love makes them dance to those sweet murmurings,
With busy skill, and cunning excellent!
O that your feet, those tunes would represent
With artificial motions to and fro;
That Love, this Art in every part might shew!

108.

Yet your fair soul, which came from heaven above,
To rule this house (another heaven below!)
With divers powers in harmony doth move;
And all the virtues that from her do flow
In a round measure, hand in hand do go.
Could I now see, as I conceive this dance;
Wonder and Love would cast me in a trance!

109.

The richest jewel in all the heavenly treasure,
That ever yet unto the earth was shown,
Is Perfect Concord! th' only perfect pleasure
That wretched earthborn men have ever known!
For many hearts it doth compound in one,
That what so one doth will, or speak, or do,
With one consent, they all agree thereto.

110.

Concord's true picture shineth in this Art!
Where divers men and women rankèd be,
And every one doth dance a several part,
Yet all as one, in measure do agree.
Observing perfect uniformity!
All turn together! All together trace!
And all together honour and embrace!

III.

If they whom sacred Love hath linked in one,
Do, as they dance, in all their course of life;
Never shall burning grief nor bitter moan,
Nor factious difference, nor unkind strife,
Arise between the husband and the wife!
For whether forth, or back, or round he go;
As doth the man, so must the woman do!

112.

What, if by often interchange of place,
Sometimes the woman gets the upper hand!
That is but done for more delightful grace.
For on that part, she doth not ever stand;
But, as the Measures' law doth her command,
She wheels about! and, ere the dance doth end,
Into her former place, she doth transcend!

113.

But not alone, this correspondence meet
And uniform consent, doth Dancing praise!
For Comeliness, the child of Order sweet!
Enamels it with her eye-pleasing rays.
Fair Comeliness, ten hundred thousand ways,
Through Dancing sheds itself, and makes it shine
With glorious beauty, and with grace divine.

114.

For Comeliness is a disposing fair
Of things and actions in fit time and place;
Which doth in Dancing shew itself most clear
When troops confused, which here and there do trace,
Without distinguishment or bounded space,
By dancing rule, into such ranks are brought,
As glads the eye, and ravisheth the thought.

115.

Then why should Reason judge that, reasonless;
Which is Wit's Offspring, and the work of Art,
Image of Concord, and of Comeliness?
Who sees a clock moving in every part,
A sailing pinnace, or a wheeling cart;
But thinks that Reason, ere it came to pass,
The first impulsive cause and mover was!

116.

Who sees an army all in rank advance,
But deems a wise Commander is in place,
Which leadeth on that brave victorious dance?
Much more in Dancing's Art, in Dancing's grace,
Blindness itself may Reason's footsteps trace!
For of Love's Maze, it is the curious plot;
And of Man's Fellowship the true-love knot!

117.

But if these eyes of yours (Loadstars of Love!
Shewing the world's great Dance to your mind's eye)
Cannot, with all their demonstrations, move
Kind apprehension in your Phantasy
Of Dancing's virtue and nobility;
How can my barbarous tongue win you thereto,
Which heaven's and earth's fair speech could never do!

118.

O Love! my King! If all my Wit and power
Have done you all the service that they can;
O be you present, in this present hour,
And help your servant and your true liegeman!
End that persuasion, which I erst began!
For who in praise of Dancing can persuade
With such sweet force, as Love, which Dancing made!

119.

LOVE heard his prayer; and swifter than the wind,
(Like to a page in habit, face, and speech),
He came; and stood ANTINOUS behind,
And many secrets of his thoughts did teach.
At last, a crystal Mirror, he did reach
Unto his hands, that he with one rash view
All forms therein, by LOVE's revealing knew.

120.

And humbly honouring, gave it to the Queen,
With this fair speech, *See, fairest Queen!* quoth he,
The fairest sight that ever shall be seen,
And th'only wonder of posterity!
The richest work in Nature's treasury!
Which she disdains to shew on this world's stage,
And thinks it far too good for our rude age.

121.

But in another world, divided far,
In the great fortunate triangled Isle,
Thrice twelve degrees removed from the North Star,
She will this glorious Workmanship compile,
Which she hath been conceiving all this while
Since the world's birth; and will bring forth at last,
When six and twenty hundred years are past.

122.

PENELOPE the Queen, when she had viewed
The strange eye-dazzling admirable sight,
Fain would have praised the State and Pulchritude;
But she was stricken dumb with wonder quite,
Yet her sweet mind retained her thinking might.
Her ravished mind in heavenly thoughts did dwell;
But what she thought, no mortal tongue can tell!

123.

You, Lady Muse, whom Jove the Counsellor
Begot of Memory! Wisdom's Treasuress!
To your divining tongue is given a power
Of uttering secrets, large and limitless!
You can, Penelope's strange thoughts express;
Which she conceived, and then would fain have told;
When she, the wondrous Crystal did behold!

124.

Her wingèd thoughts bore up her mind so high,
As that she weened she saw the glorious throne,
Where the bright Moon doth sit in Majesty!
A thousand sparkling stars about her shone,
But she herself did sparkle more, alone,
Than all those thousand beauties would have done,
If they had been confounded all in one.

125.

And yet she thought those stars moved in such measure,
To do their Sovereign honour and delight;
As soothed her mind, with sweet enchanting pleasure:
Although the various Change amazed her sight,
And her weak judgement did entangle quite.
Besides, their moving made them shine more clear;
As diamonds moved, more sparkling do appear.

126.

This was the Picture of her wondrous thought!
But who can wonder that her thought was so,
Sith Vulcan, King of Fire, that Mirror wrought
(Which things to come, present, and past doth know),
And there did represent in lively show,
Our glorious English Court's divine Image,
As it should be in this our Golden Age?

[*See duplicate ending from this point on the next pages.*]

127.

Away, TERPSICHORE! light Muse, away!
And come, URANIA! Prophetess divine!
Come, Muse of Heaven! my burning thirst allay!
Even now, for want of sacred drink, I pine!
In heavenly moisture, dip this pen of mine!
And let my mouth with nectar overflow!
For I must more than mortal glory show!

128.

O that I had HOMER's abundant vein,
I would hereof another Ilias make!
Or else the Man of Mantua's charmèd brain,
In whose large throat, great JOVE the thunder spake!
O that I could old GEOFFREY's Muse awake!
Or borrow COLIN's fair heroic style!
Or smooth my rhymes with *DELIA's* servant's file!

129.

O could I, sweet Companion! sing like you!
Which of a *Shadow*, under a shadow sing!
Or like fair SALVES' sad lover true!
Or like the Bay, the marigold's darling,
Whose sudden verse, Love covers with his wings!
O that your brains were mingled all with mine,
T'enlarge my Wit for this great work divine!

130.

Yet ASTROPHEL (might one for all suffice!)
Whose supple Muse, camelion-like doth change
Into all forms of excellent device:
So might the Swallow, whose swift Muse doth range
Through rare *Idæas* and inventions strange;
And ever doth enjoy her joyful Spring,
And Sweeter than the Nightingale doth sing!

131.

O that I might that singing Swallow hear,
To whom I owe my service and my love!
His sugared tunes would so enchant mine ear,
And in my mind such sacred fury move,
As I should knock at heaven's great gate above,
With my proud rhymes; while, of this heavenly state,
I do aspire the Shadow to relate.

FINIS.

[*In later editions a different ending of the poem was substituted for the above, from after Stanza* 126, *thus:*

* * * *

Here are wanting some stanzas describing Queen Elizabeth.

Then follow these:

127.

Her brighter dazzling beams of Majesty
Were laid aside: for she vouchsafed awhile
With gracious, cheerful, and familiar eye,
Upon the Revels of her Court to smile,
For so Time's journey she doth oft beguile.
Like sight no mortal eye might elsewhere see
So full of State, Art, and variety.

128.

For of her Barons brave, and Ladies fair
(Who had they been elsewhere, most fair had been),
Many an incomparable lovely pair
With hand-in-hand were interlinkèd seen.
Making fair honour to their sovereign Queen:
Forward they paced, and did their pace apply
To a most sweet and solemn melody.

129.

So subtle and curious was the measure
With such unlooked-for change in every strain,
As that PENELOPE rapt with sweet pleasure
Weened she beheld the true proportion plain
Of her own web, weaved and unweaved again:
But that her Art was somewhat less, she thought,
And on a mere ignoble subject wrought.

130.

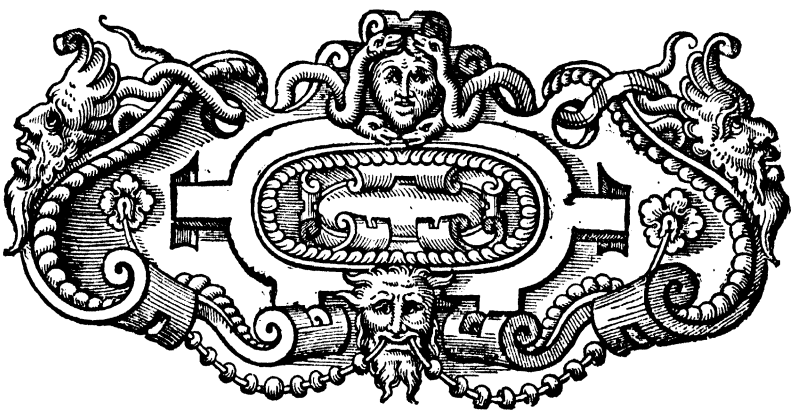
For here, like to the silkworm's industry
Beauty itself, out of itself did weave
So rare a work, and of such subtlety,
As did all eyes entangle and deceive;
And in all minds, a strange impression leave.
In this sweet labyrinth did CUPID stray,
And never had the power to pass away.

131.

As when the Indians, neighbours of the Morning,
In honour of the cheerful rising Sun,
With pearl and painted plumes themselves adorning,
A solemn stately measure have begun;
The god well pleased with that fair honour done,
Sheds forth his beams, and doth their faces kiss
With that immortal glorious face of his.

132.

So * * * *]



Master ROGER BODENHAM.

Trip to Mexico, 1564–1565, A.D.

[Probably the same man as went to Scio in 1551, see *Vol. I. p.* 33.]

[HAKLUYT. *Voyages.* 1589.]

I, ROGER BODENHAM, having lived a long time in the city of Seville, in Spain, being there married: and by occasion thereof, using trade and traffic to the parts of Barbary; I grew, at length, to great loss and hinderance by that new trade, begun by me, in the city of Fez.

Whereupon, being returned into Spain, I began to call my wits about me, and to consider with myself by what means I might recover and renew my state: and, in conclusion, by the aid of my friends, I procured a ship, called the bark *Fox*, pertaining to London, of the burden of 160 or 180 tons; and with the same, I made a voyage to West India; having obtained good favour with the Spanish merchants, by reason of my long abode and marriage in the country.

My voyage was in the company of the General [*Admiral*] Don PEDRO MELENDEZ, for New Spain: who being himself appointed General for *Tierra Firma* and Peru, made his son our General for New Spain; although PEDRO MELENDEZ himself was the principal man and director in both fleets.

We all departed from Cales together, the 31st day of May, in the year 1564.

And I, with my ship, being under the conduct of the son of Don PEDRO aforesaid, arrived with him in New Spain; where, immediately, I took order for the discharge of my merchandise at the port of Vera Cruz, otherwise called *Villa Ricca*: to be transported thence, to the city of Mexico; which is seventy and odd leagues from the said port of Villa Rica. In the way are many good towns, as Pueblo de los Angelos, and another called Tlaxcalan.

The city of Mexico hath three great cause[wa]ys to bring men to it: and is compassed with a lake, so that it needeth

no walls, being so defended with water. It is a city plentiful of all necessary things, having many fair houses, churches, and monasteries.

I, having continued in the country the space of nine months, returned again to Spain with the Spanish Fleet; and delivered the merchandise and silver which I had in the ship, into the Contraction House [at Seville]; and there received my freight, which amounted, outwards and homewards, to the value of 13,000 ducats and more [=*about* £3,600=*about* £30,000 *now*].

I observed many things, in the time of my abode in New Spain, as well touching the commodities of the country as the manners of the people, both Spaniards and Indians; but because the Spanish histories are full of those observations, I omit them, and refer the readers to the same.

Only this I say, that the commodity of cochineal groweth in greatest abundance about the town of Puebla de los Angelos; and is not worth there, above forty pence the pound.

ZEPHERIA.



Mysus et Hœmonia juvenis qui cuspide vulnus senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem.



AT LONDON:
Printed by the Widow ORWIN, for N. L. and JOHN BUSBY.
1594.

Alli veri figlioli delle Muse.

YE MODERN Laureates, famoused for your writ,
Who for your pregnance may in Delos dwell!
On your sweet lines, Eternity doth sit;
Their brows ennobling with applause and laurel!
Triumph and Honour aye invest your writ!
Ye fet[ch] your pens from wing of singing swan,
When (sweetly warbling to herself) she floats
Adown Meander streams; and like to organ,
Imparts, into her quills, melodious notes!
Ye, from the Father of delicious phrases,
Borrow such Hymns as make your Mistress live
When Time is dead! Nay, HERMES tunes the praises,
Which ye, in Sonnets, to your Mistress give!
Report, throughout our Western Isle doth ring,
The sweet tuned accents of your Delian sonnetry,
Which to Apollo's violin, ye sing!
O, then, your high strains drown his melody!
From forth dead sleep of everlasting dark;
Fame, with her trump's shrill summon, hath awaked
The Roman NASO, and the Tuscan PETRARCH,
Your spirit-ravishing lines to wonder at!
O theme befitting high-Mused ASTROPHIL!

He, to your silvery Songs, lent sweetest touch !
Your Songs, the immortal spirit of your quill !
O, pardon ! for my artless pen too much
Doth dim your glories, through his infant skill.
Though may I not, with you, the spoils divide
(Ye sacred Offspring of MNEMOSYNE *!)*
Of endless praise, which have your pens achieved
(Your pens the Trumps to Immortality !) ;
Yet be it lawful, that like maims I bide !
Like brunts and scars, in your Love's warfare !
And here, though in my homespun Verse, of them declare !

ZEPHERIA.

CANZON 1.



ULLED in a heavenly Charm of pleasing Passions;
Many their well-thewed rhymes do fair attemper
Unto their Amours! while another fashions
Love to his lines, and he on Fame doth venture!
And some again, in mercenary writ,
Belch forth Desire, making Reward their mistress!
And though it chance some LAIS patron it,
At least, they sell her praises to the press!
The Muses' Nurse, I read, is EUPHEMIE;
And who but Honour makes his lines' reward,
Comes not, by my consent, within my pedigree!
'Mongst true-born sons, inherit may no bastard!
All in the humble accent of my Muse;
Whose wing may not aspire the pitch of Fame,
My griefs I here untomb! Sweet! them peruse!
Though low he fly, yet Honour is his game,
All while my pen quests on ZEPHERIA's name:
Whom, when it sprung thy wing, did thee relieve;
Now flown to mark, thus doth Desire thee retrieve!

CANZON 2.

THOUGH be thou limned in these discoloured lines,
(Delicious Model of my spirit's portrait!)
Though be thou sable pencilled, these designs
Shadow not beauty, but a sorrow's extract!
When I emprised, though in my love's affections,
The silver lustre of thy brow to unmask!
Though hath my Muse hyperbolised trajections;
Yet stands it, aye, deficient to such task.
My slubb'ring pencil casts too gross a matter,
Thy beauty's pure divinity to blaze!
For when my smoothèd tongue hath sought to flatter,
Thy Worth hath dearthed his words, for thy true praise!
Then though my pencil glance here on thine eyes;
Sweet! think thy Fair, it doth but portionise!

CANZON 3.

WHEN, from the tower whence I derive love's heaven,
Mine eyes (quick pursuivants!) the sight attached
Of Thee, all splendent! I, as out of sweaven,
Myself 'gan rouse, like one from sleep awaked.
Coveting eyes controlled my slowly gait,
And wood Desire to wing my feet for flight;
Yet unresolved, Fear did with eyes debate,
And said, "'Twas but tra[ns]lucence of the light!"
But when approached, where Thou thy stand didst take!
At gaze, I stood; like deer, when 'ghast, he spies
Some white in thick! Ah, then, the arrow strake
Through mine heart! sent from thy tiller eyes.
Dead in thine aim, Thou seized what 'longed to thee!
Mine heart, ZEPHERIA! then, became thy fee!

CANZON 4.



THEN, Desire! Father of Jouissance!
The Life of Love! the Death of dastard Fear!
The Kindest Nurse to true persèverance!
Mine heart inherited, with thy love's revere.
Beauty! peculiar Parent of Conceit!
Prosperous Midwife to a travelling Muse!
The Sweet of life! NEPENTHE's eyes receipt!
Thee into me distilled, O Sweet, infuse!
Love then (the spirit of a generous sprite!
An infant ever drawing Nature's breast!
The Sum of Life, that CHAOS did unnight!)
Dismissed mine heart from me, with thee to rest.
And now incites me cry, "Double! or quit!
Give back my heart, or take his body to it!"

CANZON 5.



NON, Fear (Sentinel of sad Discretion!
Strangling Repentance in his cradle age!
Care's Usher! Tenant to his own Oppression!)
Forced my thoughts' quest upon an idle rage.
Enraged Passion (Scout to Love untrue!)
Commenting glosses on each smile and frown,
Christening the heavens and Erebus anew,
(Intolerable yoke to Love and Reason!
Footstool to all affects! Beauty's sour handmaid!
The heart's hermaphrodite, passive in action!)
Hope now serenes his brow, anon dismayed,
A pleasing death, a life in pleased distraction.
Thou on thy Mother, Fear! begot Despair;
To whom, my Fate conveys me son and heir.

CANZON 6.

MY FATE! O not my fault! hath me debarred
From forth thy favour's sunny sanctuary,
Unto the dear applause of thy regard,
Witness the world! how I, my guest did marry!
My tears, my sighs; all have I summed in thee!
Conceit the total! do not partialise!
And then accept of their infinity
As part of payment to exacting eyes!
And yet thy Trophy to ennoble more,
My heart prepares anew to thesaurise
Sighs and love options such as it sent of yore.
Save number they! faith only these englories!
Yet though I thus enwealthy thy exchequer;
Seem it not strange, I live ZEPHERIA's debtor!

CANZON 7.

MORE fair, but yet more cruel I thee deem
(Though by how much the more thou beauteous art,
So much of pity shouldst thou more esteem!);
Fairer than PHŒBE, yet a harder heart.
Her when ACTŒON viewed with privy eye,
She doomed him but a death (a death he owed!),
While he pursued, before his dogs did fly.
Here was the worst of ill (good Queen!) she shewed.
But when, a start, mine eye had thee espied
Though at discovert, yet stand I sentenced
Not to one death, to which I would have hied:
For since, unarmed, and to eye unfenced,
Thy PHŒBE-fairer parts were mine eyes' prospective.
O grief! unto myself, disgraced I live!

CANZON 8.

ILLUMINATING Lamps! Ye Orbs chrystallite!
Transparent mirrolds! Globes divining beauty!
How have I joyed to wanton in your light?
Though was I slain by your artillery!
Ye blithsome Stars! like LEDA's lovely twins
(When clear they twinkle in the firmament),
Promise *esperance* to the seamen's wand'rings:
So have your shine made ripe mine heart's content.
Or as the light, which Sestyan HERO showed,
Arm-finned LEANDER to direct in waves,
When through the raging Hellespont he rowed,
Steering to Love's Port: so, by thine eyes' clear rays,
Blest were my waves! But since no light was found,
Thy poor LEANDER in the deep is drowned!

CANZON 9.

WHEN as the Golden Waggoner had frayed
Black Winter's outrage, with his brighter shine:
And that in Mansion of the Twins he styed,
His team; then 'gan my heart to twine with thine!
Even when his gorgeous mantle he had spread,
Wherewith he wiped wept-tears from TELLUS' bosom:
Wantoning here with her, leaves THETIS' bed,
Like dainty midwife FLORA, to unwomb
Sweet babes of TELLUS and HYPERION,
When ye full soomed in Winter's mew doon mooting
O then, the seeds of Love, by thine eyes sown,
Down through mine eyes, within mine heart took rooting.
This difference left 'twixt me and Nature's store;
Her Spring returns! My flower may spread no more!

CANZON 10.

HOw made I, then, attempt in courtly fashion,
To gain the virgin conquest of thy love?
How did my sighs decipher inward Passion,
When they to kind regard thy heart did move?
When thou vouchsaf'st to grace the evening air,
How have I lain in ambush to betray thee?
Our eyes have skirmished! but my tongue would pray thee
To join thy Pity partner with thy Fair!
Since that, how often have they sent wept Elegies
To beg remorse at thy obdurate heart!
How often hath my Muse in comic poesies,
To feed thy humour, played a comic part!
But, now, the Pastime of my pen is silenced!
To act in Tragic Vein, alone is licensed.

CANZON 11.

HOw wert thou pleasèd with my Pastoral Ode!
Which late I sent thee; wherein I, thy Swain,
In rural tune, on pipe did chaunt abroad
Thee, for the loveliest Lass that traced the plain.
There, on thy head, I, FLORA's Chaplet placed!
There, did my pipe proclaim thee, Summer's Queen!
Each herdgroom, with that honour held thee graced!
When lawny white did chequer with thy green.
There, did I bargain all my kids to thee!
My spotted lambkins, choicest of my fold!
So thou would'st sit and keep thy flock by me:
So much I joyed, thy beauty to behold.
How many Cantons then, sent I to thee!
Who, though on two strings only raised their strain,
To wit, my Grief, and thy unmatched Beauty;
Yet well their harmony could please thy vein!
Well could they please thee, and thou term them witty;
But now as fortunes change, so change my Ditty!

CANZON 12.

HOw often have mine eyes (thine eye's apprentice
Bound by the Earnest of a sunny look),
Ta'en a judicial view of all thy graces!
Which here are registered in lasting book.
How oft have I, thy precious chain been fingering,
That ninefold circles thy delicious neck!
While they, the orb-like spheres of heaven resembling,
Thy face the Globe! which men clep Emperick.
How oft with wanton touches have I prest
Those breasts, more soft than silver down of swans;
When they by Alcidelian springs do rest!
Of which pure substance are thy lily hands.
But now, though eyes ne see, nor arms embrace thee;
Who yet shall let, in thought, me chief to place thee?

CANZON 13.

PROUD in thy love, how many have I cited,
Impartial, thee to view! whose eyes have lavished
Sweet beauteous objects oft have men delighted,
But thou, above delight, their sense hast ravished!
They, amorous artists, Thee pronounced Love's Queen!
And unto thy supremacy did swear,
"VENUS, at Paphos keep! no more be seen!"
Now CUPID, after Thee, his shafts shall bear!
How have I spent my spirit of Invention
In penning amorous stanzas to thy beauty?
But heavenly graces may not brook dimension;
No more may thine! for infinite they be.
But now, in harsh tune, I, of amours sing,
My pipe for them, grows hoarse! but shrill, to plaining!

CANZON 14.

THOUGH like an exile from mine eyes divorced
In solitary dungeon of Refuse
I live, impatient that I live, perforced,
From thee, dear object of mine eyes, a recluse.
Yet that divine *Idea* of thy grace,
The life imagery of thy love's sweet *souvenance*,
Within mine heart shall reign in sovereign place;
Nay, shall it ever portray other semblance?
No! never shall that face, so fair depainted
Within the love-limned tablet of mine heart,
Emblemished be! defaced! or unsainted!
Till death shall blot it, with his pencil dart.
Yet, then, in these limned lines ennobled more,
Thou shalt survive, richer accomplished than before!

CANZON 15.

NE'ER were the silvery wings of my Desire
Tainted with thought of black impurity!
The modest blush that did my cheeks attire,
Was to thy virgin fears, statute security!
When to a favour's sweet promotion
My joyless thoughts, thou hast advancèd higher!
O then sigh's sacrifice of my love's devotion
I sent, repurified in holy fire!
My fears, how oft have I ingeminated!
(O black recite of passèd misery!)
Thy heart for to entender! they have intimated
(Besides what thou hast seen!) what I have suffered for thee!
But see! since eyes were aliens to thy beauty,
I sing mine own faith, and neglect love's duty!

CANZON 16.

HOw have I forfeited thy kind regard,
That thy disdain should thus enage thy brow!
Which, whilom, was the scripture and the card
Whereon thou made thy game, and sealed thy vow
Which, whilom, thou, with laurel vatical,
Ennobled hast (high signal of renown!),
Marrying my voice with thine, hast said withal,
"Be thou alone, alonely thou, AMPHION!"
O how hath black night welked up this day!
My wasted hopes, why are they turned to graze
In pastures of despair? ZEPHERIA say,
Wherein have I, on love committed trespass!
O, if in justice, thou must needs acquit me,
Reward me with thy love! Sweet, heal me with thy pity!

CANZON 17.

HOw shall I deck my Love in love's habiliment,
And her embellish in a right depaint?
Sith now is left, nor rose, nor hyacinth,
Each one their beauties with their hue acquaint.
The gold ceiling of thy brow's rich frame
Designs the proud pomp of thy face's architure.
Crystal transparent casements to the same,
Are thine eyes' sun, which dò the world depure;
Whose silvery canopy, gold-wire fringes.
Thy brow, the bowling place for CUPID's eye.
Love's true-love knots, and lily-lozenges,
Thy cheeks, depainten in an immortal dye.
If well, thou limned art, now, by face imagery;
Judge, how, by life, I then should pencil thee!

CANZON 18.

EXACTER, should it fortune I should pencil thee;
What glory may attend though on my skill?
Even such as him befalls, whose pen doth copy
The sweet invention of another's quill.
My Muse yet never journeyed to the Indes,
Thy Fair to purple in Alchymerean dye,
All on the weak spread of his eyes' wings
Sufficeth that thou mount, though not so high!
Yet should it hap, that, in a kind vouchsafe,
The feature of my pen some grace do win;
Thereof, ZEPHERIA all the honour hath!
The copying scribe may claim no right therein:
But if more nice wits censure my lines crooked,
Thus I excuse, "I wrote, my light removed!"

CANZON 19.

NO! NO, ZEPHERIA! Fame is too rich a prize
My all-unmeriting lines for to attend on!
The best applause of my Muse, on thine eyes
Depends! It craves but smiles, his pains to guerdon!
But thine, the glory of this weak emprise!
Well wot I, his demerit is but bare!
Duteous respect then, will not that I portionise
To me, in love's respect, equal like care.
Lovely respective! equal thou this care!
And with thine heaven's calm smiles, mine heart imparadise!
Shine forth thy comfort's sun, my fears' Dismayer!
O well it fits lovers to sympathise!
Hold thou the spoils of Fame, for thine inheritance!
Thy love, to me is sweetest *chevisance*!

CANZON 20.

HOw often hath my pen (mine heart's Solicitor!)
Instructed thee in Breviat of my case!
While Fancy-pleading eyes (thy beauty's Visitor!)
Have patterned to my quill, an angel's face.
How have my Sonnets (faithful Counsellors!)
Thee, without ceasing moved for Day of Hearing!
While they, my Plaintive Cause (my faith's Revealers!)
Thy long delay, my patience, in thine ear ring.
How have I stood at bar of thine own conscience;
When in Requesting Court my suit I brought!
How have thy long adjournments slowed the sentence,
Which I (through much expense of tears) besought!
Through many difficulties have I run,
Ah, sooner wert thou lost, I wis, than won!

CANZON 21.

AND is it by immutable Decree
(Immutable, yet cruel Ordnance!)
Ordained (still forced, I cry, "O strange impiety!")
On True Love, to impose such tyrant penance?
That We, unto each other shall surrender
The sealed indentures of our love compacted;
And that thereof we make such loyal tender
As best shall seem to them that so enacted!
Then list, while I advertise once again,
"Though we yield up our charters so ensealed:
Yet see that thou safeguard my counterpane!
And I, in heart, shall keep thy bond uncancelled:
And so hereafter (if, at least, you please!)
We'll plead this Redelivery was by duress!"

CANZON 22.

IT WAS not long ago, since, like a wanton,
Froward, displeased with that it loves, I wis,
Improved, I did write to thee, a Canton,
Wherein I seemed to turn LOVE out of service.
Well said I herein, that I did but "seem" it!
Loath to depart, he still retained to me;
Although displeased, yet each one well might deem,
He was my servant, while he wore my livery!
Pensively grieved with that, that I had done,
I wrote a Sonnet, which, by syllable,
Eat up the former, and withal craved pardon;
Vowing a large amends, as time should able.
"But who beyond his power vows, offends!"
Presumptuous as thou art! to name Amends."

CANZON 23.

THY coral-coloured lips, how should I portray
Unto the unmatchable pattern of their sweet!
A draught of blessedness I stole away
From them, when last I kissed. I taste it yet!
So did that sug'ry touch my lips ensucket.
On them, MINERVA'S honey birds do hive
Mellifluous words; when so thou please to frame
Thy speech to entertainment! Thence I derive
My heart's sole paradise, and my lips sweet game.
Ye are the coral gates of Temple's clarion,
Whereout the PYTHIUS preached divinity!
Unto thy voice bequeathed the good ARION,
His silvery lyre! Such Pœan melody
Thy voice, the organ pipe of angels quire
Trebles! Yet, one kiss; and I'll raise them higher!

CANZON 24.

UNTO the Muses, I resign my scroll,
Who sing with voice unto the spheres proportionable.
Sing ye! O write ye of my love's pure soul!
Unbody it, in words inimitable!
In high sphere, then, see ye her name enrolled!
On her heart throne, sits the divine ASTRÆA;
Who doth the balance of her favours hold,
Which she imparts in justice and demerit.
For virgin purity, white GALATEA
Doth type the sanctity of her purer spirit.
She, the fourth Grace, height PASITHÆA,
Only recorded by our first born son;
Whom after long sleep, we shall now untomb
And her translate into ZEPHERIA.
Amidst the CHARITES, possess thy room!
THALIA in heart, zealous URANIA;
The soul's musician, sweet THELXIONE;
Daughter of Love and Admiration!
A veil immortal shall we put on thee,
And on thy head instar the Gnosian Crown!
ARIADNE doth herself undeify,
Yielding her coronal to thine installation!
Now live in starry stage of heaven, a deity!
And sing we, *Iῶ* ZEPHERIA! all in a rown.
"Hold! take thy scroll! With wing of immortality,
Thy Love is clad! Nay, ought may her unsanctify,
But proud Disdain!" Thanks, sweet CALLIOPE!

CANZON 25.

LET not Disdain, thy soul unsanctify!
Disdain, the passport for a lover's vow!
Unsieging, where its seeks to fortify
With deadly frowns, the canons of the brow!
Let not Disdain (the Hearse of virgin Graces!
The Counterpoison to unchastity!
The Leaven that doth sour the sweetest faces!)
Stain thy new purchased immortality!
'Mongst Delian nymphs, in Angels' University,
Thou, my ZEPHERIA, liv'st matriculated!
The daughters of ethereal JOVE, thy deity
On holy hill, have aye perpetuated!
O then, retire thy brows' artillery!
Love more! and more bliss yet, shall honour thee!

CANZON 26.

WHEN we, in kind embracements, had agreed
To keep a royal banquet on our lips;
How soon, have we another feast decreed!
And how, at parting, have we mourned by fits!
Eftsoons, in absence, have we wailed much more,
Till those void hours of intermission
Were spent! That we might revel as before,
How have we bribèd Time for expedition!
And when remitted to our former love-plays;
How have we, overweening in delight,
Accused the Father Sexton of the days
That, then, with eagle's wings, he took his flight!
But now, Old Man! fly on, as swift as thought!
Sith eyes from love, and hope from heart is wrought.

CANZON 27.

NE'ER from a lofty pitch, hath made more speed,
The feather-sailing Falcon to the lure;
Nor fairer stooped, when he on fist would feed,
Than I, ZEPHERIA! to thine eyes allure!
Ne'er from the deep, when winds declare a tempest.
Posts with more haste the little Halcion,
Nor faster hies him to some safer rest;
Than I have fled, from thy death-threatening frown!
Ne'er did the sun's love-mate, the gold Hetropion
Smile more resplendent lustre on her Dear!
Nay, ever was his shine to her more welcome,
Than thine to me, when smiling was thy cheer!
But now, my sun! it fits thou take thy set!
And veil thy face with frowns, as with a frontlet!

CANZON 28.

WHEN clear hath been thy brow, and free from wrinkle,
(Thy smoothèd brow, my soul's sole hierarchy!)
When sweetly hath appeared in cheek the dimple,
There LOVE enthroned sways powerful monarchy!
Glad have I, then, rich statues to his deity
Erected. Then, have I his altar hallowed!
His rights, I held, with high solemnity!
His Trophy decked, and it with rosebuds strewed!
I kissed thy cheek! Then thou, with gold artillery,
Hast him engirt, tasselled with purple twine,
(Featly contrived to hang his quiver by)
Besides a crimson scarf to veil his eyne:
But, see! No sooner was he gay apparelled,
But that, false Boy! away from us he fled!

CANZON 29.

HOw many golden days! have I set free
From tedious travail in a sadder Muse,
While I, of amours have conferred with thee!
While I, long absence never need excuse!
Sweet was Occasion! and for sweet inexplicable,
That eyes' invited guests unto thine eyes' fare;
When, by thy dainty leave, on coral table
I fed! O there, I sucked celestial air!
'Amidst these sug'ry junkets thirsty, I
Have thy delicious hand, with my lips pressed!
I drew for wine, but found 'twas Ambrosie:
O how my spirits inly that refreshed!
Yet, ay me! since I relished this delight;
I e'er more thirsted with a hotter appetite!

CANZON 30.

WHAT! Shall I ne'er more see those Halcion days!
Those sunny Sabbaths! Days of Jubilee!
Wherein I carrolled merry Roundelays,
Odes, and Love Songs? which, being viewed by thee,
Received allowance worthy better writ!
When we, on Shepherds' Holy Days have hied
Down to the flow'ry pastures (flowers, for thy treading fit!)
Holy the day, when thou it sanctified!
When thou, ZEPHERIA, wouldst but deign to bless it,
How have I, jealous over PHŒBUS' rays,
Clouded thy Fair! Then, fearing he would guess it
By thy white brow, it have I cinct' with bays!
But, woe is me! that I have fenced thy beauty!
Sith other must enjoy it, and not I.

CANZON 31.

YET none shall equal me in my demerit,
Though happier (may it fortune) he may court it!
Nor shall more faithful love his suit inherit!
Ne paint like Passion, though he shew more Wit!
Admit, he write! My quill hath done as much!
Admit, he sigh! That have I done, and more!
Admit, he weep! These eyes have wept even such:
Their tears, as hearty; and in greater store!
Yet, nearer may he press, and swear "He dies!"
JOVE (thinks he) smiles at lovers' jurament:
Prove him! Then shalt thou find he falsely lies!
Many so threaten death, that nil experiment!
Repulsed, then will he sue to do thee service!
Said not I well now, that "he falsely lies!"

CANZON 32.

NATURE, I find, doth, once a year, hold market!
A gaudy fair of brooches and of babies;
And bounteously to all doth She impart it,
Yet chiefly to true Lovers, and fair Ladies.
There, may you see her dappart Com'nalty
Clad, some in purple, some in scarlet dye;
Whiles she (rich Queen!), in all her royalty,
Commands them spread their chaffer to the eye.
The buyer pays no impost, nor no fees;
But rather to invite with wealthier pleasure,
She booths her fair with shade of broad-branched trees,
Wherein (good Queen!) her care doth match her treasure.
With wealth of more cost, Nature doth Thee beautify!
Save, careless, she hath left no shelter 'gainst thine eye!

CANZON 33.

HITHER, chaste PHŒBE's Nymphs flocked in procession,
Whose beauties attractive all eyes so exercised
With mazed-admire, that, for some late transgression,
Men weened heaven's angels were unparadised.
Such saints, heaven's paradise contains but few,
Their roseate beauties, Nature's wealth distained;
Compared their lustre, checked her verdant hue,
They even her purest quintessence engrained.
Anemone there stood with Daffodilly!
The purple Hyacinth, and the musk Rose!
Red Amaranthus, and the milk-bred Lily!
I came in quest; yet would I none of those!
Unto HYPERION's bride, my choice I knit!
There, in her goldy leaves, my love is writ!

CANZON 34.

SINCE from the full feed of thy favour's lease,
My thoughts (O Time's accursed memory!)
Were forced (such shift, alas, did ill them please!)
To crop on sedge sour and unsavoury;
Since from their sweet refresh, all pinèd, they
Have spent a lustre in sad widowhood;
Since when Sorrow to them hath served in pay,
Outlaws to Hope, immured from every good;
Since from thy brow, the pompous gallery
Wherein were storised to mine eye, sweet objects,
Embroidered all with rare imàgery;
Whose ivory floor enamelled azure frets:
Mine eye (O woe the while!) hath been sequestered!
My heart, his grief therefore, in face hath registered.

CANZON 35.

SINCE from the flowered sweets of every blessedness,
Which from thy beauties delicate peruse
Incessantly doth flow, mine heart, like anch'ress
Aye cloistered, lives to sad and cheerless Muse.
If any smiling joy fortune to fawn on me,
Suggesting to my spirit sweet content:
Anon, I article with his felicity;
And ere mine heart vouchsafes him entertainment,
I him depose, on these Interrogatories.
First, "If he came from my ZEPHERIA?"
Then, "If he may to light restore mine eyes,
Which long have dwelt in dark?" If then, he say,
"Nay! but thy thoughts to unbend from off her beauties,
I come!" eftsoons, I strangle him while in his infancy.
Better slay him, than he do thee to die!

CANZON 36.

BUT if, with error and unjust suspect,
Thou shalt the burden of my grievance aggravate!
Laying unto my charge thy love's neglect
(A load which patience cannot tolerate!)
First, to be ATLAS to my own Desire,
Then, to depress me with unkind construction;
While to mine own griefs may I scarce respire:
This is to heap Ossa on Pelion!
O would the reach yet of unequal censure
Might here but date his partiality;

Mistrust (who ne'er is ripe, till worst be thought on)
Hath my crime racked, yet to more high extensure.
And now 'tis drawn to flat Apostasy
(So straight beset; best, I lay hold on pardon!)
Why then, sith better i'st a penitentiary
To save, than to expose to shame's confusion.
Thy face being veiled, this penance I award,
"Clad in a white sheet, thou stand in Paul's Churchyard!"

CANZON 37.

WHEN last mine eyes dislodgèd from thy beauty,
Though served with Process of a parent's Writ:
A *Supersedeas* countermanding duty,
Even then, I saw upon thy smiles to sit!
Those smiles which me invited to a Party,
Disperpling clouds of faint respecting fear;
Against the Summons which was served on me,
A larger privilege of dispense did bear.
Thine eyes' edict, the Statute of Repeal,
Doth other duties wholly abrogate,
Save such as thee endear in hearty zeal,
Then be it far from me, that I should derogate
From Nature's Law, enregistered in thee!
So might my love incur a *Præmunire*.

CANZON 38.

FROM the revenue of thine eyes' Exchequer,
My faith, his Subsidy did ne'er detract!
Though in thy favour's book, I rest a debtor;
Yet, 'mongst accountants who their faith have crackt,
My name thou findest not irrotulate!
I list not stand indebted to infame;
(Foul them befall who pay in counterfeit!
Be they recognised in black Book of Shame!)
But if the Rent, which wont was of assize,
Thou shalt enhance, through pride and coy disdain!
Exacting double tribute to thine eyes;
And yet encroachest on my heart's domain:
Needs must I wish (though 'gainst my foyalty),
That thou unsceptered be of Nature's royalty!

CANZON 39.

AND now, thou winged Ambassador of Wonder!
Liberal dispenser of reproachful act!
Who never whisperest, but in a voice of thunder!
Explor'st what secrecy would fain have darked!
"Tell my ZEPHERIA! (sith thou nill be silenced!)
My hopes on her calm smiles did them embark;
Whose sunny shine seemed to have licensed
From them, all fear of tempest, or of wreck.
Now, on the shelf of her brows' proud disdain,
A harbour, where they looked for asile,
The pilot who, 'fore now, did expect rain,
His bark in seas are all ydrenched, alack the while!
Till if, at last, she all, through fear, excordiate,
Command thee not to peace, ere thou exordiate!"

CANZON 40.

BUT if She shall attend what fortunes sequelled
The *naufrage* of my poor afflicted bark;
Then tell, but tell in words unsyllabled!
In sighs' untunèd accents, move her to hark
Unto the tenour of thy sadder process!
Say then, " His tears (his heart's intelligencers!)
Did intimate the griefs did him possess.
Crying, Zepheria, unto thee! these messengers
I send! O these, my loves, my faith shall witness!
O these shall record loves and faith unfeignèd!
Look how my soul bathes in their innocency!
Whose dying confidence him designs unstained
Of guilty blush-note of impurity.
(O Death! Highway to Life, when Love is distained!) "
This said, if cruel She, no grace vouchsafe:
Dead, may her Gravestone be her Epitaph!

Troppo sperar inganna.

FINIS.

A Gentleman in the Voyage.

Sir JOHN HAWKINS's Second Voyage to the West Indies;

18*th Oct.*, 1564—20*th Sept.*, 1565.

[HAKLUYT. *Voyages.* 1589.]

[There are six stages in this Voyage:

OUTWARDS.

18 Oct.—29 Nov. 1564. Plymouth, to Cape de Verde ... *pp.* 88— 93
29 Nov. 1564—19 Jan. 1565. Along the Guinea coast ... *pp.* 93—102
19 Jan.—9 March 1565. Guinea coast to the W. I. *p.* 102
9 Mar.—31 May 1565. Along the North coast of South America, to Rio de la Hacha ... *pp.* 102—118

HOMEWARDS.

31 May—28 July 1565. Rio de la Hacha, to River of May, Florida *pp.* 118—135
28 July—20 Sept. 1565. Florida, to Padstow in Cornwall *pp.* 135—136]

The Voyage made by the Worshipful Master JOHN HAWKINS, Esquire, now Knight; Captain of the *Jesus* of Lubeck, one of Her Majesty's ships: and General [*Admiral*] of the *Solomon*, and other two [vessels] barks, going in his company to the coast of Guinea, and the Indies of New Spain; being in Africa and America. Began in *Anno Domini*, 1564.

The names of certain Gentlemen that were in this Voyage.

Master JOHN HAWKINS.
Master JOHN CHESTER, Sir WILLIAM CHESTER's son.
Master ANTHONY PARKHURST.
Master FITZWILLIAM.
Master THOMAS WOORLEY.
Master EDWARD LACIE. With divers others.

∴ *The Register* [i.e., the Log of the various dates] *and true accounts of all herein expressed hath been approved by me, JOHN SPARKE the younger; who went upon the same Voyage, and wrote the same* [i.e., kept a journal of these transactions].



ITH the *Jesus* of Lubeck, a ship of 700 tons; and the *Solomon*, a ship of 140; the *Tiger*, a bark of 50; and the *Swallow*, of 50 tons; being all well furnished with men to the number of 170, as also with ordnance and victuals requisite for such a Voyage; Master JOHN HAWKINS departed out of Plymouth, the 18th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1564, with a prosperous wind.

At which departing, in cutting of the foresail, a marvellous misfortune happened to one of the Officers in the ship; who by the pulley of the sheet, was slain out of hand: being a sorrowful beginning to them all.

And after their setting out ten leagues to the sea, he met, the same day, with the *Minion*, a ship of the Queen's Majesty, whereof was Captain DAVID CARLET, and also her consort, the *John Baptist* of London; being bound to Guinea also: who hailed one the other, after the custom of the sea, with certain pieces of ordnance, for joy of their meeting. Which done, the *Minion* departed from him, to seek her other consort, the *Merlin* of London, which was astern, out of sight; leaving in Master HAWKINS's company, the *John Baptist*, her other consort.

Thus sailing forwards on their way, with a prosperous wind, until the 21st of the same month; at that time, a great storm arose, the wind being at north-east, about nine o'clock in the night, and so continued twenty-three hours together. In which storm, Master HAWKINS lost the company of the *John Baptist* aforesaid, and of his pinnace called the *Swallow*: his other three ships being sore beaten with the storm.

The 23rd day, the *Swallow*, to his no small rejoicing, came to him again in the night, ten leagues to the northward of Cape Finisterre: he having put roomer [*gone out to sea*]; not being able to double the Cape, in that there rose a contrary wind at south-west.

The 25th, the wind continuing contrary, he put into a

place in Galicia, called Ferrol; where he remained five days, and appointed all the Masters of his ships an Order for keeping of good company, in this manner.

The small ships to be always ahead and aweather of the *Jesus*: and to speak, twice a day, with the *Jesus* at least.

If in the day, the ensign to be over the poop of the *Jesus*; or in the night, two lights: then shall all the ships speak with her.

If there be three lights aboard the *Jesus*, then doth she cast about.

If the weather be extreme, that the small ships cannot keep company with the *Jesus*, then all to keep company with the *Solomon*: and forthwith to repair to the island of Tenerife, to the northward of the road of Sirroes.

If any happen to any misfortune; then to shew two lights, and to shoot off a piece of ordnance.

If any lose company, and come in sight again; to make three yaws [? *veerings of the ship*] and strike [*lower*] the misen [*i.e., the misen sail*] three times.

Serve GOD daily! [*i.e., have daily prayers*], love one another! preserve your victuals! beware of fire! and keep good company [*i.e., of the fleet together*].

The 26th day, the *Minion* came in also, where he was: for the rejoicing whereof, he gave them [volleys from] certain pieces of ordnance, after the courtesy of the sea, for their welcome. But the *Minion*'s men had no mirth, because of their consort, the *Merlin*: which, after their departure from Master HAWKINS upon the coast of England, they went to seek; and having met with her, kept company two days together. At last, by the misfortune of fire, through the negligence of one of their Gunners, the powder in the Gunner's Room was set on fire: which, with the first blast, struck out her poop, and therewithal lost three men: besides many sore burned, which escaped by the brigantine [*i.e., the* Minion; *apparently the ship of the same name in the Third Voyage*] being at her stern: and, immediately, to the great loss of the owners, and most horrible sight to the beholders, she sank before their eyes.

The 30th day of the month, Master HAWKINS, with his

consorts, and [the] company of the *Minion*; [the *Jesus*] having now both the brigantines [the *Solomon* and the *Minion*] at her stern, weighed anchor, and set sail on her voyage; having a prosperous wind thereunto.

The 4th of November, they had sight of the island of Madeira; and the 6th day, of Teneriffe, which they thought to have been the [Grand] Canary, in that they supposed themselves to have been to the eastward of Teneriffe; and were not. But the *Minion*, being three or four leagues ahead of us, kept on her course to Teneriffe; having a better sight thereof, than the others had: and by that means, they parted company.

For Master HAWKINS and his company went more to the West. Upon which course, having sailed a while, he espied another island, which he thought to be Teneriffe: and being not able, by means of the fog upon the hills, to discern the same, nor yet to fetch it by night; he went roomer until the morning, being the 7th of November. Which, as yet, he could not discern, but sailed along the coast the space of two hours, to perceive some certain mark of Teneriffe; and found no likelihood thereof at all, accounting that to be (as it was indeed) the isle of Palms [*Palmas*].

So sailing forwards, he espied another island called Gomera; and also Teneriffe, with which he made: and, sailing all night, came in the morning, the next day, to the port of Adecia; where he found his pinnace, which had departed [*separated*] from him the 6th of the month, being in the weather of him, and espying the Pike of Teneriffe all a high, bare thither.

At his arrival, somewhat before he came to anchor, he hoisted out his ship's pinnace, rowing ashore; intending to have sent one with a letter to PETER DE PONTE, one of the Governors of the island, who dwelt a league from the shore: but as he pretended [*intended*] to have landed, suddenly there appeared upon the two points of the road, men levelling of bases and harquebusses to them, with divers others with halberts, pikes, swords, and targets, to the number of four score: which happened so contrary to his expectation, that it did greatly amaze him; and the more, because he was now in their danger, not knowing well how to avoid it without some mischief.

Wherefore, he determined to call to them, for the better appeasing of the matter; declaring his name, and professing himself to be an especial friend to PETER DE PONTE, and that he had sundry things for him, which he greatly desired: and in the meantime, while he was thus talking with them (whereby he made them to hold their hands) he willed the mariners to row away; so that, at last, he gat out of their danger. And then asking for PETER DE PONTE; one of his sons, being Senor NICHOLAS DE PONTE, came forth: whom, he perceiving, desired "to put his men aside, and he himself would leap ashore, and commune with him," which they did. So that after communication had between them, of sundry things, and of the fear they both had: Master HAWKINS desired to have certain necessaries provided for him.

In the mean space, while these things were providing, he trimmed the mainmast of the *Jesus*, which, in the storm aforesaid, was sprung. Here he sojourned seven days, refreshing himself and his men. In the which time, PETER DE PONTE, dwelling at Santa Cruz, a city twenty leagues off, came to him; and gave him as gentle entertainment, as if he had been his own brother.

To speak somewhat of these islands, being called, in old time, *Insulæ fortunæ*, by the means of the flourishing thereof. The fruitfulness of them doth surely exceed far all other that I have heard of. For they make wine better than any in Spain: and they have grapes of such bigness that they may be compared to damsons, and in taste inferior to none. For sugar, suckets [*sweetmeats*], raisons of the sun [*our present raisins*], and many other fruits, abundance: for rosin, and raw silk, there is great store. They want neither corn, pullets, cattle, nor yet wild fowl.

They have many camels also: which, being young, are eaten of the people for victuals; and being old, they are used for carriage of necessities. Whose property is, as he is taught, to kneel at the taking of his load, and the unlading again; of understanding very good, but of shape very deformed; with a little belly; long misshapen legs; and feet very broad of flesh, without a hoof, all whole saving the great toe; a back bearing up like a molehill, a large and thin neck, with a little head, with a bunch of hard flesh which Nature hath given him in his breast to lean upon. This beast liveth

hardly, and is contented with straw and stubble; but of strong force, being well able to carry five hundredweight.

In one of these islands called Ferro, there is, by the reports of the inhabitants, a certain tree which raineth continually; by the dropping whereof, the inhabitants and cattle are satisfied with water: for other water have they none in all the island. And it raineth in such abundance that it were incredible unto a man to believe such a virtue to be in a tree; but it is known to be a Divine matter, and a thing ordained by GOD: at whose power therein, we ought not to marvel, seeing He did, by His Providence (as we read in the Scriptures) when the Children of Israel were going into the Land of Promise, fed them with manna from heaven, for the space of forty years. Of these trees aforesaid, we saw in Guinea many; being of great height, dropping continually; but not so abundantly as the other, because the leaves are narrower, and are like the leaves of a pear tree.

About these islands are certain flitting islands, which have been oftentimes seen; and when men approach near them, they vanished: as the like hath been of these now known (by the report of the inhabitants), which were not found but of a long time, one after the other; and, therefore, it should seem he is not yet born, to whom GOD hath appointed the finding of them.

In this island of Teneriffe, there is a hill called the Pike, because it is piked; which is, in height, by their report, twenty leagues: having, both winter and summer, abundance of snow on the top of it. This Pike may be seen, in a clear day, fifty leagues off; but it sheweth as though it were a black cloud [at] a great height in the Element [*atmosphere*]. I have heard of none to be compared with this in height; but in the [West] Indies I have seen many, and, in my judgement, not inferior to the Pike: and so the Spaniards write.

The 15th of November, at night, we departed from Teneriffe; and the 20th of the same, we had sight of ten caravels that were fishing at sea: with whom we would have spoken; but they, fearing us, fled into a place of Barbary, called Cape de las Barbas.

The 20th, the ship's pinnace, with two men in her, sailing by the ship, was overthrown [*upset*] by the oversight of them that were in her. The wind was so great, that before they

were espied and the ship had cast about [*tacked*] for them, she was driven half a league to the leeward of the pinnace; and had lost sight of her, so that there was small hope of recovery, had not GOD's help and the Captain's [Sir J. HAWKINS] diligence been: who, having well marked which way the pinnace was by the sun, appointed twenty-four of the lustiest rowers in the great boat to row to the windwards; and so recovered (contrary to all men's expectations) both the pinnace and the men sitting upon the keel of her.

The 25th, he came to Cape Blanco, which is on the coast of Africa; and a place where the Portuguese do ride [*i.e., at anchor*], that fish there, in the month of November especially; and is a very good place of fishing for pargoes, mullet, and dog fish. In this place, the Portuguese have no Hold for their defence; but have rescue [*defence*] of the barbarians, whom they entertain as their soldiers for the time of their being there: and for their fishing upon that coast of Africa, do pay a certain tribute to the King of the Moors. The people of that part of Africa are tawny, having long hair. Their weapons, in wars, are bows and arrows.

The 26th, we departed from S. Avis Bay, within Cape Blanco; where we had refreshed ourselves with fish and other necessaries: and the 29th, we came to Cape Verde, which lieth in 14½° N. Lat.

These people are all black, and are called Negroes; of stature, goodly men: and well liking, by reason of their food, which [sur]passeth [that of] all other Guineans, for kine, goats, pullen, rice, fruits, and fish. Here we took fishes with heads like conies [*rabbits*], and teeth nothing varying; of a jolly thickness, but not past a foot long: and are not to be eaten, without flaying or cutting off the head.

To speak somewhat of the sundry sorts of these Guineans. The people of Cape Verde are called Leophares, and counted the goodliest men of all others, saving the Manicongoes, which do inhabit on this side the Cape of Good Hope. These Leophares have wars against the Jeloffes, which are borderers [*neighbours*] by them. Their weapons are bows and arrows, targets, and short daggers; darts also, but varying from other Negroes: for, whereas the others use a long dart to fight with in their hands, they carry five or six small ones a piece, which they cast with.

These men also are more civil than any others, because of their daily traffic with the Frenchmen; and are of a nature very gentle and loving. For while we were there, we took in a Frenchman; who was one of the nineteen that going to Brazil in a bark of Dieppe, of 60 tons: and being a seaboard of Cape Verde, 200 leagues, the planks of their bark, with a sea, break out upon them so suddenly, that much ado they had to save themselves in their boats. But by GOD's providence, the wind being westerly (which is rarely seen there), they got to the shore, to the isle Braves [? *Gorec*]; and in great penury got to Cape Verde: where they remained six weeks, and had meat and drink of the same people.

The said Frenchman having forsaken his fellows, which were three leagues from the shore: and wandering with the Negroes to and fro, fortuned to come to the water's side; and communing with certain of his countrymen which were in our ship, by their persuasions, came away with us. But his entertainment amongst them was such [*i.e., so pleasant*], that he desired it not; but, through the importunate request of his countrymen, consented at the last.

Here we stayed but one night and part of the day. For the 7th of December, we came away: in that pretending [*intending*] to have taken Negroes there, perforce; the *Minion*'s men gave them there to understand of our coming, and our pretence, wherefore they did avoid the snares we had laid for them.

The 8th of December, we anchored by a small island called Alcatrarsa [*Alcantraz island*]: wherein, at our going ashore, we found nothing but sea birds, as we call them, gannets; but by the Portuguese called Alcatrarses, who, for that cause, gave the said island the same name. Herein, half of our boats were ladened with young and old fowl; which, not being used to the sight of men, flew so about us, that we struck them down with poles.

In this place, the two ships riding; the two barks, with their boats, went into an island of the Sapies, called La Formio, to see if they could take any of them: and there landed, to the number of 80, in armour. And espying certain, made to them; but they fled in such order [*a manner*] into the woods, that it booted them not to follow.

So, going on their way forward till they came to a river, which they could not pass over; they espied on the other side,

two men; who, with their bows and arrows, shot terribly at them. Whereupon we discharged certain harquebusses to them again; but the ignorant people weighed it not, because they knew not the danger thereof: but used a marvellous crying in their fight, with leaping and turning their tails, that it was most strange to see, and gave us great pleasure to behold them. At the last, one being hurt with an harquebus upon the thigh, looked upon his wound, and wist now how it came because he could not see the pellet.

Here Master HAWKINS perceiving no good to be done amongst them, because we could not find their towns; and also not knowing how to go into Rio Grande [*or Jeba*] for want of a pilot, which was the very occasion of our coming thither: and finding so many shoals, feared, with our great ships to go in; and therefore departed on our pretended [*intended*] way to the Idols.

The 10th of December, we had a north-east wind with rain and storm; which weather continuing two days together, was the occasion that the *Solomon* and *Tiger* lost our company: for whereas the *Jesus* and pinnace [*Swallow*] anchored at one of the islands called Sambula, the 12th day; the *Solomon* and *Tiger* came not thither till the 14th.

In this island, we stayed certain days; going, every day, on shore to take the inhabitants, with burning and spoiling their towns: who before were Sapies, and were conquered by the Samboses [*the modern Sambos*], inhabitants beyond Sierra Leone.

These Samboses had inhabited there three years before our coming thither; and, in so short space, have so planted the ground that they had great plenty of mill [*millet*], rice, roots, pompions [*pumpkins*], pullin, goats, of small dried fry: every house being full of the country's fruit, planted by GOD's Providence, as Palmito trees, fruits like dates, and sundry others, in no place in all that country so abundantly; whereby they lived more deliciously than others.

These inhabitants had divers of the Sapies which they took in the wars, as their slaves; whom only they kept to till the ground, in that they neither have the knowledge thereof, nor yet will work themselves: of whom, we took many at that place; but of the Samboses, none at all; for they fled into the main[land].

All the Samboses have white teeth as we have, far unlike to the Sapies which do inhabit about Rio Grande: for their teeth are all filed, which they do for bravery, to set themselves out; and do jag [? *tattoo*] their flesh, both legs, arms, and bodies as workmanlike as a jerkin maker with us pinketh a jerkin. These Sapies be more civil than the Samboses. For whereas the Samboses live most by the spoil of their enemies, both in taking their victuals, and eating them also: the Sapies do not eat man's flesh, unless, in the wars, they be driven by necessity thereunto (which they have not used [*donc*] but by the example of the Samboses); but live only with fruits and cattle, whereof they have great store.

This plenty is the occasion that the Sapies desire not war, except they be thereunto provoked by the invasions of the Samboses: whereas the Samboses, for want of food, are enforced thereunto; and, therefore, are not only wont to kill them that they take, but also keep those that they take until such time as they want meat, and then they kill them.

There is also another occasion that provoketh the Samboses to war against the Sapies; which is for coveteousness of their riches. For whereas the Sapies have an order [*a custom*] to bury their dead in certain places appointed for that purpose, with their gold about them; the Samboses dig up the ground to have the same treasure: for the Samboses have not the like store of gold that the Sapies have.

In this island of Sambula, we found about fifty boats called [in Portuguese] *almadas* or canoes, which are made of one piece of wood, digged out like a trough; but yet of a good proportion, being about eight yards long, and one in breadth, having a beak head, and a stern very proportionably made; and on the outside artificially carved, and painted red and blue. They are able to carry [at sea] twenty or thirty men; but about the coast, threescore and upward. In these canoes, they row, standing upright, with an oar somewhat longer than a man; the end whereof is made about the breadth and length of a man's hand of the largest sort. They row very swift; and, in some of them, four rowers and one to steer make as much way as a pair of oars in [a wherry on] the Thames of London.

Their towns are prettily divided, with a main street at

the entering in, that goeth through the town; and another overthwart street, which maketh their towns crossways.

Their houses are built in a rank, very orderly, in the face of the street: and they are made round, like a dovecot, with stakes set full of Palmito leaves, instead of a wall. They are not much more than a fathom large [*across*], and two of height; and thatched with Palmito leaves very close, other some with reeds: and over the roof thereof, for the better garnishing of the same, there is a round bundle of reeds prettily contrived like a lover [*louvre*]. In the inner part, they make a loft of sticks whereupon they lay all their provision of victuals. A place they reserve at their entrance for the kitchen; and the place they lie in is divided with certain mats, artificially made with the rind of the Palmito trees. Their bedsteads are of small staves laid along, and raised a foot from the ground, upon which is laid a mat; and another upon them, when they list. For other covering they have none.

In the middle of the town, there is a house larger and higher than the others, but in form alike; adjoining unto which, there is a place made of four good stanchions of wood, and a round roof over it: the ground also raised round with clay, a foot high: upon the which floor were strewed many fine mats. This is the Consultation House; the like whereof is in all towns, as the Portuguese affirm. In which place, when they sit in council, the King or Captain sitteth in the midst; and the Elders upon the floor by him (for they give reverence to their Elders), and the common sort sit round about them. There they sit to examine matters of theft; which if a man be taken with, to steal but one Portuguese cloth from another, he is sold to the Portuguese for a slave. They consult also and take order what time they shall go to wars; and (as it is certainly reported by the Portuguese) they take order in gathering of the fruits, in the season of the year: and also of Palmito wine (which is gathered by a hole cut in the top of a tree and a gorde [*gourd*] set there for the receiving thereof, which falleth in by drops; and yieldeth fresh wine again within a month), and this being divided, part and portion like, to every man, by the judgement of the Captain [*Chief*] and Elders; ever man holdeth himself contented. And this, surely, I judge to be a very good order; for other-

wise where there is scarcity of Palmito; every man would have [*seek*] the same; which might breed great strife. But of such things as every man doth plant for himself; the sower thereof reapeth it to his own use: so that nothing is common but that which is unset by man's hands.

In their houses, there is more common passage of lizards like evets, and others greater (of black and blue colour, of near[ly] a foot long besides their tails) than there is, with us, of mice in great houses.

The Sapies and Samboses also use, in their wars, bows and arrows made of reeds, with heads of iron poisoned with the juice of a cucumber: whereof I have had many in my hands.

In their battles they have target men with broad wicker targets [*shields*], and darts with heads of iron at both ends: the one in form of a two-edged sword, a foot and a half long, and at the other end the iron of the same length, made to counterpoise it; that, in casting, it might fly level, rather than for any other purpose as I can judge. And when they espy the enemy, the Captain, to cheer his men, crieth, *Hungry!* and they answer *Heygre!* and with that, every man placeth himself in order. For about every target man, three bowmen will cover themselves; and shoot as they see advantage: and when they give the onset, they make such terrible cries that they may be heard two miles off.

For their belief, I can hear of none that they have, but in such as they themselves imagine to see in their dreams; and so worship the pictures, whereof we saw some like unto devils.

In this island aforesaid, we sojourned unto the 21st of December, where, having taken certain Negroes, and as much of their fruit, rice, and mill as we could well carry away (whereof there was such store that we might have laden one of our barks therewith) we departed.

And, at our departure, divers of our men [*i.e.*, *of the* Jesus] being desirous to go on shore to fetch pompions (which having proved, they had found to be very good) certain of the *Tiger*'s men went also: amongst the which, there was a Carpenter, a young man. Who, with his fellows, having fetched many, and carried them down to their boats; as they were ready to depart, desired his fellows "to tarry while he might

go up to fetch a few, which he had laid by for himself," who, being more licorous [*gluttonous*] than circumspect, went up without his weapon. And as he went up alone, possibly being marked of the Negroes that were upon the trees, they, espying him to be alone and without weapon, dogged him; and finding him occupied in binding his pompions together, came behind him; and overthrowing him, straight cut his throat: as he, afterwards, was found by his fellows, who came to the place for him; and there found him naked.

The 22nd, the Captain went into a river, called Callowsa, with the two barks, the *Jesus*'s pinnace, and the *Solomon*'s boat; leaving at anchor, in the river's mouth, the two ships: where the Portuguese rode in the river,, being twenty leagues in. He came thither the 25th, and despatched his business; and so returned, with two caravels laden with Negroes.

The 27th, the Captain, being advertised by the Portuguese of a town of the Negroes, called Bimba, being in the way as they returned; where was not only great quantity of gold, but also there were not above forty men, and a hundred women and children in the town, so that if he would give the adventure upon the same, he might get a hundred slaves. With the which tidings, he being glad (because the Portuguese should not think him to be of so base a courage, but that he durst give them that, and greater attempts; and being thereunto, also, the more provoked with the prosperous success he had in other adjacent islands, where he had put them all to flight, and taken in one boat twenty together), determined to stay before the town three or four hours, to see what he could do. And thereupon prepared his men in armour and weapon, together, to the number of forty men, well appointed, having for their guides certain Portuguese in a boat: who brought some of them to their death.

We landing, boat after boat, and divers of our men scattering themselves (contrary to the Captain's will) by one or two in a company, for the hope they had to find gold in their houses, ransacking the same; in the meantime, the Negroes came upon them, and hurt many, being thus scattered; whereas, if five or six had been together, they had been able (as their companions did) to give the overthrow to forty of them. Being driven down to take their boats, they were

followed so hardly by a rout of Negroes (who, by that, took courage to pursue them to their boats) that not only some of them, but others standing on shore, not looking for any such matter (by means that the Negroes did flee at the first, and our company remained in the town) were suddenly so set upon, that some, with great hurt, recovered their boats: other some, not able to recover the same, took to the water, and perished by means of the ooze.

While this was doing; the Captain, who, with a dozen men, went through the town, returned; finding two hundred Negroes at the water's side, shooting at them in the boats, and cutting them in pieces that were drowned in the water: at whose coming, they all ran away.

So he entered his boats; and before he could put off from the shore, they returned again, and shot very fiercely, and hurt divers of them.

Thus we returned back, somewhat discomforted; although the Captain, in a singular wise manner, carried himself, with countenance very cheerful outwardly, as though he did little weigh the death of his men, nor yet the hurt of the rest (although his heart inwardly was broken in pieces for it): done to this end, that the Portuguese being with him, should not presume to resist against him, nor take occasion to put him to further displeasure or hindrance for the death of our men; having gotten, by our going, ten Negroes, and lost seven of our best men (whereof Master FIELD, Captain of the *Solomon* was one) and had twenty-seven of our men hurt.

In the same hour, while this was adoing, there happened, at the same instant, a marvellous miracle to them in the ships, who rode ten leagues to the seaward, by many sharks or *tiburons*, which came about the ships: one was taken by the *Jesus*, and four by the *Solomon;* and one, very sore hurt, escaped. And so it fell out with our men [*i.e.*, *at Bimba*], whereof one of the *Jesus*'s men, and four of the *Solomon*'s were killed, and the fifth, having twenty wounds, was rescued, and escaped with much ado.

The 28th, they came to their ships, the *Jesus* and the *Solomon*.

And the 30th, they departed from thence to Taggarin.

The 1st of January [1565], the two barks, and both the

boats forsook the ships, and went into a river called the Casseroes: and the 6th, having despatched their business, the two barks returned, and came to Taggarin where the two ships were at anchor.

Not two days after the coming of the two ships thither [*i.e., 2nd January*] they put their water caske [*casks*] ashore, and filled it with water, to season the same: thinking to have filled it with fresh water afterwards. And while their men were some on shore, and some at their boats; the Negroes set upon them in their boats, and hurt divers of them; and came to the casks, and cut the hoops of twelve butts, which lost us four or five days' time, besides great want we had of the same.

Sojourning at Taggarin, the *Swallow* went up the river, about her traffic; where they saw great towns of the Negroes, and canoes that had threescore men in apiece.

There, they understood by the Portuguese, of a great battle between them of Sierra Leone side, and them of Taggarin. They of Sierra Leone had prepared three hundred canoes to invade the other.

The time was appointed, not past six days after our departure from thence: which we would [*wished to*] have seen, to the intent we might have taken some of them; had it not been for the death and sickness of our men, which came by the contagiousness of the place; which made us to haste away.

The 18th of January, at night, we departed from Taggarin; being bound for the West Indies. Before which departure, certain of the *Solomon*'s men went on shore to fill water, in the night; and as they came on shore, with their boat, being ready to leap on land, one of them espied a negro in a white coat, standing on a rock, ready to have received them when they came on shore; having in sight, also, eight or nine of his fellows, some leaping out in one place and some in another; but they hid themselves straight [*immediately*] again. Whereupon our men doubting [*fearing*] they had been a great company, and sought to have taken them at more advantage, (as GOD would!) departed to their ships: not thinking there had been such mischief pretended to them, as there was indeed; which, the next day, we understood of a Portuguese that came down to us, who had traffic with the Negroes.

By whom, we understood, that the King of Sierra Leone had made all the power he could, to take some of us. Partly for the desire he had to see what kind of people we were, that had spoiled his people at the Idols, whereof he had news before our coming; and, as I judge, also upon other occasions, provoked by the Tangomangoes. But sure we were, that the army was come down: by means that, in the evening, we saw such a monstrous fire made by the watering place, that was not seen before; which fire is the only mark for the Tangomangoes, to know where their army always is.

If these men had come down in the evening, they had done us great displeasure; for that we were on shore filling water. But GOD (who worketh all things for the best) would not have it so; and by Him, we escaped without danger. His name be praised for it!

The 19th of this same month, we departed with all our ships, from Sierra Leone towards the West Indies; and for the space of twenty-eight days, we were becalmed, having now and then contrary winds and some tornadoes amongst the same calm, which happened to us very ill: being but reasonably watered for so great a company of Negroes and ourselves, which pinched us all; and that which was worst, put us in such fear that many never thought to have reached to the Indies, without great death of Negroes and of themselves. But the Almighty GOD (who never suffereth His elect to perish!) sent us the 16th of February, the ordinary breeze, which is the North-west wind, which never left us, till we came to an island of the cannibals, called Dominica; where we arrived the 9th [*? 10th*] of March, upon a Saturday. And because it was the most desolate place in all the island, we could see no cannibals; but some of their houses where they dwelled; and as it should seem, they had forsaken the place for want of fresh water; for we could find none there but rain water, and such as fell from the hills and remained as a puddle in the dale; whereof we filled for our Negroes [!].

The cannibals of that island, and also others adjacent, are the most desperate warriors that are in the Indias, by the Spaniards' report; who are never able to conquer them; and they are molested by them not a little, when they are driven to water there in any of those islands.

Of very late, not two months past, in the said island, a caravel being driven to water, was, in the night, set upon by the inhabitants; who cut their cable in the hawser, whereby they were driven ashore, and so taken by them and eaten.

The *Green Dragon* of Newhaven [*Hâvre*], whereof was Captain, one BONTEMPS, in March [1565], also, came to one of those islands, called Grenada; and being driven to water, could not do the same for the cannibals, who fought with him very desperately two days.

For our part also, if we had not lighted upon the desertest place in all that island, we could not have missed; but should have been greatly troubled by them, by all the Spaniards' reports, who make them devils in respect of men.

The 10th day, at night, we departed from thence, and the 15th, had sight of nine islands called the Testigos; and the 16th, of an island called Margarita, where we were entertained by the Alcade, and had both beeves and sheep given us, for the refreshing of our men. But the Governor of the island would neither come to speak with our Captain, neither yet give him any license to traffic: and to displease us the more, whereas we had hired a Pilot to have gone with us, they would not only not suffer him to go with us, but also sent word by a caravel, out of hand, to Santo Domingo, to the Viceroy, who doth represent the King's person, of our arrival in those parts. Which had like to have turned us to great displeasure, by the means that the same Viceroy did send word to Cape de la Vela, and to other places along the coast, commanding them (by the virtue of his authority and by the obedience that they owe to their Prince) that no man should traffic with us, but should resist us with all the force they could.

In this island, notwithstanding that we were not within four leagues of the town; yet were they so afraid, that not only the Governor himself but also all the inhabitants forsook their town, assembling all the Indians to them, and fled into the mountains: as we were partly certified, and saw the experience ourselves, by some of the Indians coming to see us; when three Spaniards a horseback passing hard by us, went unto the Indians (having every one of them their bows and arrows), procuring them away, who before were conversant with us.

Here perceiving no traffic to be had with them, not yet water for the refreshing of our men; we were driven to depart the 20th day.

And the 22nd, we came to a place in the Main, called Cumana: whither the Captain going in his pinnace, spake with certain Spaniards, of whom he demanded traffic.

But they made him answer, "They were but soldiers newly come thither, and were not able to buy one Negro."

Whereupon he asked for a watering place, and they pointed him a place two leagues off, called Santa Fe: where we found marvellous goodly watering, and commodious for the taking in thereof; for that the fresh water came into the sea, and so our ships had, aboard the shore, twenty fathoms water. Near about this place inhabited certain Indians, who, the next day after we came thither, came down to us; presenting mill, and cakes of bread, which they had made of a kind of corn called Maize, in bigness of a pea, the ear whereof is much like to a teasel, but a span in length, having thereon a number of grains. Also they brought down to us hens, potatoes, and pines, which we bought for beads, pewter whistles, glasses, knives, and other trifles.

These potatoes be the most delicate roots that may be eaten; and do far exceed our parsnips or carrots. Their pines be of the bigness of two fists, the outside whereof is of the making of a pine apple, but it is soft like the rind of a cucumber; and the inside eateth like an apple, but it is more delicious than any sweet apple sugared.

These Indians be of colour tawny, like an olive; having every one of them, both men and women, hair all black, and no other colour; the women wearing the same hanging down to their shoulders, and the men rounded, and without beards: neither men or women suffering any hair to grow in any part of their body, but daily pull it off as it groweth.

These people be very small feeders: for travelling, they carry but two small bottles of gourds, wherein they put in one the juice of sorrel whereof they have great store; and in the other flour of their maize, which being moist, they eat, taking sometimes of the other. These men carry every man his bow and arrows; whereof some arrows are poisoned for wars, which they keep in a cane together, which cane is of

the bigness of a man's arm: other some with broad heads of iron, wherewith they strike fish in the water. The experience whereof, we saw not once nor twice, but daily, for the time we tarried there. For they are so good archers, that the Spaniards, for fear thereof, arm themselves and their horses with quilted canvas of two inches thick, and leave no place of their bodies open to their enemies, saving their eyes which they may not hide; and yet oftentimes are they hit in that so small a scantling. Their poison is of such a force, that a man being stricken therewith, dieth within four and twenty hours, as the Spaniards do affirm: and, in my judgement, it is likely there can be no stronger poison, as they make it, using thereunto apples which are very fair and red of colour, but are a strong poison; with the which, together with venemous bats and vipers, adders and other serpents, they make a medley, and therewith anoint the same.

The beds which they have, are made of gossapine cotton, and wrought artificially of divers colours; which they carry about with them when they travel, and making the same fast to two trees, lie therein. The people be surely gentle and tractable, and such as desire to live peaceable; or else had it been impossible for the Spaniards to have conquered them as they did, and the more to live now peaceably: they being so many in number, and the Spaniards so few.

From thence, we departed the 28th; and the next day, we passed between the mainland and the island called Tortuga, (a very low island) in the year of our Lord GOD 1565 aforesaid: and sailed along the coast until the 1st of April; at which time, the Captain sailed along in the *Jesus*'s pinnace to discern the coast, and saw many Caribs on shore, and some also in their canoes: which made tokens unto him of friendship, and shewed gold, meaning thereby that they would traffic for wares.

Whereupon he stayed, to see the manner of them; and so for two or three trifles, they gave such things as they had about them, and departed.

But the Caribs were very importunate to have them come on shore; which, if it had not been for want of wares to traffic with them, he would not have denied them: because the Indians which we saw before, were very gentle people, and

such as do no man hurt. But (as GOD would have it!) he wanted that thing, which, if he had had, would have been his confusion. For these were no such kind of people as we took them to be; but more devilish a thousand parts, and are eaters and devourers of any man they can catch. As it was afterwards declared unto us at Burboroata, by a caravel coming out of Spain with certain soldiers and a Captain General, sent by the King for those eastward parts of the Indias. Who sailing along in a pinnace, as our Captain did, to descry the coast, was by the Caribs called ashore, with sundry tokens made to him of friendship, and gold shewed as though they desired to traffic: with the which the Spaniards being moved, suspecting no deceit at all, went ashore amongst them. The Captain was no sooner ashore, but with four or five more was taken; the rest of his company being invaded by them, saved themselves by flight: but they that were taken, paid their ransom with their lives, and were presently [*at once*] eaten. And this is their practice to toll [*decoy*] with their gold, the ignorant to their snares. They are blood-suckers of Spaniards, Indians, and all that light in their laps: not sparing their own countrymen if they can conveniently come by them.

Their policy in fight with the Spaniards is marvellous. For they choose for their refuge, the mountains and woods; where the Spaniards, with their horses, cannot follow them: and if they fortune to be met in the plain, where one horseman may overrun a hundred of them; they have a device, of late practised by them, to pitch stakes of wood in the ground, and also small iron pikes, to mischief their horses; wherein they shew themselves politic warriors.

They have more abundance of gold than all the Spaniards have, and live upon the mountains where the mines are, in such number, that the Spaniards have much ado to get any of them from them. And yet, sometimes, by assembling a great number of men, which happeneth once in two years, they get a piece from them; which afterwards they keep sure enough.

Thus having escaped the danger of them; we kept our course along the coast, and came the 3rd of April, to a town called Burboroata [? *La Guayra, or near it*]; where his ships came to

an anchor, and the Captain himself went ashore to speak with the Spaniards. To whom, he declared himself to be an Englishman, and came thither to trade with them, by the way of merchandise; and therefore required license for the same.

Unto whom, they made answer, that "They were forbidden by the King to traffic with any foreign nation, upon penalty to forfeit their goods." Therefore they desired him "not to molest them any further; but to depart as he came! for other comfort he might not look for at their hands: because they were subjects, and might not go beyond the law."

But he replied, "His necessity was such, as he might not do so. For being in one of the Queen of England's *Armados*, and having many soldiers in them; he had need of some refreshing for them, and of victuals, and of money also: without the which, he could not depart." And, with much other talk, persuaded them not to fear any dishonest part on his behalf towards them; for neither would he commit any such thing to the dishonour of his Prince, nor yet for his honest reputation and estimation, unless he were too rigorously dealt withal, which he hoped not to find at their hands: in that it should as well redound to their profit as his own, and also he thought they might do it without danger; because their Princes were in amity one with another, and for our parts, we had free traffic in Spain and Flanders which are in his dominions; and therefore he knew no reason why he should not have the like in all his dominions.

To the which, the Spaniards made an answer, that "It lay not in them, to give any license; for that they had a Governor to whom the government of those parts was committed; but if they would stay ten days, they would send to their Governor, who was threescore leagues off; and would, within the space appointed, return answer of his mind."

In the meantime, they were contented he should bring his ships into harbour; and there they would deliver him any victuals he would require.

Whereupon, the fourth day, we went in, where, being one day, and receiving all things according to promise, the Captain advised himself that to remain there ten days idle, spending victuals and men's wages; and perhaps, in the end, receive no good answer from the Governor, it were mere folly, were mere folly: and therefore determined to make

request to have license for the sale of certain lean and sick Negroes, which he had in his ship, like[ly] to die upon his hands, if he kept them ten days; having little or no refreshing for them, whereas other men having them, they would be recovered well enough. And this request he was forced to make, because he had no otherwise wherewith to pay for victuals and for necessaries which he should take.

Which request being put in writing, and presented, the Officers and town dwellers assembled together; and finding his request so reasonable, granted him license for thirteen Negroes: which, afterwards, they cause the Officers to view, to the intent they should grant to nothing but that which were very reasonable, for fear of answering thereunto afterwards.

This being past, our Captain, according to their license, thought to have made sale; but the day passed, and none came to buy, who before made shew that they had great need of them: and therefore he wist not what to surmise of them, whether they went about to prolong the time of the Governor's answer, because they would keep themselves blameless; or for any other policy he knew not. And for that purpose, sent them word, marvelling what the matter was, that none came to buy them.

They answered, "Because they had granted license only to the poor to buy those Negroes of small price; and their money was not so ready as other men's of more wealth. More than that. As soon as ever they saw the ships; they had conveyed away their money by their wives that went into the mountains for fear, and were not yet returned: and yet asked two days, to seek their wives, and fetch their money."

Notwithstanding, the next day, divers of them came to cheapen; but could not agree of price, because they thought the price too high.

Whereupon the Captain (perceiving they went about to bring down the price, and meant to buy; and would not confess, if he had license, that he might sell at any reasonable rate, as they were worth in other places), did send for the principals of the town, and made a shew he would depart, declaring himself "to be very sorry that he had so much troubled them, and also that he had sent for the Governor to

come down; seeing now his pretence [*intention*] was to depart": whereat they marvelled much, and asked him, "What cause moved him thereunto seeing, by their working, he was in possibility to have his license?"

To which, he replied that "It was not only a license that he sought, but profit; which he perceived was not to be had there; and therefore would seek farther": and withal shewed them his writings, what he paid for his Negroes; declaring also the great charge he was at, in his shipping and men's wages, and, therefore, to countervail his charges, he must sell his Negroes for a greater price than they offered.

So they, doubting [*fearing*] his departure, put him in comfort to sell better there than in any other place: and if it fell out that he had no license, that he should lose his labour in tarrying, for they would buy without license.

Whereupon, the Captain being put in comfort, promised them to stay, so that he might make sale of his lean Negroes; which they granted unto: and the next day did sell some of them.

They having bought and paid for them, thinking to have had a discharge of the Customer [*Farmer of the Customs*] for the custom[*import duty*] of the Negroes, being the King's duty; they gave it away to the poor, for GOD's sake; and did refuse to give the discharge in writing: and the poor, not trusting their words, for fear lest, hereafter, it might be demanded of them, did refrain from buying any more. So nothing else was done until the Governor's coming down; which was the 14th day [*i.e., of April*].

Then the Captain made petition, declaring that "He was come thither in a ship of the Queen's Majesty of England, being bound to Guinea; and thither driven by wind and weather: so that being come thither, he had need of sundry necessaries for the reparation of the said Navy, and also great need of money for the payment of his soldiers, unto whom he had promised payment; and therefore although he would, yet would not they depart without it. And for that purpose, he requested license for the sale of certain of his Negroes; declaring that though they were forbidden to traffic with strangers: yet for that there was great amity between their Princes, and that the thing pertained to our Queen's Highness; he thought he might do their Prince great service,

and that it would be well taken at his hands, to do it in this cause."

The which allegations, with divers others put in request, were presented unto the Governor; who sitting in council for that matter, granted unto his request for license.

But yet there fell out another thing, which was the abating of the King's custom; being upon every slave, 30 ducats [5*s.* 6*d.* *each*=£8 5*s.*=*about* £66 *now*]: which would not be granted unto.

Whereupon the Captain perceiving that they would neither come near his price, he looked for, by a great deal; not yet would abate the King's custom of that they offered; so that either he must be a great loser by his wares, or else compel the Officers to abate the same King's custom, which was too unreasonable (for to a higher price he could not bring the buyer): therefore the 16th of April, he prepared 100 men, well armed with bows, arrows, harquebusses, and pikes; with the which he marched to the townwards.

Being perceived by the Governor, he straight, with all expedition, sent messengers to know his request, desiring him "to march no further forward until he had answer again, which incontinent he should have."

So our Captain declaring "how unreasonable a thing the King's custom was, requested to have the same abated and to pay 7½ *per centum*, which is the ordinary custom for wares through his Dominions there; and unto this, if they would not grant, he would displease them."

And this word being carried to the Governor; answer was returned that "all things should be to his content."

Thereupon he determined to depart; but the soldiers and mariners finding so little credit in their promises, demanded gages for the performance of the promises, or else they would not depart. And thus they being constrained to send their gages; we departed, beginning our traffic, and ending the same without disturbance.

Thus having made traffic in the harbour until the 28th; our Captain with his ships intended to go out of the road and purposed to make shew of his departure; because now the common sort having employed their money, the rich men were come to town, who made no shew that they were come to buy, so that they went about to bring down the price; and by his

policy the Captain knew they would be made the more eager, for fear lest we departed, and they should go without any at all.

The 29th, we being at anchor without the road, a French ship called the *Green Dragon* of Newhaven [*Hâvre*] ; whereof was Captain one BONTEMPS, came in: who saluted us after the manner of the sea, with certain pieces of ordnance ; and we saluted him with the like again.

With whom, having communication ; he declared that he had been at the Mine [*El Mina*] in Guinea, and was beaten off by the Portuguese galleys, and enforced to come thither [*Burboroata*] to make sale of such wares [*i.e., Negroes*] as he had : and further that the like was happened with the *Minion*. Besides [which], the Captain DAVID CARLET and a Merchant [*Supercargo*], with a dozen mariners [had been] betrayed by the Negroes at their first arrival thither, and remained prisoners with the Portugals; besides other misadventures of the loss of their men happened, through the great lack of fresh water, with great doubts of bringing home the ships. Which was most sorrowful for us to understand.

Thus having ended our traffic here, the 4th of May ; we departed, leaving the Frenchman behind us.

The night before the which, the Caribs, whereof I made mention before, being to the number of two hundred, came in their canoes to Burboroata, intending by night to have burned the town and taken the Spaniards, who being more vigilant (because of our being there) than their custom was : perceiving them coming, raised the town ; who, in a moment, being a horseback (by means [that] their custom is, for all doubts, to keep their horses ready saddled, in the night), set upon them and took one ; but the rest making shift for themselves, escaped away. This one, because he was their guide, and was the occasion that divers times they had made invasion upon them, had for this travail a stake thrust through him, and so out at his neck.

The 6th of May aforesaid, we came to an island called Curaçao, where we had thought to have anchored ; but could not find ground, and having let fall an anchor with two cables were fain to weigh it again : and the 7th, sailing along the coast to seek a harbour, and finding none, we came to an anchor where we rode open in the sea. In this place, we

had traffic for hides, and found great refreshing both of beef, mutton, and lambs; whereof there was such plenty that saving the skins, we had the flesh given us for nothing. The plenty whereof was so abundant, that the worst in the ship thought scorn not only of mutton, but also of sodden lamb, which they disdained to eat unroasted.

The increase of cattle in this island is marvellous; which, from a dozen of each sort brought thither by the Governor, in 25 years [*i.e.*, *about* 1540], he had a hundred thousand, at the least: and of other cattle was able to kill, without spoil of the increase, 1,500 yearly, which he killeth for the skins; and of the flesh saveth only the tongues, the rest he leaveth to the fowl [*birds*] to devour. And this I am able to affirm, not only upon the Governor's own report (who was the first that brought the increase thither) who so remaineth unto this day: but also by that I saw myself in one field; where a hundred oxen lay one by another, all whole, saving the skin and tongue taken away.

And it is not so marvellous a thing, why they do thus cast away the flesh in all the islands of the West Indies, seeing the land is great, and more than they are able to inhabit; the people few, having delicate fruits and meats enough besides to feed upon, which they rather desire; and the increase of cattle which passeth man's reason to believe, when they come to a great number.

For in Santo Domingo (an island called by the finders thereof, Hispaniola) is so great a quantity of cattle, and such increase thereof, that, notwithstanding the daily killing of them for their hides, it is not possible to assuage the number of them, but they are devoured by wild dogs, whose number is such (by suffering first to range the woods and mountains), that they eat and destroy 60,000 a year; and yet small lack is found of them. And, no marvel! for the said island is almost as big as all England, and being the first place that was found of all the Indies, and of long time inhabited before the rest, it ought therefore, of reason, to be the most populous; and, to this hour, the Viceroy and the Council Royal abideth there, as in the chiefest place of all the Indies, to prescribe orders to the rest, for the King's behalf: yet they have but one city and thirteen villages in all the same island, whereby the spoil of the cattle, in respect of the increase, is nothing.

The 15th of the foresaid month, we departed from Curaçao; not a little to the rejoicing of our Captain and us, that we had there ended our traffic [*i.e., in hides*]. But notwithstanding our sweet meat, we had sour sauce! For, by reason of our riding [in] so open a sea: what with blasts (wherewith our anchors, being aground, three at once came home), and also with contrary winds blowing (whereby, for fear of the shore, we were fain to haul off to have anchor hold) sometimes a whole day and a night, we turned [*tacked*] up and down. And this happened not once, but half a dozen times, in the space of our being there.

The 16th, we passed by an island, called Aruba [*Oruba*]. The 17th, at night, we anchored six hours, at the west end of Cape de la Vela: and, in the morning, being the 18th, weighed again, keeping our course. In the which time, the Captain sailing by the shore in the pinnace, came to the Rancheria, a place where the Spaniards used to fish for pearls; and there spoke with a Spaniard, who told him how far off he was from Rio de la Hacha: which, because he would not overshoot, he anchored that night again. And the 19th, came thither.

Where, having talk with the King's Treasurer of the Indies, resident there, he declared his quiet traffic at Burboroata; and shewed a certificate of the same, made by the Governor thereof: and therefore he desired to have the like there also.

But the Treasurer made answer that "They were forbidden by the Viceroy and Council at Santo Domingo; who having intelligence of our being on the coast, did send express commission to resist us with all the force they could, insomuch that they durst not traffic with us in any case," alleging that "If they did, they should lose all that they did traffic for; besides their bodies at the Magistrate's commandment."

Our Captain replied, that "He was in an *Armado* of the Queen's Majesty's of England, and sent about her other affairs; but driven besides his pretended [*intended*] voyage, was enforced by contrary winds to come into those parts, where he hoped to find such friendship as he should do in Spain: to the contrary whereof, he knew no reason, in that there was amity betwixt their Princes. But seeing they would, contrary to all reason, go about to withstand his

traffic; it should not be said by [*of*] him, that 'having the force he hath, to be driven from his traffic, perforce,' but he would rather put it in adventure, to try whether he or they should have the better: and, therefore, willed them, to determine either to give him license to trade, or else to stand to their own harms!"

So upon this, it was determined, "He should have license to trade; but they would give him such a price as was the one half less than he had sold for before:" and thus they sent word they would do, and none otherwise, and "If it liked him not, he might do what he would! for they were determined not to deal otherwise with him."

Whereupon, the Captain weighing their unconscionable request, wrote to them a letter, that "they dealt too rigorously with him! to go about to cut his throat in the price of his commodities; which were so reasonably rated, as they could not, by a great deal, have the like at any other man's hands. But seeing they had sent him this, for his supper; he would, in the morning, bring them as good a breakfast!"

And therefore, in the morning, being the 21st of May, he shot off a whole-culverin, to summon the town: and, preparing 100 men in armour, went ashore; having in his great boat, two falcons of brass, and in the other boats, double-bases in their noses [*bows*].

Which being perceived by the townsmen, they, incontinent, in battle array, with their drum, and ensign [*colours*] displayed, marched from the town to the sands, to the number of 150 footmen, making great brags by their cries, and weaving [*waving*] us ashore; whereby they made a semblance to have fought with us indeed.

But our Captain perceiving them to brag so, commanded the two falcons to be discharged at them, which put them in no small fear (as they afterwards declared) to see such great pieces in a boat. At every shot, they fell flat to the ground; and as we approached near unto them, they broke their array, and dispersed themselves so much for fear of the ordnance, that, at last, they all went away with their ensign.

The horsemen, also, being about 30, made as brave a shew as might be; coursing up and down, with their horses, their brave white leather targets in the one hand, and their javelins in the other: as though they would have received us, at our

landing. But when we landed, they gave ground, and consulted what they should do: for they little thought we would have landed so boldly.

And therefore, as the Captain was putting his men in array, and marching forward to have encountered with them; they sent a messenger on horseback, with a flag of truce, to the Captain: who declared that "the Treasurer marvelled what he meant to do, to come ashore in that order; in consideration that they had granted to every reasonable request that he did demand!"

But the Captain, not well contented with this messenger, marched forwards.

The messenger prayed him to stay his men; and said, "If he would come apart from his men, the Treasurer would come and speak to him!" whereunto he did agree to commune together.

The Captain, only with his armour, without weapon; and the Treasurer on horseback, with his javelin: who was afraid to come near him, for fear of "his armour, which," he said, "was worse than his weapon!" And so keeping aloof, communing together, the Treasurer, granted, in fine, all his requests.

Which being declared by the Captain to the company they desired "to have pledges for the performance of all things," doubting [*fearing*] that otherwise, when they had made themselves stronger, they would have been at defiance with us: and seeing that, now, they might have what they would request, they judged it to be more wisdom to be in assurance than to be forced to make any more labours about it.

So, upon this, gages were sent, and we made our traffic quietly with them.

In the meantime, while we stayed here, we watered a good breadth off from the shore; where, by the strength of the fresh water, running into the sea, the salt water was made fresh.

In this river, we saw many crocodiles, of sundry bignesses, but some as big as a boat, with four feet, a long broad mouth, and a long tail; whose skin is so hard, that a sword will not pierce it. His nature is to live out of the water, as a frog doth: but he is a great devourer, and spareth neither fish (which is his common food), nor beasts, nor men, if he take them: as the proof thereof was known by a Negro, who, as

he was filling water in the river, was by one of them, carried clean away, and never seen after.

His nature is ever, when he would have his prey, to cry and sob like a Christian body; to provoke [*entice*] them to come to him: and then he snatcheth at them! And, thereupon, came this proverb, that is applied unto women, when they weep, *Lachrymæ Crocodili*: the meaning whereof is, that as the crocodile when he crieth, goeth them about most to deceive; so doth a woman, most commonly, when she weepeth.

Of these, the Master of the *Jesus* watched one; and by the bank's side, struck him, with the pike of a bill, in the side; which, after three or four times turning in sight, sank down, and was not afterwards seen.

In the time of our being in the rivers of Guinea, we saw many of a monstrous bigness: amongst the which, the Captain being in one of the barks coming down the same, shot a falcon at one, which he very narrowly missed, that, with a fear, plunged into the water, making a stream, like the "way" of a boat.

Now while we were here, whether it were of a fear that the Spaniards doubted [*feared*], we would have done them some harm before we departed; or for any treason that they pretended towards us, I am not able to say: but then, came thither a Captain with a dozen soldiers, from some of the other towns, upon a time when our Captain and the Treasurer had cleared all things between them, and were in communication of a debt of the Governor's of Burboroata, which was to be paid by the said Treasurer; who would not answer the same by any means.

Whereupon certain words of displeasure passed betwixt the Captain and him; and parting [*separating*] the one from the other; the Treasurer possibly doubting that our Captain would, perforce, have sought the same, did immediately command his men to arms, both horsemen and footmen; but because [*and inasmuch*] as the Captain was in the river, on the back side of the town, with his other boats and all his men unarmed and without weapons, it was to be judged he meant him little good; having that advantage of him, that, coming upon the sudden, he might have mischiefed many of his men.

But the Captain having understanding thereof not (trusting

to their gentleness, if they might have the advantage), departed aboard his ships; and, at night, returned again: and demanded, amongst other talk, "What they meant by assembling their men, in that order?"

They answered, that "their Captain being come to town, did muster his men according to his accustomed manner."

But this is to be judged to be a cloak, in that, coming for that purpose, he might have done it sooner. But the truth is, they were not of force until then, whereby to enterprise any matter against us by means of pikes and harquebusses; whereof they had want and were now furnished by our Captain; and also three falcons which (having got in other places) they had secretly conveyed thither. These made them the bolder, and also for that they saw now a convenient place to do such a feat: and time also serving thereunto, by the means that our men were not only unarmed and unprovided (as at no time before), but also were occupied in hewing of wood, and least thinking of any harm. These were occasions to provoke them thereunto.

And I suppose they went about to bring it to effect, in that I* and another Gentleman being in the town, thinking of no harm towards us; and seeing men assembling in armour to the Treasurer's house, whereof we marvelled: and (revoking [*recalling to mind*] the former talk between the Captain and him, and the unreadiness of our men of whom advantage might have been taken) departed out of the town immediately, to give knowledge thereof. But before we came to our men by a flight-shot [*bow-shot*], two horsemen riding at gallop, were come near us (being sent, as we did guess, to stay us, lest we should carry the news to our Captain), but seeing us so near our men; they stayed their horses; coming together and suffering us to pass: belike because we were so near that if they had gone about the same, they had been espied by some of our men; which then would have immediately departed, whereby they would have been frustrate of their pretence.

* The Author of this story.

So the two horsemen rode about the bushes, to espy what we did. And seeing us gone, to the intent that they might shadow [*cover*] their coming down in post [*i.e., in post haste*]; whereof suspicion might be had, feigned a simple excuse, in asking, "Whether he could sell any wine?"

But that seemed so simple to the Captain, that, standing in doubt of their courtesy, he returned in the morning, with his three boats appointed with bases, [and falcons] in their noses; and his men with weapons accordingly: whereas, before, he carried none.

Thus dissembling all injuries conceived of both parts, the Captain went ashore, leaving pledges in the boats for himself, and cleared all things between the Treasurer and him, saving for the Governor's debt: which the one, by no means, would answer; and the other (because it was not his due debt), would not molest him for it, but was content to remit it until another time.

He therefore departed, causing the two barks which rode near the shore, to weigh and go under sail; which was done because that our Captain, demanding a testimony of his good behaviour there, could not have the same until he were under sail, ready to depart. And therefore, at night, he went for the same again, and received it at the Treasurer's hand; of whom, very courteously, he took his leave, and departed, shooting off the base of his boat, for his farewell: and the townsmen also shot off four falcons and thirty harquebusses, and this was the first time that he knew of the conveyance of their falcons.

The 31st of May, we departed, keeping our course to Hispaniola: and the 4th June, we had sight of an island, which we made to be Jamaica; marvelling that, by the vehement course [*current*] of the seas, we should be driven so far to leeward. For setting our course to the west end of Hispaniola, we fell with the middle of Jamaica; notwithstanding that to all men's sight, it shewed a headland: but they were all deceived by the clouds that lay upon the land two days together, in such sort, that we thought it to be the headland of the said island.

And a Spaniard being in the ship, who was a merchant, and an inhabitant in Jamaica (having occasion to go to Guinea, and being, by treason, taken of the Negroes, and afterwards bought by the Tangomangoes, was by our Captain, brought from thence; and had his passage to go into his country), perceiving the land, made as though he knew every

place thereof, and pointed to certain places, which he named to be such a place! and such a man's ground! and that behind such a point, was the harbour! but, in the end, he pointed so from one point to another, that we were a leeboard of all places; and found ourselves at the west end of Jamaica, before we were aware of it; and being once to leeward, there was no getting up again.

So that, by trusting to the Spaniard's knowledge, our Captain sought not [*had no opportunity*] to speak with any of the inhabitants; which if he had not [thus] made himself so sure of, he would have done, as his custom was, in other places. But this man was a plague, not only to our Captain, whom he made to lose, by overshooting the place, £2,000 [=*about* £16,000 *now*] by hides, which he might have gotten; but also to himself. For having been three years out of his country, and in great misery in Guinea, both among the Negroes and Tangomangoes; and in hope to come to his wife and friends, as he made sure account: in that, at his going into the pinnace, when he went to shore, he put on his new clothes, and, for joy, flung away his old; he could not, afterwards, find any habitation, neither there, nor in all Cuba, which we sailed along; but it fell out ever, by one occasion or other, that we were put besides the same. So that, he was fain to be brought into England. And it happened to him, as it did to a duke of Samaria, when the Israelites were besieged, and were in great misery with hunger; and being told by the prophet ELISHA, that "a bushel of flour should be sold for a shekel," would not believe him, but thought it impossible: and for that cause, ELISHA prophesied "He should see the same done, but he should not eat thereof!" So this man, being absent three years, and not ever thinking to have seen his own country; did see the same! went upon it! and yet was it not his fortune, to come to it! or to any habitation whereby to remain with his friends, according to his desire!

Thus, having sailed along the coast, two days, we departed the 7th June; being made to believe by the Spaniard, that it was not Jamaica, but rather Hispaniola; of which opinion, the Captain also was, because that which he made Jamaica seemed to be but a piece of the land, and thereby took it rather to be Hispaniola, by the lying of the coast; and also

for that being ignorant of the force of the current, he could not believe he was so far driven to leeward.

And therefore setting his course to Jamaica, and after certain days not finding the same; he perceived then certainly that the island which he was at before, was Jamaica; and that the clouds did deceive him: whereof he marvelled not a little.

And this mistaking of the place came to as ill a pause as the overshooting of Jamaica. For by this, did he also overpass a place in Cuba, called Santa Cruz; where, as he was informed, was a great store of hides to be had.

Thus being disappointed of his two ports; where he thought to have raised great profit by his traffic, and also to have found great refreshing of victuals and water for his men: he was now greatly disappointed.

And such want had he of fresh water, that he was forced to seek the shore, to obtain the same. Which, after certain days overpassed with storms and contrary winds, he had sight of; but yet not of the main[land] of Cuba, but of certain islands, two hundred in number, whereof the most part were desolate of inhabitants.

By the which islands, the Captain passing in his pinnace, could find no fresh water, until he came to an island bigger than all the rest, called the Isle of Pines [*I. de Pinos*], where we anchored with our ships, the 16th of June, and found water. Which although it were neither so toothsome as running water, by means it was standing and but the water of rain, and also, being near the sea, was brackish: yet did ve not refuse it; but were more glad thereof, as the time then required, than we should have been, another time, with fine conduit water.

Thus, being reasonably watered, we were desirous to depart: because the place was not very convenient for such ships of charge [*big vessels*] as they were, as there were many shoals to leeward; and it also lay open to the sea, for any wind that should blow. Therefore, the Captain made the more haste away; which was not unneedful. For little sooner [*scarce*] were their anchors weighed, and foresail set; but there arose such a storm that they had not much to spare in doubling of the shoals: and one of the barks, not being fully ready as the rest, was fain, for haste, to cut the cable in hawse, and lose both anchor and cable, to save herself.

Thus, the 17th of June, we departed.

On the 20th, we fell in with the west end of Cuba, called Cape St. Antonio; where, for the space of three days, we doubled along [*tacked*], till we came beyond the shoals which are twenty leagues beyond St. Antonio.

And the ordinary brise [*breeze*] taking us, which is the north-east wind, put us, the 24th, from the shore; and therefore we went to the north-west, to fetch wind; and also to the coast of Florida, to have the help of the current [*the Gulf Stream*], which was judged to have set to the eastward.

So the 29th, we found ourselves in 27° [*i.e., N. Lat., but still inside the Gulf of Mexico*]: and in the soundings of Florida, wherein we kept ourselves, the space of four days, sailing along the coast [*which was, however, Westward of the Fleet, not Eastward*] as near as we could, in ten or twelve fathom water: having, all the while, no sight of land.

The 5th of July, we had sight of certain islands of sand, called the *Tortugas*, which is low land, where the Captain went in, with his pinnace; and found such a number of birds that, in half an hour, he laded her with them; and, if there had been ten boats more, they might have done the like. These islands bear the name of Tortles [*turtle*], because of the number of them which there do breed: whose nature is, to live both in the water and also upon land, but breed only upon the shore, by making a great pit, wherein they lay eggs, to the number of three or four hundred, and covering them with sand, they are hatched by the heat of the sun; and by this means, cometh the great increase. Of these, we took very great ones, which have both back and belly all of bone of the thickness of an inch; the fish [*flesh*] whereof we proved, [it] eating much like veal: and finding a number of eggs in them, tasted also of them, but they did eat very sweetly.

Here we anchored six hours; and then a fair gale of wind springing: we weighed anchor, and made sail toward Cuba, whither we came the 6th day; and weathered as far as the Table, being a hill so called, because of the form thereof.

Here, we lay off and on all night, to keep that which we had gotten to windward; intending to have watered in the morning, if we could have done it; or else, if the wind had

come larger [*fuller*], to have plied to windward, to Havana; which is a harbour, whereunto all the Fleets of the Spaniards come, and do there tarry to have the company one of another.

This hill, we thinking to have been the Table, as it was indeed, made account that Havana was but eight leagues to windward. But, by the persuasions of a Frenchman, who made the Captain believe he knew the Table very well, and had been at Havana, and said that "It was not the Table! and that the Table was much higher, and nearer to the seaside! and that there was no plain ground to the Eastward, nor hills to the Westward; but all was contrary! and that behind the hills to the Westward was Havana!"

To which persuasion, credit being given by some, and they not of the worst; the Captain was persuaded to go to leeward: and so sailed along the 7th and 8th days, finding no habitation, nor no other Table. And then perceiving his folly to give ear to such praters, was not a little sorry: both because he did consider what time he should spend ere he could get so far to windward again (which would have been, with the weathering which we had, ten or twelve days' work; and what it would have been longer, he knew not); and, that which was worst, he had not above a day's water, and therefore, knew not what shift to make.

But in fine, because the want was such, that his men could not live without it; he determined to seek water; and to go further to leeward, to a place, as it is set in the Card [*chart*], called *Rio de los Puercos*. Which he was in doubt of, as to whether it were inhabited; and whether there were water or not, and whether (for the shoals) he might have such access with his ships, that he might conveniently take in the same.

And while we were in these troubles, and kept our way to the place aforesaid, Almighty GOD, our guide! (who would not suffer us to run into any further danger which we had been like to have incurred, if we had ranged the coast of Florida [*i.e., the West coast of the present State of Florida*], as we did before; which is so dangerous, by reports, that no ship escapeth, which cometh thither; as the Spaniards have very well proved the same) sent us, the 8th day, at night, a fair westerly wind. Whereupon the Captain and company consulting, determined not to refuse GOD's gift; but every

man was contented to pinch his own belly, whatsoever had happened [*might happen*].

And taking the said wind, we got the 9th day to the Table; and sailing the same night, unawares overshot Havana; at which place we thought to have watered. But the next day, not knowing that we had overshot the same, sailed along the coast, seeking it: and the 11th day, in the morning, by certain known marks, we understood that we had overshot it twenty leagues; in which coast ranging, we found no convenient watering place. Whereby there was no remedy, but to disembogue, and to water upon the coast of Florida [*i.e., to go out of the Gulf of Mexico, by the Gulf of Florida, into the Atlantic Ocean; and coast Northward along the East coast of the present State of Florida*]. For, to go farther to the Eastward, we could not for the shoals; which are very dangerous; and because the current [*the Gulf Stream*] shooteth to the North-east, we doubted [*feared*], by the force thereof, to set upon them, and therefore durst not approach them.

So making but reasonable way, the day aforesaid and all the night; the 12th day, in the morning, we fell in with the Islands upon the Cape of Florida [? *Florida Reefs*]; which we could scant [*scarcely*] double, by the means that fearing the shoals to the Eastward, and doubting the current coming out of the West, which was not of that force we made account of. For we felt little or none, till we fell with the Cape; and then felt such a current [*going North-east*] that, bearing all sails against the same [*i.e., Westward*], we were yet driven back again [at] a great pace.

The experience whereof, we had by the *Jesus*'s pinnace and the *Solomon*'s boat: which were sent the same day, in the afternoon, whiles the ships were becalmed, to see if they could find any water upon the islands aforesaid. Who spent a great part of the day in rowing thither, being farther off than they deemed it to be; and in the meantime, a fair gale of wind springing at sea, the ships departed, making a sign to them to come away. Who, although they saw them depart, because they were so near the shore, would not lose all the labour they had taken; but determined to keep their way, and see if there were any water to be had; making no account but to find the ships well enough.

But they spent so much time in filling the water which

they had found, that night was come before they could make an end: and having lost the sight of the ships, they rowed what they could; but were wholly ignorant which way they should seek them again, as indeed there was a more [*greater*] doubt, than they knew of.

For when they departed, the ships were in no current; but sailing but a mile further, they found one so strong, that, bearing all sails, it could not prevail against the same, but they were driven back.

Whereupon the Captain sent the *Solomon*, with the two barks, to bear near the shore, all night; because the current was a great deal less there: and to bear a light, with shooting off a piece [*gun*] now and then; to the intent, the boats might better know how to come to them.

The *Jesus* also bear a light in her topgallant, and also shot off a piece, now and then.

But the night passed, and the morning was come, being the 13th day, and no news could be heard of them. But the ship and barks ceased not to look still for them; yet they thought it was all in vain, by means they heard not of them all the night past: and therefore determined to tarry no longer seeking for them till noon; and if they heard no news then, they would depart to the *Jesus*, which, perforce, by the vehemency of the current, was carried almost out of sight.

But, as GOD would have it! the time being now come, and they having tacked about: in the pinnace's top, they had sight of them, and took them up. They in the boats, being to the number of one and twenty, having sight of the ships, and seeing them tacking about; whereas, before, at the first sight of them, they did greatly rejoice, were, now, in a greater perplexity than ever they were; for by this, they thought themselves utterly forsaken, whereas, before, they were in some hope to have found them.

Truly, GOD wrought marvellously for them! For they themselves, having no victuals but water, and being sore oppressed with hunger, were not of opinion to bestow any further time in seeking the ships than that present noon time. So that, if they had not, at that instant, espied them, they had gone to the shore to have made provision for victuals; and with such things as they could have gotten, either to have gone for that part of Florida where the Frenchmen were

planted [*the River of May*], which would have been very hard for them to have done, because they wanted victuals to bring them thither, being 120 leagues off; or else to have remained among the Floridans. At whose hands, they were put in comfort by a Frenchman who was with them (that had remained in Florida, at the first finding thereof, a whole year together) to receive victuals sufficient, and gentle entertainment, if need were for a year or two, until which time, GOD might have provided for them. But how contrary this would have fallen out to their expectations, it is not hard to judge; seeing those people of the Cape of Florida are of more savage and fierce nature, and more valiant than any of the rest: which the Spaniards well proved. Who, being 500 men, intended to land there: and few or none of them returned, but were enforced to forsake of the same. And of their cruelty; mention is made in the book of the *Decades*, of a friar, who taking upon him to persuade the people to subjection, was by them taken, and his skin cruelly pulled over his ears, and his flesh eaten.

In these islands, they, being ashore, found a dead man dried in a manner whole; with other heads and bodies of men. So that this sort of men are eaters of the flesh of men, as well as the cannibals.

But to return to our purpose.

The 14th day [of July], the ship and barks came to the *Jesus*, bringing news of the recovery of the men; which was not a little to the rejoicing of the Captain and the whole company. And so then, all together, they kept on their way along the coast of Florida.

The 15th day, they came to an anchor; and so from 26° to 30° 30′ where the French abode, ranging all along the coast; seeking for fresh water. Anchoring every night because we would overshoot no place of fresh water; and, in the day time, the Captain in the ship's pinnace sailing along the shore, went into every creek, speaking with divers of the Floridans, because he would understand where the French inhabited; and not finding them in 28° as it was declared unto him, marvelled thereat: and never left sailing along the coast till he found them; who inhabited in a river, by them called the River of May, standing in 30° and better.

In ranging along this coast, the Captain found it to be all an island; and therefore it is all low land, and very scant of fresh water; but the country was marvellously sweet with both marsh and meadow ground, and goodly woods among. There they found sorrel to grow as abundantly as grass; and, where their houses were, great store of maize and mill [*millet*], and grapes of great bigness, but of taste much like our English grapes. Also great plenty of deer, which came upon the sands before them.

The houses are not many together; for in one house, an hundred of them do lodge: they being made much like a great barn (and in strength not inferior to ours, for they have stanchions and rafters of whole trees, and are covered with Palmito leaves) having no place divided, but one small room for their king [*chief*] and queen.

In the midst of this house is a hearth, where they make great fires all night; and they sleep upon certain pieces of wood, hewn in for the bowing of their backs, and another place made high for their heads; which they put, one by another, all along the walls on both sides. In their houses they remain only in the nights; and in the day, they frequent the fields, where they dress their meat, and make provision for victuals; which they provide only for a meal from hand to mouth.

There is one thing to be marvelled at, the making of their fire; and not only they, but the Negroes do the same: which is made only by two sticks, rubbing them one against another; and this they may do, in any place they come [to], where they find sticks sufficient for the purpose.

In their apparel, the men only use deer skins, wherewith some use the same as garments to cover them before and behind: which skins are painted, some yellow and red, some black and russet; every man according to his own fancy.

They do not omit to paint their bodies also with curious knots or antique work, as every man, in his own fancy deviseth: which painting [*tattooing*], to make it continue the better, they use with a thorn to prick their flesh, and dent in the same, whereby the painting may have better hold. In their wars, they use a slighter colour of painting their faces, thereby to make themselves shew the more fierce; which, after their wars ended, they wash away again.

In their wars, they use bows and arrows, whereof their bows are made of a kind of yew, but blacker than ours; and, for the most part, passing the strength of the Negroes or Indians, for it is not greatly inferior to ours. Their arrows are also of a great length, but yet of reeds, like other Indians: but varying in two points, both in length, and also for nocks and feathers, which the others lack; whereby they shoot very steady. The heads of the same are vipers' teeth, bones of fishes, flint stones, piked points of knives which they having gotten of the Frenchmen, broke the same, and put the points of them in their arrows' heads. Some of them have their heads of silver; other some that have want of these, put in a kind of hard wood, notched, which pierceth as far as any of the rest.

In their fight, being in the woods, they use a marvellous policy for their own safeguard; which is, by clasping a tree in their arms, and yet shooting notwithstanding. This policy they used with the Frenchmen in their fight; whereby it appeareth that they are people of some policy: and although they are called by the Spaniards, *Gente triste*, that is to say, "Bad people," meaning thereby, that they are not men of capacity; yet have the Frenchmen found them so witty in their answers, that by their Captain's own report, a Councillor with us could not give a more profound reason.

The women, also, for their apparel use painted skins, but most of them gowns of moss, somewhat longer than our moss, which they sew together artificially, and make the same surplice wise: wearing their hair down to their shoulders, like the Indians.

In this river of May aforesaid, the Captain entering with his pinnace, found a French ship of 80 tons; and two pinnaces, of 15 tons apiece, by her. and speaking with the keepers thereof, they told him of a fort, two leagues up, which they had built, in which their Captain, Monsieur LAUDONNIERE was, with certain soldiers.

To whom, our Captain sending to understand of a watering place, where he might conveniently take it in, and to have license for the same: he straight (because there was no convenient place but up the river five leagues, where the water was fresh) did send him a pilot for the more expedition thereof,

to bring in one of his barks; which going in with other boats provided for the same purpose, anchored before the fort. Into the which, our Captain went; where he was, by the General with other Captains and soldiers, very gently entertained: who declared unto him, the time of their being there, which was fourteen months [*i.e., from May*, 1564], with the extremity they were driven to for want of victuals, having brought very little with them. In which place they, being 200 men at their first coming, had, in short space, eaten all the maize they could buy of the inhabitants about them, and therefore were driven certain of them to serve a king [*chief*] of the Floridans against others his enemies, for mill [*millet*] and other victuals: which having got, could not serve them, being so many, so long a time. But want came upon them, in such sort, that they were fain to gather acorns, which being stamped small, and often washed to take away the bitterness of them, they did use for bread: eating withal sundry times roots, whereof they found many good and wholesome; and such as serve rather for medicines than for meats alone.

But this hardness, not contenting some of them (who would not take the pains so much as to fish in the river before their doors, but would have all things put into their mouths), they did rebel against the Captain; taking away first his armour, and afterwards imprisoning him: and so, to the number of 80 of them, departed with a bark and a pinnace, spoiling their store of victuals, and taking away a great part thereof with them. And so went to the islands of Hispaniola and Jamaica a roving, where they spoiled and pilled [*pillaged*] the Spaniards, and having taken two caravels laden with wine and *casavi* (which is a bread made of roots) and much other victuals and treasure, had not the grace to depart therewith: but were of such haughty stomachs that they thought their force to be such that no man durst meddle with them, and so kept harbour in Jamaica, going daily ashore at their pleasure.

But GOD which would not suffer such evil doers unpunished, did indurate their hearts in such sort, that they lingered the time so long that a ship and galleas, being made out of Santo Domingo, came thither into the harbour, and took twenty of them; whereof the most part were hanged, and the rest carried into Spain: and some, to the number of five and twenty, escaped in the pinnace, and came to Florida; where,

at their landing, they were put in prison; and, incontinent, four of the chiefest being condemned, at the request of the soldiers, did pass the harquebussiers, and then were hanged upon a gibbet.

This lack of 60 men was a great discourage[ment] and weakening to the rest; for they were the best soldiers that they had. For they had now made the inhabitants weary of them, by their daily craving of maize, having no wares left to content withal; and therefore were enforced to rob them, and to take away their victuals perforce; which was the occasion that the Floridans, not well contented therewith, did take certain of their company in the woods, and slew them; whereby there grew great wars betwixt them and the Frenchmen, and therefore they being but a few in number durst not venture abroad, but as such time as they were enforced thereunto for want of food to do the same. And going twenty harquebussiers in a company, were set upon by eighteen kings, having 700 or 800 men, which with one of their bows slew one of their men, and hurt a dozen, and drove them all down to their boats; whose policy in fight was to be marvelled at, for having shot at divers of their bodies which were armed, and perceiving that their arrows did not prevail against the same, they shot at their faces and legs which were the places that the Frenchmen were hurt in.

Thus, the Frenchmen returned, being in ill case by the hurt of their men, having not above 40 soldiers left unhurt; whereby they might ill make any more invasions upon the Floridans, and keep their fort withal: which they must have been driven unto, had not GOD sent us thither for their succour. For they had not above ten days' victuals left before we came.

In which perplexity, our Captain seeing them, spared them out of his ship twenty barrels of meal, and four pipes of beans; with divers other victuals and necessaries which he might conveniently spare: and to help them the better homewards, whither they were bound, before our coming, at their request, we spared them [*for* 700 *crowns*] one of our barks of 50 tons.

Notwithstanding the great want that the Frenchmen had, the ground doth yield victuals sufficient, if they would have taken pains to get the same; but they being soldiers, desired to live by the sweat of other men's brows: for while

they had peace with the Floridans, they had fish sufficient, by weirs which they made to catch the same; but when they grew to wars, the Floridans took away the same again, and then would not the Frenchmen take the pains to make any more. The ground yieldeth naturally grapes in great store, for, in the time that the Frenchmen were there, they made twenty hogsheads of wine. Also it yieldeth roots passing good, deer in marvellous store, with divers other beasts and fowl [*birds*] serviceable to the use of man. These be things wherewith a man may live, having corn or maize wherewith to make bread; for maize maketh good savoury bread, and cakes as fine as flour: also it maketh good meal, beaten and sodden with water, and eateth like pap wherewith we feed children. It maketh also good beverage, sodden in water, and nourishable: which the Frenchmen did use to drink of in the morning; and it assuaged their thirst, so that they had no need to drink all the day after. And this maize was the greatest lack they had, because they had no labourers to sow the same; and therefore to them that should inhabit the land it were requisite to have labourers to till and sow the ground. For they having victuals of their own, whereby they neither rob nor spoil the inhabitants, may live not only quietly with them, who naturally are more desirous of peace than of wars; but also shall have abundance of victuals proffered them for nothing: for it is with them, as it is with one of us, when we see another man ever taking away from us, although we have enough besides, yet then we think all too little for ourselves. For surely we have heard the Frenchmen report, and I know it by the Indians, that a very little contenteth them: for the Indians, with the head of maize roasted, will travel a whole day; and when they are, at the Spaniards' finding [*victualling*], they give them nothing but sodden herbs and maize; and, in this order, I saw [*i.e., in the W. I.*] 60 of them feed, who were laden with wares, and come fifty leagues off.

Tobacco, and the great virtue thereof.

The Floridans, when they travel, have a kind of herb dried, who with a cane and a earthen cup in the end, with fire, and the dried herbs put together, do suck through the cane the smoke thereof; which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they live four or five days without meat or drink. And this all the Frenchmen used for this

purpose; yet do they hold opinion withal, that it causeth water and phlegm to void from their stomachs.

The commodities of this land are more than are yet known to any man. For besides the land itself, whereof there is more than any Christian king is able to inhabit, it flourisheth with meadow, pasture ground, with woods of cedar, cyprus, and other sorts, as better cannot be in the world. They have for apothecary herbs, trees, roots, and gums in great store; as *storax liquida*, turpentine, gum, myrrh, and frankincense, with many others, whereof I know not the names: colours, red, black, yellow, and russet, very perfect; wherewith they so paint their bodies, and deer-skins which they wear about them, that with water it neither fadeth away, nor altereth colour.

Gold and silver they want not. For at the Frenchmen's first coming thither, they had the same offered them for little or nothing; for they received for a hatchet 2lbs. weight of gold, because they knew not the estimation thereof: but the soldiers being greedy of the same, did take it from them, giving them nothing for it. The which they perceiving, that both the Frenchmen did greatly esteem it, and also did rigorously deal with them by taking the same away from them, at last would not be known they had any more, neither durst they wear the same for fear of [its] being taken away: so that saving at the first coming, they could get none of them. And how they came by this gold and silver the Frenchmen knew not as yet; but by guess, some (having travelled to the south-west of the Cape, having found the same dangerous, by means of sundry banks, as we also have found the same: and there finding masts which were wrecks of Spaniards coming from Mexico) judged that they had gotten treasure by them. For it is most true that divers wrecks have been made of Spaniards, having much treasure. For the Frenchmen having travelled to the Capeward a 150 miles, did find two Spaniards with the Floridans, which they brought, after, to their fort; whereof one was in a caravel coming from the Indies, which was cast away fourteen years ago [*i.e.*, *in* 1551] and the other twelve years [*in* 1553]: of whose fellows, some escaped: other some were slain by the inhabitants.

It seemeth they had estimation of their gold and silver, for

it is wrought flat and graven, which they wear about their necks: other some made round like a pancake, with a hole in the midst, to bolster up their breasts withal, because they think it a deformity to have great breasts. As for mines, either of gold or silver, the Frenchmen can hear of none they have upon the island; but of copper whereof, as yet, they have not made the proof, because they were but few men. But it is not unlike[ly], but that in the main[land] where are high hills, may be gold and silver as well as in Mexico, because it is all one main[land].

The Frenchmen obtained pearls of them, of great blackness, but they were black, by means of roasting of them; for they do not fish for them as the Spaniards do, but for their meat. For the Spaniards used to keep daily afishing some two or three hundred Indians, some of them that be of choice a thousand: and their order is to go in canoes or rather great pinnaces, with thirty men in apiece; whereof the one half or most part be divers, the rest do open the same for the pearls, for it is not suffered that they should use dragging, for that would bring them out of estimation, and mar the beds of them.

The oysters which have the smallest sort of pearls are found in seven or eight fathoms of water, but the greatest in eleven or twelve fathoms.

Unicorn's horns, which the inhabitants called *Sova mamma.*

The Floridans have pieces of unicorn horns [? *bear's claws*], which they wear about their necks, whereof the Frenchmen obtained many pieces. Of those unicorns they have many, for that they do affirm it to be a beast with one horn, which coming to the river to drink, putteth the same into the water before he drinketh. Of this unicorn's horn, there are of our company, that having gotten the same of the Frenchmen, brought home thereof to show.

It is therefore to be presupposed that there are more commodities as well as that, which, for want of time, and people sufficient to inhabit of the same, cannot yet come to light; but I trust GOD will reveal the same before it be long, to the great profit of them that shall take it in hand.

Of beasts in the country, besides deers, hares, polecats, conies, ounces, and leopards, I am not able certainly to say; but it is thought that there are lions and tigers as well as unicorns. Lions especially, if it be true that is said of the

emnity between them and the unicorns. For there is no beast but hath his enemy, as the cony [*the rabbit*], the polecat; a sheep, the wolf; the elephant, the rhinoceros; and so of other beasts the like: insomuch that whereas the one is, the other cannot be missing.

And seeing I have made mention of the beasts of this country, it shall not be from my purpose to speak also of the venomous beasts; as crocodiles, whereof there is great abundance, adders of great bigness, whereof our men killed some of a yard and a half long. Also I heard a miracle of one of these adders, upon the which a falcon seizing the said adder, [it] did clasp her tail upon her, which the French Captain seeing, came to the rescue of the falcon, and took her flaying the adder: and this falcon being wild, he did reclaim her, and kept her, for the space of two months; at which time, for very want of meat, he was fain to cast her off. On these adders, the French did feed, to the no little admiration [*wonderment*] of us; and affirmed the same to be a delicate meal. And the Captain of the Frenchmen saw also a serpent with three heads and four feet, of the bigness of a great spaniel; which, for want of a harquebuss, he durst not attempt to slay.

Of fish, also, they have in the river, pike, ro[a]ch, salmon, trout, and divers other small fishes; and of great fish, some of the length of a man and longer, being of bigness accordingly, having a snout much like a sword, of a yard long.

There be also of sea fishes, which we saw coming along the coast, flying: which were of the bigness of a smelt; the biggest whereof have four wings, but the others have but two. Of these, we saw coming out of Guinea a hundred in a company, which being chased by the "gilt-heads," otherwise called the *bonitos*, do to avoid them the better, take their flight out of the water; but yet are they not able to fly far because of the drying of their wings, which serve them not to fly but when they are moist: and therefore when they can fly no further, they fall into the water, and having wet their wings, take a new flight again. These *bonitos* be of bigness like a carp, and in colour like a mackerel; but it is the swiftest fish in swimming that is, and followeth her prey very fiercely, not only in the water, but also out of the water; for as the flying fish taketh her flight, so doth this *bonito* leap after

them, and taketh them sometimes above the water. There were some of those *bonitos* which, being galled by a fisgig, did follow our ship, coming out of Guinea, 500 leagues. There is a sea fowl also that chaseth this flying fish as well as the *bonito;* for as the flying fish taketh her flight, so doth this fowl pursue to take her: which to behold is a greater pleasure than hawking, for both the flights are as pleasant, and also more often by a hundred times; for the fowl can fly no way, but one or other lighteth in her paws, the number of them is so abundant. There is an innumerable young fry of these flying fishes which commonly keep about the ship, and are not so big as butterflies, and yet by flying, do avoid the insatiableness of the *bonito.* Of the bigger sort of these fishes, we took many, which, both day and night, flew into the sails of our ship; and there was not one of them which was not worth a *bonito*: for being put upon a hook drabbling in the water, the *bonito* would leap thereat, and so was taken. Also we took many with a white cloth made fast to a hook, which being tied so short in the water that it might leap out and in, the greedy *bonito* thinking it to be a flying fish leapeth thereat, and so is deceived.

We took also dolphins, which are of very goodly colour and proportion to behold; and no less delicate in taste.

Fowls also there be many, both upon land and upon sea; but concerning them on the land, I am not able to name them, because my abode there was so short. But for the fowl of the fresh rivers, these two I noted to be the chief: whereof the Flamingo is one, having all red feathers, and long red legs like the herne [*heron*], a neck according to the bill, red, whereof the upper neb [*i.e., of the beak*] hangeth an inch over the nether; and an Egript, which is all white as the swan, with legs like to an hearneshewe [*heronshaw*] and of bigness accordingly, but it hath in her tail feathers of so fine a plume, that it passeth the estridge [*ostrich*] his feather.

Of the sea fowl, above all others not common in England, I noted the Pelican, which is feigned to be the lovingest bird that is; which rather than her young should want, will spare her heart's blood out of her belly: but, for all this lovingness, she is very deformed to behold. For she is of russet colour (notwithstanding, in Guinea, I had seen of them as white as a swan) having legs like the same, and a body like a herne

[*heron*], with a long neck; and a thick long beak, from the nether jaw whereof, down to the breast, passeth a skin of such bigness as is able to receive a fish as big as a man's thigh: and thus her big throat and long bill doth make her seem so ugly.

Here I have declared the estate of Florida, and the commodities therein, to this day known! which although it may seem unto some by the means, that the plenty of gold and silver is not so abundant as in other places, that the cost bestowed on the same will not be able to quit [*clear*] the charges; yet am I of the opinion by that which I have seen in other islands of the Indies (where such increase of cattle hath been, that of twelve beasts, in five and twenty years, did, in the hides of them, raise a £1,000 [=£8,000 *now*] profit yearly) that the increase of cattle only [*alone*] would raise profit sufficient for the same. For we may consider, if so small a portion did raise so much gain in so short a time, what would a greater do, in many years? And surely I may affirm this, that the ground of the Indies, for the breed[ing] of cattle, is not, in any point, to be compared with this of Florida; which is as green, all the year long, as it is any time, in the summer, with us: which surely is not to be marvelled at, seeing the country standeth in so watery a climate. For once a day, without fail, they have a shower of rain; which, by means of the country itself (which is dry, and more fervent[ly] hot than ours) doth make all things to flourish therein. And because there is not there the thing which we all seek for, being rather desirous of present gains; I do therefore affirm the attempt thereof to be more requisite for a Prince: who is of power able to go through with the same, rather than for any subject.

From thence, we departed, the 28th July, upon our voyage homewards; having there all things as might be most convenient for our purpose: and took leave of the Frenchmen that still remained there; who determined, with diligence, to make so great speed after, as they could.

Then, by means of contrary winds, we prolonged our voyage in such manner, that victuals scanted with us; so that we were, divers times, or rather the most part, in de-

spair of ever coming home: had not GOD, of His goodness, better provided for us, than our deserving. In which state of great misery, we were provoked to call upon Him, by fervent prayer; which moved Him to hear us: so that we had a prosperous wind, which did set [*send*] us so far shot [*ahead*] as to be on the Bank of Newfoundland on St. Bartholomew's Eve [*23rd August*]; and we sounded thereupon, finding ground at 130 fathoms. And being that day somewhat becalmed, we took a great number of fresh codfish, which greatly relieved us: and, being very glad thereof, the next day [*24th August*] we departed; and had lingering little gales for the space of four or five days. At the end of which [? *29th August*] we saw a couple of French ships, and had of them so much fish as would serve us plentifully for all the rest of the way: the Captain paying for the same, both gold and silver, to the just value thereof, unto the chief owners of the said ships; but they, not looking for anything at all, were glad in themselves, to meet with such good entertainment at sea as they had at our hands.

After which departure from them, with a good large wind, we came, the 20th of September [1565], to Padstow in Cornwall, GOD be thanked! in safety: with the loss of twenty persons in all the voyage; as with great profit to the Venturers of the said voyage, so also to the whole realm, in bringing home both gold, silver, pearls, and other jewels in great store. His name therefore be praised, for evermore! Amen.



Nosce teipsum!

This Oracle expounded in two Elegies.

1. Of Human Knowledge.
2. Of the Soul of Man, and the Immortality thereof.



LONDON:
Printed by RICHARD FIELD, for JOHN STANDISH.
1599.

[This work was thus registered for publication at Stationers' Hall:

10 Aprilis [1599].

JOHN STANDYSHE. Entred for his copie A booke called *Nosce Teipsum The oracle expounded in two Elegies.* j. *of human kno*[*w*]*ledge.* z. *of the soule of Man and th*[*e*] *immortality thereof.*

Master PONSONBYES [*the junior Warden at the time*] hand is to yt. This is aucthorised vnder the hand of the L[ord] Bysshop of LONDON PROVYED that yt must not be printed without his L[ordships] hand to yt again.

Transcript &c. iii. 142. *Ed.* 1876.

To my most gracious dread Sovereign.

TO THAT clear Majesty! which in the North,
Doth like another sun in glory rise;
Which standeth fixt, yet spreads her heavenly worth
Loadstone to hearts, and loadstar to all eyes:

Like heaven in all; like the earth in this alone,
That though great States by her support do stand,
Yet she herself supported is of none,
But by the finger of th'Almighty's hand:

To the divinest and the richest Mind!
Both by Art's purchase, and by Nature's dower,
That ever was from heaven to earth confined,
To shew the utmost of a creature's power:

To that great Spirit! which doth great kingdoms move!
The sacred spring, whence Right and Honour streams,
Distilling Virtue, shedding Peace and Love
In every place, as CYNTHIA sheds her beams:

I offer up some sparkles of that fire,
Whereby we Reason, Live, and Move, and Be.
These sparks, by nature, evermore aspire;
Which makes them to so high a Highness flee.

Fair Soul! since to the fairest body knit,
You give such lively life, such quick'ning power,
Such sweet celestial influence to it
As keeps it still in youth's immortal flower;

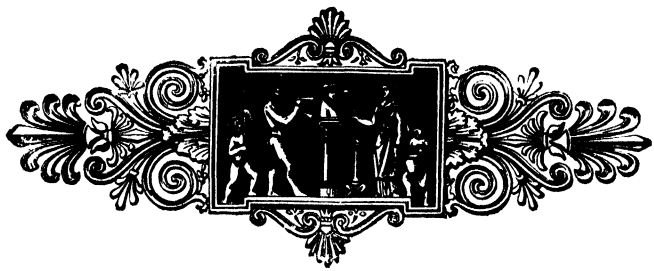
(As where the sun is present all the year,
And never doth retire his golden ray,
Needs must the Spring be everlasting there!
And every season, like the month of May!)

O many, many years, may you remain
A happy Angel to this happy land!
Long! long, may you on earth our Empress reign!
Ere you in heaven, a glorious angel stand.

Stay long, sweet Spirit! ere thou to heaven depart,
Which mak'st each place a heaven, wherein thou art.

Her Majesty's least and unworthiest subject,

John Davies.



Of Human Knowledge.

WHy did my parents send me to the Schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the Desire to Know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind!

For when GOD's hand had written in the hearts
Of the First Parents, all the rules of good;
So that their skill infused, did pass all Arts
That ever were, before, or since the Flood;

And when their Reason's eye was sharp and clear,
And, as an eagle can behold the sun,
Could have approached the Eternal Light as near
As th'intellectual angels could have done:

Even then, to them the Spirit of Lies suggests
That they were blind, because they saw not Ill;
And breathes into their incorrupted breasts,
A curious Wish, which did corrupt their Will.

For that same Ill, they straight desired to know!
Which Ill (being nought but a defect of Good);
In all GOD's works, the Devil could not show,
While Man, their Lord, in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to *do* the Ill,
Ere they thereof, the *knowledge* could attain!
Like him, that knew not poison's power to kill,
Until, by tasting it, himself was slain.

Even so, by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought Knowledge, they did Error find!
Ill they desired to know; and Ill, they did!
And to give Passion eyes, made Reason blind!

For then, their minds did first in Passion see,
Those wretched Shapes of Misery and Woe,
Of Nakedness, of Shame, of Poverty,
Which then, their own experience made them know.

But then grew Reason dark, that she, no more,
Could the fair forms of Good and Truth discern:
Bats they became! that eagles were before;
And this they got by their Desire to Learn!

But we, their wretched offspring! what do we?
Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid?
Whiles, with fond fruitless curiosity,
In books profane, we seek for knowledge hid?

What is this Knowledge? but the sky-stolen fire,
For which the Thief still chained in ice doth sit!
And which the poor rude Satyr did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it!

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain,
Which when JOVE's guest embraced, he monsters got!
Or the false pails, which oft being filled with pain,
Received the water, but retained it not!

Shortly, what is it? but the fiery Coach
Which the Youth sought, and sought his death withal!
Or the Boy's wings, which when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt, and let him fall!

And yet, alas, when all our lamps are burned,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;
When we have all the learned volumes turned,
Which yield men's wits, both help and ornament:

What can we know? or what can we discern?
When Error chokes the windows of the Mind;
The divers Forms of things, how can we learn,
That have been, ever from our birthday, blind?

When Reason's lamp (which, like the sun in sky,
Throughout man's little world, her beams did spread)
Is now become a Sparkle; which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct, and dead.

How can we hope, that through the Eye and Ear,
This dying Sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can re-collect these beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infused in the first minds, by grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath, in play,
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that dived most deep, and soared most high,
Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness such;
"Skill comes so slow! and life so fast doth fly!"
"We learn so little, and forget so much!"

For this, the wisest of all moral men
Said, *He knew nought, but that he nought did know!*
And the great mocking Master, mocked not then,
When he said, *Truth was buried deep below!*

For how may we, to other's things attain,
When none of us, his own Soul understands?
For which, the Devil mocks our curious brain,
When, *Know thyself!* his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy Soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that and this?
When of herself, she can no judgement give;
Nor How, nor Whence, nor Where, nor What she is!

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and have therewith to do;
But that, whereby we Reason, Live, and Be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto!

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th'ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that Clock which in our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while!

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold both poles;
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown
And unacquainted still, with our own souls!

We study Speech, but others we persuade!
We Leechcraft learn, but others cure with it!
We interpret Laws, which other men have made;
But read not those, which in our hearts are writ!

Is it because the Mind is like the Eye,
(Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees)
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?

No, doubtless! for the Mind can backward cast
Upon herself, her understanding light;
But she is so corrupt, and so defac't,
As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the fable of that Lady fair,
Which, for her lust, was turned into a cow;
When thirsty, to a stream, she did repair,
And saw herself transformed (she wist not how!)

At first, she startles! then, she stands amazed!
At last, with terror, she from thence doth fly!
And loathes the wat'ry glass wherein she gazed!
And shuns it still, though she for thirst do die!

Even so, Man's Soul, which did God's Image bear,
And was, at first, fair, good, and spotless pure;
Since with her sins, her beauties blotted were,
Doth, of all sights, her own sight least endure!

For even, at first reflection, she espies
Such strange CHIMERAS and such monsters there!
Such toys! such antics! and such vanities!
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

And as the man loves least at home to be,
That hath a sluttish house, haunted with sprites;
So she, impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself, and in strange things delights.

For this, few *know themselves*! for merchants broke,
View their estate with discontent and pain;
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet;
These things transport and carry out the mind,
That with herself, herself can never meet.

Yet if Affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feeble Sense with sword and fire;
The Mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire,

As spiders touched, seek their web's inmost part;
As bees in storms, unto their hives return;
As blood in danger, gathers to the heart;
And men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If ought can teach us ought, Affliction's looks
(Making us look into ourselves so near)
Teach us to *know ourselves*, beyond all books!
Or all the learned Schools that ever were!

This Mistress, lately, plucked me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught!
Hath made my Senses quick, and Reason clear!
Reformed my Will, and rectified my Thought!

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air!
So working seas settle and purge the wine!
So lopt and prunèd trees do flourish fair!
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine!

Neither MINERVA, nor the learned Muse,
Nor Rules of Art, nor Precepts of the Wise,
Could in my brain, those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this Dame's angry eyes.

She, within lists, my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I list not go!
Myself am Centre of my circling thought!
Only Myself, I study, learn, and know!

I *know* my Body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within, can kill!
I *know* the heavenly nature of my Mind;
But 'tis corrupted, both in Wit and Will!

I *know* my Soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all!
I *know* I am one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall!

I *know* my Life's a pain, and but a span!
I *know* my Sense is mocked with every thing!
And to conclude, I *know* myself a Man;
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing!

Of the Soul of Man;

and the Immortality thereof.

THE Lights of Heaven, which are the world's fair eyes,
Look down into the world, the world to see;
And as they turn, or wander in the skies,
Survey all things, that on this Centre be.

And yet the Lights which in my Tower do shine,
Mine Eyes! (which view all objects, nigh and far)
Look not into this little world of mine,
Nor see my face, wherein they fixèd are.

Since Nature fails us in no needful thing;
Why want I means, mine inward self to see?
Which sight, the Knowledge of Myself might bring;
Which, to true wisdom, is the first degree.

That Power (which gave me eyes, the world to view)
To view myself, infused an Inward Light,
Whereby my Soul, as by a Mirror true,
Of her own form, may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest Eye discerneth nought,
Except the sunbeams in the air do shine;
So the best Soul, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself, without some light Divine.

O LIGHT! (which makest the Light, which makest the Day;
Which settest the Eye without, and Mind within)
Lighten my spirit, with one clear heavenly ray!
Which now to view itself, doth first begin.

For her true form, how can my Spark discern?
Which dim by Nature, Art did never clear;
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,
Are ignorant, both What She is! and Where!

One thinks the Soul is Air! another, Fire!
Another, Blood diffused about the heart!
Another saith, the Elements conspire,
And to her Essence, each doth give a part!

Musicians think our Souls are Harmonies!
Physicians hold that they Complexions be!
Epicures make them Swarms of Atomies,
Which do, by change, into our bodies flee!

Some think one General Soul fills every brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in every star!
And others think the name of Soul is vain,
And that We, only Well-mixed Bodies are!

In judgement of her Substance, thus they vary;
And thus they vary in judgement of her Seat!
For some, her chair up to the Brain do carry!
Some thrust it down into the Stomach's heat!

Some place it in the root of life, the Heart!
Some, in the Liver, fountain of the veins!
Some say, "She is all in all, and all in part!"
Some say, "She is not contained, but all contains!"

Thus these great Clerks their little wisdom show,
While with their doctrines, they at hazard play;
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
To mock the lewd; as learned in this, as they!

For no crazed brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the Soul, so vain and fond a thought;
But some among these Masters, have been found,
Which in their Schools, the selfsame thing have taught.

GOD, only-Wise! to punish Pride of Wit,
Among men's wits hath this confusion wrought!
As the proud Tower, whose points the clouds did hit,
By Tongues' Confusion, was to ruin brought.

But, Thou! which didst Man's Soul, of nothing make!
And when to nothing, it was fallen again;
To make it new, the Form of Man didst take!
And, GOD with GOD, becam'st a Man with men!

Thou! that hast fashioned twice, this Soul of ours,
So that She is, by double title, Thine!
Thou, only, knowest her nature and her powers!
Her subtle form, Thou, only, canst define!

To judge herself, She must herself transcend!
As greater circles comprehend the less:
But She wants power, her own powers to extend!
As fettered men cannot their strength express.

But Thou, bright morning Star! Thou, rising Sun!
Which, in these later times, has brought to light
Those mysteries, that, since the world began,
Lay hid in darkness and eternal night!

Thou, like the sun, doth with indifferent ray,
Into the palace and the cottage shine!
And showest the Soul, both to the Clerk and Lay,
By the clear Lamp of thy Oracle Divine!

This Lamp, through all the regions of my brain,
Where my Soul sits, doth spread such beams of grace!
As now, methinks! I do distinguish plain
Each subtle line of her immortal face!

The Soul, a Substance and a Spirit is,
What the Soul is? Which GOD Himself doth in the body make!
Which makes the Man! for every man, from this,
The Nature of a man, and Name doth take.

And though the Spirit be to the Body knit,
As an apt means her powers to exercise;
Which are Life, Motion, Sense, and Will, and Wit:
Yet she survives, although the Body dies.

That the Soul is a thing subsisting by itself, without the Body. She is a Substance, and a real thing!
1. Which hath, itself, an actual working Might,
2. Which neither from the Sense's power doth spring,
3. Nor from the Body's humours tempered right.

She is a Vine, which doth no propping need,
To make her spread herself, or spring upright!
She is a Star, whose beams do not proceed
From any sun, but from a native light!

1. That the Soul hath a proper operation, without the Body. For when She sorts things present with the past,
And thereby things to come doth oft foresee;
When She doth doubt at first, and choose at last:
These acts her own, without the Body, be!

When of the dew, which the Eye and Ear do take,
From flowers abroad, and bring into the brain;
She doth, within, both wax and honey make:
This work is hers! This is her proper pain!

When She from sundry acts, one Skill doth draw;
Gathering from divers fights, one Art of War;
From many Cases like, one Rule of Law:
These, her collections, not the Sense's, are!

When in th'Effects, She doth the Causes know;
And seeing the stream, thinks where the spring doth rise;
And seeing the branch, conceives the root below:
These things She views, without the Body's eyes!

When She, without a Pegasus, doth fly
Swifter than lightning's fire, from East to West;
About the Centre, and above the Sky:
She travels then, although the Body rest!

When all her works She formeth first within;
Proportions them, and sees their perfect end,
Ere She in act, doth any part begin:
What instruments doth then, the Body lend?

When without hands, She thus doth castles build;
Sees without eyes, and without feet doth run;
When She digests the world, yet is not filled:
By her own power, these miracles are done!

When She defines, argues, divides, compounds;
Considers Virtue, Vice, and General Things;
And marrying diverse principles and grounds,
Out of their match, a true conclusion brings:

These actions, in her closet, all alone,
(Retired within herself) She doth fulfil!
Use of her Body's organs, She hath none,
When She doth use the powers of Wit and Will!

Yet in the Body's prison, so She lies,
As through the Body's windows She must look!
Her divers powers of Sense to exercise,
By gathering notes out of the world's great book.

Nor can herself discourse, or judge of ought,
But what the Sense collects, and home doth bring!
And yet the Power of her discoursing Thought,
From these Collections, is a diverse thing.

For though our eyes can nought but colours see,
Yet colours give them not their Power of Sight!
So, though these fruits of Sense, her objects be,
Yet She discerns them by her proper light.

The workman on his stuff, his skill doth shew,
And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill!
Kings, their affairs, do, by their servants know,
But order them by their own royal will!

So though this cunning Mistress, and this Queen
Doth, as her instruments, the Senses use,
To know all things that are Felt, Heard, or Seen;
Yet She herself doth only Judge and Choose!

Even as our great wise Empress (that now reigns
By sovereign title over sundry lands)
Borrows, in mean affairs, her subjects' pains;
Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands:

But things of weight and consequence indeed,
Herself doth in her chamber them debate;
Where, all her Councillors she doth exceed
As far in judgement, as she doth in State.

Or as the man, whom she doth now advance,
Upon her gracious Mercy Seat to sit,
Doth common things, of course and circumstance,
To the Reports of common men commit:

But when the Cause itself must be decreed,
Himself in person, in his proper Court,
To grave and solemn hearing doth proceed,
Of every proof, and every by-report.

Then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,
And milk and honey from his tongue do flow:
Happy are they, that still are in his sight!
To reap the wisdom, which his lips do sow.

Right so, the Soul, which is a Lady free,
And doth the justice of her State maintain;
Because the Senses, ready servants be,
Attending nigh about her Court, the Brain;

By them, the forms of outward things She learns,
For they return unto the Fantasy,
Whatever each of them abroad discerns;
And there enrol it for the Mind to see.

But when She sits to judge the good and ill,
And to discern betwixt the false and true;
She is not guided by the Senses' skill,
But doth each thing in her own mirror view.

Then She the Senses checks! which oft do err,
And even against their false reports, decrees!
And oft She doth condemn, what they prefer!
For with a power above the Sense, She sees:

Therefore, no Sense, the precious joys conceives,
Which in her private contemplations be;
For then, the ravished Spirit, the Senses leaves,
Hath her own powers, and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are sweet and full of skill,
When on the Body's instrument She plays!
But the proportions of the Wit and Will,
Those sweet accords are even the angels' lays!

These tunes of Reason are AMPHION's lyre,
Wherewith he did the Theban city found!
These are the notes, wherewith the heavenly Quire,
The praise of Him, which spreads the heaven, doth sound

Then her self-being nature shines in this,
That She performs her noblest works alone!
"The work, the touchstone of the nature is!"
And "by their operations, things are known!"

2. That the Soul is more than a perfection or reflection of the Sense.

Are they not senseless then! that think the Soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the Sense!
Or of the forms which Fancy doth enrol,
A quick Resulting, and a Consequence!

What is it, then, that doth the Sense accuse,
Both of false judgements, and fond appetites?
Which makes us do, what Sense doth most refuse?
Which oft, in torment of the Sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets' spheres not much asunder;
What tells us, then, their distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the thunder,
What tells us, then, they both together are?

When men seem crows, far off upon a tower;
Sense saith, "They are crows!" What makes us think them men?
When we, in agues, think all sweet things sour;
What makes us know our tongue's false judgements then?

What power was that, whereby MEDEA saw,
And well approved and praised the better course,
When her rebellious Sense did so withdraw
Her feeble powers, as she pursued the worst?

Did Sense persuade ULYSSES not to hear
The Mermaid's songs? which so his men did please,
As they were all persuaded through the ear,
To quit the ship, and leap into the seas.

Could any power of Sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right hand, with courage stout?
Could Sense make MARIUS sit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless in Man, there is a Nature found
Beside the senses, and above them far!
Though "most men being in sensual pleasures drowned,
It seems their souls but in their senses are!"

If we had nought but sense, then only they
Should have sound minds, which have their senses sound;
But Wisdom grows, when senses do decay!
And Folly most, in quickest sense is found!

If we had nought but Sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp than we!
As having Sense's apprehensive might
In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discoursing Power,
Which doth, in us, the erring Sense correct:
Therefore the bee did suck the painted flower!
And birds, of grapes the cunning shadow peckt!

Sense, outsides knows! the Soul, through all things sees!
Sense, circumstance! She doth, the substance view!
Sense sees the bark! but She, the life of trees!
Sense hears the sounds! but She, the concords true!

But why do I the Soul and Sense divide?
When Sense is but a power, which She extends!
Which being in divers parts diversified,
The divers Forms of objects apprehends?

This power spreads outward; but the root doth grow
In th'inward Soul, which only doth perceive!
For the Eyes and Ears, no more their objects know,
Than glasses know what faces they receive!

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere;
Although our eyes be ope, we do not see!
And if one Power did not both see and hear,
Our sights and sounds would always double be!

Then is the Soul a Nature which contains
The power of Sense within a greater power!
Which doth employ and use the senses' pains;
But sits and rules within her private bower!

3. That the Soul is more than the Temperature of the Humoursof the Body.

If She doth then the subtle Sense excel,
How gross are they, that drown her in the blood!
Or in the Body's humours tempered well!
As if in them, such high perfection stood.

As if most skill in that musician were,
Which had the best and best-tuned instrument!
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear
Had power to make the painter excellent

Why doth not Beauty then refine the Wit?
And good Complexion rectify the Will?
Why doth not Health bring Wisdom still with it?
Why doth not Sickness make men brutish still?

Who can in Memory, or Wit, or Will;
Or Air! or Fire! or Earth! or Water find!
What alchemist can draw, with all his skill,
The Quintessence of these, out of the Mind?

If th'Elements (which have, nor Life, nor Sense)
Can breed in us so great a power as this!
Why give they not themselves, like excellence,
Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If She were but the Body's quality
Then would She be, with it, sick! maimed! and blind!
But we perceive, when these privations be,
A healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted Mind!

If She, the Body's nature did partake,
Her strength would, with the Body's strength decay;
But when the Body's strongest sinews slake,
Then is the Soul most active! quick! and gay!

If She were but the Body's accident,
And her sole Being did in it subsist
As white in snow; She might herself absent!
And in the Body's substance not the mist.

But it on Her! not She on it depends!
For She the Body doth sustain and cherish.
Such secret powers of life to it, She lends;
That when they fail, then doth the Body perish!

Since, then, the Soul works by herself alone,
Springs not from Sense, nor Humours well agreeing;
Her nature is peculiar, and her own.
She is a Substance! and a Perfect Being!

But though this Substance be the root of Sense,
That the Soul is a Spirit. Sense knows her not! (which doth but bodies know)
She is a Spirit, and a heavenly influence;
Which from the fountain of GOD's Spirit doth flow.

She is a Spirit; yet not like air, or wind!
Nor like the spirits about the heart or brain!
Nor like those spirits which alchemists do find,
When they, in everything, seek gold, *in vain*!

For She, all natures under heaven doth pass;
Being like those spirits, which GOD's bright face do see!
Or like Himself! whose Image once She was,
Though now, alas, She scarce his Shadow be.

Yet of the forms, She holds the first degree,
That are to gross material bodies knit;
Yet She herself is bodiless and free!
And, though confined, is almost infinite!

Were She a Body, how could She remain
That it cannot be a Body. Within this body, which is less than She?
Or how could She, the world's great shape contain;
And in our narrow breasts contained be?

All bodies are confined within some place;
But She all place within herself confines!
All bodies have their measure and their space;
But who can draw the Soul's dimensive lines?

No Body can, at once, two forms admit,
Except the one, the other do deface;
But in the Soul, ten thousand forms do sit,
And none intrudes into her neighbour's place!

All bodies are, with other bodies filled,
But She receives both heaven and earth together!
Nor are their Forms, by rash encounter, spilled,
For there they stand, and neither toucheth either!

Nor can her wide embracements fillèd be!
For they that most and greatest things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity!
As streams enlarged, enlarge the channel's space.

All things received, do such proportion take,
As those things have, wherein they are received;
So little glasses, little faces make;
And narrow webs, on narrow frames be weaved:

Then, what vast body must we make the Mind?
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas, and lands,
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion stands!

Doubtless, this could not be, but that She turns
Bodies to Spirits, by sublimation strange!
As fire converts to fire, the things it burns;
As we, our meats into our nature change.

From their gross Matter, she abstracts the Forms,
And draws a kind of Quintessence from things,
Which to her proper nature, She transforms,
To bear them light on her celestial wings.

This doth She, when from things particular,
She doth abstract the universal kinds!
Which bodiless and immaterial are,
And can be lodged but only in our minds.

And thus, from divers accidents and acts,
Which do within her observation fall;
She, goddesses and Powers Divine abstracts,
As Nature, Fortune, and the Virtues all.

Again, how can She, several bodies know,
If in herself a body's form She bears?
How can a mirror sundry faces show,
If from all shapes and forms it be not clear?

Nor could we by our eyes, all colours learn,
Except our eyes were, of all colours void!
Nor sundry tastes can any tongue discern;
Which is with gross and bitter humours cloyed.

Nor may a man, of Passions judge aright,
Except his mind be from all Passions free!
Nor can a Judge, his office well acquite,
If he possest of either party be!

If, lastly, this quick power a Body were,
Were it as swift, as is the wind or fire,
(Whose atomies do, th' one down sideways bear,
And make the other, in pyramids aspire);

Her nimble body, yet in *time* must move,
And not in instants through all places slide:
But She is nigh! and far! beneath! above!
In point of time which thought can not divide.

She's sent as soon to China, as to Spain!
And thence returns, as soon as She is sent!
She measures with one time and with one pain,
An ell of silk, and heaven's wide-spreading tent!

As then, the Soul a Substance hath alone
Besides the Body, in which She is confined;
So hath She *not* a body of her own!
But is a Spirit and immaterial Mind!

Since Body and Soul have such diversities;
That the Soul is created immediately by God.—*Zach.* xii. 1.
Well, might we muse, how first their match began!
But that we learn, that He, that spread the skies
And fixed the earth, first formed the Soul in Man.

This true PROMETHEUS, first, made man of earth,
And shed in him a beam of heavenly fire!
Now, in their mother's womb, before their birth,
Doth in all sons of men, their souls inspire!

And as MINERVA is, in fables, said,
From JOVE, without a mother, to proceed;
So our true JOVE, without a mother's aid,
Doth, daily, millions of MINERVAS breed!

Then neither, from Eternity before,
Erroneous opinions of the creation of souls.
Nor from the time, when time's first point began;
Made He all souls! which now He keeps in store,
Some in the moon, and others in the sun:

Nor in the secret cloister doth He keep,
These virgin spirits until their marriage day!
Nor locks them up in chambers, where they sleep,
Till they awake within these beds of clay!

Nor did He first a certain number make,
Infusing part in beasts, and part in men!
And as unwilling farther pains to take,
Would make no more, than those He framèd then!

So that the widow Soul, her Body dying,
Unto the next born Body married was;
And so by often changing and supplying,
Men's souls to beasts, and beasts' to men did pass.

(These thoughts are fond! for since the bodies born
Be more in number far than those that die;
Thousands must be abortive, and forlorn!
Ere others' deaths, to them their souls supply.)

But as GOD's handmaid, Nature, doth create
Bodies, in time distinct and order due;
So GOD gives souls the like successive date,
Which Himself makes in bodies formèd new.

Which Himself makes, of no material things!
For unto angels, He no power hath given,
Either to form the shape, or stuff to bring,
From air, or Fire, or substance of the heaven.

Nor He, in this, doth Nature's service use!
That the Soul is not traduced from the parents. For though from bodies she can bodies bring;
Yet could she never, souls from souls traduce,
As fire from fire, or light from light doth spring!

Alas! that some that were great lights of old,
And in their hands the Lamp of GOD did bear!
Some reverend Fathers did this error hold,
Having their eyes dimmed with religious fear.

"For when," say they, "by rule of faith we find,
That every soul unto her body knit,
Brings from the mother's womb, the Sin of Kind,
The root of all the ill She doth commit."

"How can we say, that GOD, the Soul doth make,
But we must make Him author of her sin!
Then from man's soul, She doth beginning take,
Since in man's soul, corruption did begin."

"For if GOD make her, first he makes her ill!
(Which GOD forbid! our thoughts should yield unto)
Or makes the body, her fair form to spill!
Which, of itself, it hath no power to do."

"Not Adam's Body, but his Soul did sin,
And so herself unto corruption brought!
But our poor Soul corrupted is within!
Ere She hath sinned, either in act or thought";

" And yet we see in her such powers divine,
As we could gladly think, from GOD she came!
Fain would we make Him author of the wine,
If for the dregs, we could some other blame."

Thus these good men, with holy zeal were blind,
The Answer to the Objection. When on the other part the truth did shine,
Whereof we do clear demonstrations find,
By light of Nature, and by light Divine.

None are so gross, as to contend for this,
That Souls from Bodies may traduced be!
Between whose natures no proportion is,
When root and branch in nature still agree.

But many subtle wits have justified
That Souls from Souls, spiritually may spring!
Which (if the nature of the Soul be tried)
Will even, in Nature, prove as gross a thing!

For all things made, are either made of nought,
Reasons derived from Nature. Or made of stuff that ready made doth stand:
Of nought, no creature ever formed ought!
For that is proper to th'Almighty's hand.

If then the Soul, another soul do make;
Because her power is kept within a bound,
She must some former stuff or matter take!
But in the Soul, there is no matter found.

Then if her heavenly Form do not agree,
With any matter which the world contains;
Then She of nothing must created be!
And to Create, to GOD alone, pertains!

Again, if Souls do other Souls beget,
'Tis by themselves, or by the Body's power!
If by themselves! what doth their working let,
But they might Souls engender every hour?

If by the Body! how can Wit and Will,
Join with the body, only in this act?
Since when they do their other works fulfil,
They from the Body, do themselves abstract!

Again, if Souls, of Souls begotten were,
Into each other they should change and move!
And Change and Motion still corruption bear;
How shall we then, the Soul immortal prove?

If, lastly, Souls did generation use,
Then should they spread incorruptible seed!
What then becomes of that which they to lose,
When the acts of generation do not speed?

And though the Soul *could* cast spiritual seed,
Yet *would* She not, because She never dies!
For mortal things desire, their like to breed;
That so they may their kind immortalise!

Therefore the angels, Sons of God are named!
And marry not, nor are in marriage given!
Their spirits and ours are of one Substance framed,
And have one Father, even the Lord of heaven:

Who would at first, that in each other thing,
The earth and water, living souls should breed;
But that Man's Soul (whom He would make their king)
Should from Himself immediately proceed!

And when He took the woman from man's side,
Doubtless Himself inspired her soul alone!
For 'tis not said, he did, Man's *soul* divide,
But took *flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone!*

Lastly, GOD, being made Man, for man's own sake!
And being like man in all, except in sin:
His Body, from the Virgin's womb did take;
But all agree, *GOD formed His soul within!*

Then is the Soul from God? So Pagans say!
Which saw by Nature's light, her heavenly kind!
Naming her "Kin to God!" and "GOD's bright ray!"
"A citizen of heaven, to earth confined!"

But now I feel they pluck me by the ear,
(Whom my young Muse so boldly termèd blind)
And crave more heavenly light; that cloud to clear,
Which makes them think GOD doth not make the Mind!

Reasons drawn from Divinity.

GOD doubtless makes her! and doth make her good!
And grafts her in a Body, there to spring;
Which though it be corrupted, flesh and blood,
Can no way to the Soul, corruption bring!

And yet this Soul (made good by GOD at first,
And not corrupted by the Body's ill)
Even in the womb, is sinful and accurst,
Ere she can judge by Wit, or choose by Will.

Yet is not GOD, the author of her Sin!
Though author of her Being, and being there!
And if we dare to judge our Judge therein;
He can condemn us, and Himself can clear!

First, GOD, from infinite eternity
Decreed what hath been, is, or shall be done!
And was resolved that every man should Be!
And, in his turn, his race of life should run!

And so did purpose all the souls to make,
That ever have been made, or ever shall!
And that their Being, they should only take
In human bodies, or not Be at all!

Was it then fit, that such a weak event
(Weakness, itself! the sin and fall of Man)
His counsel's execution should prevent?
Decreed and fixed before the world began!

Or that one penal law, by ADAM broke,
Should make GOD break His own eternal law!
The settled order of the world revoke!
And change all forms of things, which He foresaw!

Could EVE's weak hand, extended to the tree,
In sunder rent that Adamantine Chain,
Whose golden links, Effects and Causes be;
And which to GOD's own chair, doth fixt remain?

O could we see! how Cause from Cause doth spring!
How mutually they linked and folded are!
And hear how oft one disagreeing string,
The harmony doth rather make, than mar!

And view at once, how Death by sin is brought!
And how from Death a better Life doth rise!
How this, GOD's Justice and his Mercy taught!
We, this decree, would praise, as right and wise!

But we (that measure times, by First and Last)
The sight of things successively do take!
When GOD, on all at once, His view doth cast;
And of all times, doth but one instant make!

All in Himself, as in a glass, He sees!
And from Him, by Him, through Him, all things be!
His sight is not discursive, by degrees;
But seeing the whole, each single part doth see!

He looks on ADAM, as a root, or well!
And on his heirs, as branches, and as streams!
He sees all men as one man! though they dwell
In sundry cities, and in sundry realms.

And as the root and branch are but one tree,
And well and stream do but one river make;
So, if the root and well corrupted be;
The stream and branch the same corruption take!

So when the root and fountain of Mankind;
Did draw corruption, and GOD's curse by sin:
This was a charge that all his heirs did bind;
And all his offspring grew corrupt therein!

And as when th' hand doth strike, the man offends,
(For part from whole, Law severs not in this!)
So ADAM's sin to the whole Kind extends,
For all their natures are but part of his!

Therefore, this sin, of Kind, not personal;
But real, and hereditary was:
The guilt whereof, and punishment to all,
By Course of Nature, and of Law doth pass.

For as that easy law was given to all!
To ancestor and heir! to first and last!
So was the first transgression general;
And All did pluck the fruit! and All did taste!

Of this, we find some footsteps in our Law,
Which doth her root from GOD and Nature take.
Ten thousand men she doth together draw,
And of them all, one Corporation make!

Yet these and their successors are but One;
And if they gain or lose their liberties;
They harm or profit not themselves alone,
But such, as in succeeding time, shall rise!

And so the ancestor and all his heirs,
(Though they in number pass the stars of heaven)
Are still but One! His forfeitures are theirs!
And unto them, are his advancements given!

His civil acts to bind and bar them all!
And as from ADAM, all corruption take;
So if the father's crime be capital;
In all the blood. Law doth *corrubtion* make!

Is it, then, just with us, to disinherit
The unborn nephews, for the father's fault?
And to advance again, for one man's merit,
A thousand heirs that have deserved nought?

And is not GOD's decree as just as ours!
If He, for ADAM's sins, his sons deprive
Of all those native virtues, and those powers;
Which He to him, and to his race did give?

For what is this contagious Sin of Kind,
But a privation of that grace within,
And of that great rich dowry of the mind;
Which all had had, but for the first man's sin?

If then a man, on light conditions, gain
A great estate, to him and his, for ever;
If wilfully, he forfeit it again:
Who doth bemoan his heir? or blame the giver?

So, though GOD make the Soul good, rich, and fair;
Yet when her form is to the Body knit,
Which makes the Man: which Man is ADAM's heir;
Justly, forthwith, he takes his grace from it!

And then the Soul, being first from nothing brought,
When GOD's grace fails her, doth to nothing fall!
And this *declining Proneness unto nought*,
Is even that Sin, that we are born withal.

Yet not, alone, the first good qualities,
Which in the first Soul were, deprivèd are;
But in their place the contrary do rise,
And real spots of sin, her beauty mar!

Nor is it strange that ADAM's ill desert,
Should be transferred unto his guilty race!
When CHRIST, His grace and justice doth impart
To men unjust! and such as have no grace!

Lastly, the Soul were better so to be
Born slave to sin, than not to Be at all!
Since, if She do believe, One sets her free,
That makes her mount the higher, from her fall.

Yet this, the curious Wits will not content!
They yet will know (since GOD foresaw this Ill)
Why His high providence did not prevent
The declination of the first Man's will.

If by His word, He had the current stayed,
Of Adam's will, which was by nature free;
It had been one as if His word had said,
"I will, henceforth, that man, no Man shall be!"

For what is Man, without a moving Mind;
Which hath a judging Wit, and choosing Will?
Now, if GOD's power should her election bind;
Her motions then would cease, and stand all still!

And why did GOD in Man this Soul infuse;
But that he should his Maker know and love?
Now if love be compelled, and cannot choose;
How can it grateful, or thankworthy prove?

Love must free hearted be, and voluntary!
And not enchanted, or by Fate constrained!
Not like that love, which did ULYSSES carry
To CIRCE's isle, with mighty charms enchained.

Besides! Were we unchangeable in Will,
And of a Wit, that nothing could misdeem;
Equal to GOD (whose wisdom shineth still,
And never errs) we might ourselves esteem!

So that if Man would be unvariable;
He must be GOD! or like a rock, or tree!
For even the perfect angels were not stable;
But had a fall, more desperate than we!

Then let us praise that Power, which makes us be
Men, as we are! and rest contented so!
And knowing man's fall was Curiosity,
Admire GOD's counsels! which we cannot know.

And let us know that GOD, the Maker is
Of all the Souls, in all the men that be!
Yet their corruption is no fault of His;
But the first man's, that broke GOD's first decree!

Why the Soul is united to the Body.

This Substance, and this Spirit, of God's own making,
Is in the Body placed, and planted there!
That both of GOD, and of the world partaking;
Of all that is, Man might the Image bear!

GOD, first, made Angels! bodiless pure minds!
Then, other things, which mindless bodies be!
Last, He made Man, the Horizon 'twixt both kinds!
In whom, we do the World's Abridgement see.

Besides! This world below did need one wight,
Which might thereof, distinguish every part;
Make use thereof, and take therein delight;
And order things with industry and Art.

Which, also, GOD, might (in His works) admire,
And here, beneath, yield Him both prayer and praise;
As there, above, the holy Angels' Quire
Doth spread His glory, with spiritual lays.

Lastly, the brute unreasonable wights,
Did want a Visible King, on them to reign;
And GOD Himself, thus to the world unites,
That so the world might endless bliss obtain!

In what manner, the Soul is united to the Body.

But how shall we this Union well express?
Nought ties the Soul, her subtility is such!
She moves the body, which She doth possess;
Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch!

Then dwells She *not* therein, as in a tent!
Nor as a pilot, in his ship doth sit!
Nor as a spider, in her web is pent!
Nor as the wax retains the print in it!

Nor as a vessel, water doth contain!
Nor as one liquor, in another shed!
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain!
Nor as a voice, throughout the air is spread!

But as the fair and cheerful Morning Light
Doth, here and there, her silver beams impart!
And, in an instant, doth herself unite
To the transparent air, in all and part!

Still resting whole, when blows, the air divide!
Abiding pure, when th'air is most corrupted!
Throughout the air, her beams dispersing wide!
And, when the air is tost, not interrupted!

So doth the piercing Soul, the Body fill!
Being all in all, and all in part diffused!
Indivisible! incorruptible still!
Not forced! encountered! troubled! or confused!

And as the Sun above, the light doth bring,
Then we behold it in the air below;
So from th' Eternal Light, the Soul doth spring!
Though in the body, She her powers do show.

How the Soul doth exercise her powers in the Body.

But as this world's sun doth effects beget,
Diverse in divers places, every day,
Here, Autumn's temperature! there, Summer's heat!
Here, flowery Spring-tide! and there, Winter grey!
Here, Even! there, Morn! here, Noon! there, Day! there, Night!
Melts wax! dries clay! makes flowers some quick, some dead!
Makes the Moor black! and th'European, white!
Th'American tawny! and th'East Indian red!

So in our little world, this Soul of ours,
Being only One, and to one Body tied,
Doth use on divers objects, diverse powers.
And so are her effects diversified.

The Vegetative or Quick-ening Power.

Her Quick'ning Power in every living part,
Doth as a Nurse, or as a Mother serve!
And doth employ her economic art,
And busy care, her household to preserve.

Here, She attracts! and there, She doth retain!
There, She decocts, and doth the food prepare!
There, She distributes it to every vein!
There, She expels, what She may fitly spare!

This power to MARTHA, may compared be!
Which busy was, the household things to do;
Or to a Dryas living in a tree!
For even to trees, this power is proper too.

And though the Soul may not this power extend
Out of the body, but still use it there;
She hath a Power, which she abroad doth send,
Which views and searcheth all things everywhere.

The power of Sense.

This Power is Sense, which from abroad doth bring,
The Colour, Taste, and Touch, and Scent, and Sound,
The Quantity, and Shape of everything
Within th'earth's centre or heaven's circle found.

This Power, in parts made fit, fit objects takes!
Yet not the Things, but Forms of Things receives!
As when a seal in wax impression makes,
The print therein, but not itself, it leaves:

And though things sensible be numberless,
But only five the Sense's organs be!
And in those five, All Things their Forms express,
Which we can Touch, Taste, Feel, or Hear, or See!

These are the Windows, through the which She views
The Light of Knowledge, which is Life's Load-star!
And yet whiles She, these spectacles doth use,
Oft, worldly things seem greater than they are!

First, the two Eyes, which have the Seeing Power,
Stand as one Watchman, Spy, or Sentinel,
Sight. Being placed aloft within the head's high Tower,
And though both see, yet both but one thing tell!

These Mirrors take into their little space,
The Forms of moon, and sun, and every star;
Of every body, and of every place,
Which, with the world's wide arms, embracèd are.

Yet their best object, and their noblest use,
Hereafter in another world will be!
When GOD in them, shall heavenly light infuse,
That face to face, they may their Maker see!

Here are they guides, which do the Body lead,
Which else would stumble in eternal night!
Here in this world, they do much knowledge *read*,
And are the Casements, which admit most light!

They are her farthest-reaching instrument;
Yet they no beams unto their objects send!
But all the rays are from their objects sent;
And in the Eyes, with pointed angles end!

If th'objects be far off, the rays do meet
In a sharp point, and so things seem but small;
If they be near, their rays do spread and fleet,
And make broad points, that things seem great withal.

Lastly. Nine things to Sight requirèd are.
The Power to see! the Light! the Visible thing!
Being not too small! too thin! too nigh! too far!
Clear space! and Time, the Form distinct to bring.

Thus see we, how the Soul doth use the Eyes,
As instruments of her quick power of sight;
Hence do th'Arts Optic, and fair Painting rise.
Painting, which doth all gentle minds delight!

Now let us hear, how She the Ears employs!
Their office is the troubled air to take,
Hearing. Which in their mazes, forms a sound or noise;
Whereof herself doth true distinction make.

These Wickets of the Soul are placed on high,
Because all sounds do lightly mount aloft!
And that they may not pierce too violently;
They are delayed with turns and windings oft!

For should the voice directly strike the brain,
It would astonish and confuse it much!
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
That it, the Organ may more gently touch!

As streams, which, with their winding banks, do play,
Stopt by their creeks, run softly through the plain;
So in the Ear's labyrinth, the voice doth stray,
And doth, with easy motion, touch the brain!

It is the slowest, yet the daintiest Sense!
For even the ears of such as have no skill,
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence!
And knowing not what's good, yet find the ill!

And though this Sense, first, gentle Music found;
Her proper object is the Speech of Man!
But that speech chiefly which GOD's heralds sound,
When their tongues utter, what his Spirit did pen.

Our Eyes have lids, our Ears still ope we see!
Quickly to hear, how every tale is proved;
Our Eyes still move, our Ears unmoved be!
That though we hear quick, we be not quickly moved.

Thus by the organs of the Eye and Ear,
The Soul with knowledge doth herself endue!
Thus She her prison, may with pleasure bear;
Having such prospects, all the world to view!

These Conduit Pipes of Knowledge feed the Mind!
But th'other three attend the Body still;
For by their services the Soul doth find
What things are to the Body, good or ill.

The Body's life, with meats and air is fed,
Therefore the Soul doth use the Tasting power!
Taste. In veins, which through the tongue and palate spread,
Distinguish every relish, sweet and sour.

This is the Body's Nurse! But since Man's wit
Found th'art of cookery to delight his Sense:
More bodies are consumed and killed with it!
Than with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

Next, in the nostrils, She doth use the Smell!
As GOD the breath of life in them did give;
Smell. So makes He, now, His power in them to dwell;
To judge all airs, whereby we breath and live.

This Sense is also mistress of an Art,
Which to soft people, sweet perfumes doth sell;
Though this dear Art doth little good impart,
Since "they smell best; that do of nothing smell!"

And yet good scents do purify the Brain,
Awake the Fancy, and the Wits refine.
Hence Old Devotion, incense did ordain!
To make men's spirits more apt for thoughts divine.

Lastly, the Feeling power, which is Life's Root,
Through every living part itself doth shed;
Feeling. By sinews, which extend from head to foot,
And like a net, all o'er the Body spread.

Much like a subtle spider, which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
If ought do touch the utmost thread of it;
She feels it, instantly, on every side!

By touch; the first pure qualities we learn,
Which quicken all things, Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry!
By touch; Hard, Soft, Rough, Smooth, we do discern!
By touch; sweet Pleasure, and sharp Pain we try!

These are the outward instruments of Sense!
These are the Guards, which every thing must pass;
Ere it approach the Mind's intelligence!
Or touch the Phantasy "Wits Looking Glass!"

And yet these Porters which all things admit,
Themselves perceive not, nor discern the things;
The Imagination, or Common Sense.
One Common Power doth in the forehead sit,
Which all their proper forms together brings.

For all those Nerves, which spirits of Sense do bear,
And to those outward organs spreading go,
United are as in a centre there!
And, there, this power, those sundry forms doth know!

Those outward Organs present things receive;
This inward Sense doth absent things retain!
Yet, straight, transmits all Forms she doth perceive,
Unto a higher region of the brain;

Where Phantasy (near handmaid to the Mind!)
Sits and beholds, and doth discern them all;
The Phantasy.
Compounds in one, things diverse in their kind,
Compares the black and white, the great and small.

Besides those single forms, She doth esteem,
And in her balance doth their values try;
Where some things good, and some things ill do seem,
And neutral some in her Phantastic eye.

This busy power is working day and night,
For when the outward senses rest do take;
A thousand dreams, phantastical and light,
With fluttering wings, do keep her still awake!

Yet, always, all may not afore her be!
Successively, she this, and that intends!
The sensative Memory. Therefore such forms as she doth cease to see,
To Memory's large volume she commends!

The Ledger Book lies in the brain behind,
Like JANUS' eye, which in his poll was set;
The Layman's Tables! Storehouse of the Mind!
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here, Sense's Apprehensions end doth take!
As, when a stone is into water cast,
One circle doth another circle make,
Till the last circle touch the bank at last!

But though the Apprehensive Power do pause,
The Motive Virtue then begins to move!
The Passions of Sense. Which in the heart below, doth Passions cause,
Joy, Grief, and Fear, and Hope, and Hate, and Love.

These Passions have a free commanding might,
And divers actions in our life do breed!
For all acts done without true Reason's light,
Do from the Passion of the Sense proceed!

But sith the Brain doth lodge these powers of Sense,
How makes it, in the Heart those passions spring?
The mutual love, the kind intelligence
'Twixt heart and brain, this Sympathy doth bring!

From the kind heat, which in the heart doth reign,
The spirits of Life do their beginning take!
These spirits of Life ascending to the brain,
When they come there, the spirits of Sense do make!

These spirits of Sense in Phantasy's high court,
Judge of the Forms of Objects, ill or well!
And so, they send a good or ill report
Down to the heart, where all Affections dwell.

If the report be good; it causeth love!
And longing hope! and well assured joy!
If it be ill; then doth it hatred move!
And trembling fear! and vexing grief's annoy!

Yet were these natural affections good
(For they which want them, blocks or devils be!);
If Reason in her first perfection stood,
That she might Nature's Passions rectify.

Besides, another Motive Power doth rise
Out of the heart: from whose pure blood do spring
The motion of Life. The Vital Spirits, which born in arteries,
Continual motion to all parts do bring.

This makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire!
This holds the sinews, like a bridle's reins!
The local motion. And make the body to advance, retire.
To turn or stop, as she them slacks or strains!

Thus the Soul tunes the Body's instrument!
These harmonies She makes with Life and Sense!
The organs fit, are by the Body lent;
But th'actions flow from the Soul's influence.

But now I have a Will, yet want a Wit,
The Intellectual Powers of the Soul. To express the workings of the Wit and Will;
Which, though their root be to the body knit,
Use not the Body, when they use their skill.

These powers the nature of the Soul declare,
For to Man's Soul, these only proper be!
For on the earth, no other wights there are,
Which have these heavenly powers, but only We.

The Wit (the pupil of the Soul's clear eye!
The Wit or Understanding. And in Man's world, th'only shining star!)
Looks in the Mirror of the Phantasy,
Where all the gatherings of the senses are

From thence this Power, the Shapes of things abstracts,
And them within her *Passive* part receives;
Which are enlightened by that part which *Acts*,
And so the Forms of single things perceives.

But after, by discoursing to and fro,
Anticipating, and comparing things;
She doth all universal natures know,
And all Effects into their Causes brings.

When She rates things, and moves from ground to ground,
Reason. The name of Reason, She obtains by this!
But when, by reasons, She the truth hath found,
Understanding. And standeth fixt, She, Understanding is!

When her assent, She lightly doth incline
Opinion. To either part, She is Opinion light!
But when She doth by principles define
Judgment. A certain truth, She hath true Judgement's sight.

And as from senses, Reason's work doth spring;
So many reasons, Understanding gain!
And many understandings, Knowledge bring!
And by much knowledge, Wisdom we obtain!

So, many stairs we must ascend upright,
Ere we attain to Wisdom's high degree!
So doth this earth eclipse our Reason's light,
Which else (in instants) would like angels see!

Yet hath the Soul a dowry natural,
And Sparks of Light some common things to see!
Not being a blank, where nought is writ at all,
But what the writer will, may written be!

For Nature, in man's heart her laws doth pen,
Prescribing Truth to Wit! and Good to Will!
Which do accuse, or else excuse all men,
For every thought or practice, good or ill!

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
Making the world and all therein, their food;
As fire so spreads, as no place holdeth it,
Being nourished still with new supplies of wood.

And though these sparks were almost quenched with sin,
Yet they, whom that Just One hath justified,
Have them increased, with Heavenly Light within!
And, like the Widow's oil, still multiplied!

And as this Wit should goodness truly know,
We have a Wit which that true good should choose!
The power of Will. Though Will do oft (when Wit, false Forms doth show)
Take Ill, for Good; and Good, for Ill refuse.

Will puts in practice what the Wit deviseth!
Will ever acts, and Wit contemplates still!
The relations betwixt Wit and Will. And as from Wit the power of Wisdom riseth;
All other virtues, daughters are of Will!

Will is the Prince! and Wit, the Councillor!
Which doth for common good in council sit;
And when Wit is resolved; Will lends her power
To execute what is advised by Wit.

Wit is the Mind's Chief Judge! which doth control,
Of Fancy's Court, the judgements false and vain!
Will holds the royal sceptre in the Soul;
And on the Passions of the Heart doth reign!

Will is as free as any Emperor!
Nought can restrain her gentle liberty!
No tyrant, nor no torment hath the power
To make us will; when we unwilling be!

To these high powers, a Storehouse doth pertain;
Where they, all Arts and general reasons lay!
The intellectual Memory. Which in the Soul (even after death!) remain,
And no Lethean flood can wash away!

This is the Soul! and those, her virtues be!
Which, though they have their sundry proper ends,
And one exceeds another in degree;
Yet each on other mutually depends.

Our Wit is given, Almighty GOD to know!
Our Will is given to love Him, being known!
But GOD could not be *known* to us below,
But by His works, which through the Sense are shown.

And as the Wit doth reap the fruits of Sense;
So doth the Quick'ning Power, the Senses feed!
Thus while they do their sundry gifts dispense,
The best, the service of the least doth need!

Even so, the King, his magistrates do serve;
Yet Commons feed both magistrate and King!
The Commons' peace, the magistrates preserve
By borrowed power, which from the Prince doth spring.

The Quickening Power would *be*, and so would rest!
The Sense would not *be* only, be *be well*!
But Wit's ambition longeth to *be best*!
For it desires in endless bliss, to dwell.

And these three Powers, three sorts of men do make.
For some, like plants, their veins do only fill!
And some, like beasts, their senses' pleasure take!
And some, like angels, do contemplate still!

Therefore the fables turned some men to flowers!
And others, did with brutish forms invest!
And did of others, make celestial powers
Like angels! which still travail, yet still rest!

Yet these three Powers are not three Souls but one,
As one and two are both contained in three;
Three being one number by itself alone.
A shadow of the blessed Trinity!

O what is Man! (Great Maker of mankind!)
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear!
An acclamation. That Thou adorn'st him with so bright a Mind!
Mak'st him a king! and even an angel's peer!

O what a lively life! what heavenly power!
What spreading virtue! what a sparkling fire!
How great! how plentiful! how rich a dower!
Dost Thou, within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st Thy Print in other works of Thine!
But Thy whole Image, Thou, in Man hast writ!
There cannot be a creature more divine!
Except, (like Thee!) it should be infinite.

But it exceeds Man's thought, to think how high
GOD hath raised Man, since GOD, a man became!
The angels do admire this mystery!
And are astonished when they view the same!

NOR hath He given these blessings for a day!
Nor made them on the Body's life depend!
That the Soul is immortal, and cannot die. The Soul, though made in Time, survives for Aye!
And though it hath beginning, sees no end!

Her only end, in never-ending bliss;
Which is, th' eternal face of GOD to see!
Who Last of Ends and First of Causes is!
And to do this, She must Eternal be!

How senseless then, and dead a Soul hath he,
Which thinks his soul doth with his body die!
Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
That he might sin with more security!

For though these light and vicious persons say,
"Our Soul is but a smoke! or airy blast!
Which, during life, doth in our nostrils play;
And when we die, doth turn to wind at last!"

Although they say, "Come, let us eat, and drink!
Our life is but a spark, which quickly dies!"
Though thus they *say*, they know not what to *think*,
But in their minds, ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no heretics desire to spread
Their light opinions, like these Epicures;
For so their staggering thoughts are comforted!
And other men's assent, their doubt assures!

Yet though these men against their conscience strive,
There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
Which cannot be extinct, but still revive,
That (though they would) they cannot, quite be beasts!

But whoso makes a Mirror of his Mind;
And doth, with patience, view himself therein;
His Soul's *eternity* shall clearly find!
Though th'other beauties be defaced with sin.

1 *Reason.* Drawn from the Desire of Knowledge.

First, In man's mind, we find an appetite
To Learn and Know the Truth of everything!
Which is connatural, and born with it;
And from the essence of the Soul doth spring.

With this Desire, She hath a native Might,
To find out every truth, if She had time
Th' innumerable effects to sort aright;
And, by degrees, from cause to cause to climb!

But since our life so fast away doth slide!
(As doth a hungry eagle through the wind,
Or as a ship transported with the tide;
Which in their passage, leave no print behind.)

Of which swift little time, so much we spend,
While some few things, we, through the Sense, do strain;
That our short race of life is at an end,
Ere we, the Principles of Skill attain:

Or GOD (which to vain ends, hath nothing done)
In vain, this Appetite and Power hath given;
Or else our knowledge, which is here begun,
Hereafter must be perfected in heaven!

GOD never gave a Power to one whole Kind;
But most of that Kind did use the same!
Most eyes have perfect sight! though some be blind;
Most legs can nimbly run! though some be lame.

But in this life, *no* Soul, the Truth can know
So perfectly, as it hath power to do!
If then perfection be not found below,
A higher place must make her mount thereto!

Again, how can She but immortal be?
2 *Reason.* When with the motions of both Will and Wit,
Drawn from the motion of the Soul. She still aspireth to Eternity,
And never rests, till she attain to it!

Water in conduit pipes can rise no higher
Than the well head, from whence it first doth spring!
Then since to eternal GOD, She doth aspire;
She cannot be but an eternal thing!

"All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind," which shows their natures such;
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper Elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins;
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs, a Nymph! along the grassy plains:

The Soul compared to a river.

Long doth she stay, as loath to leave the land,
From whose soft side, she first did issue make!
She tastes all places! turns to every hand!
Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake:

Yet Nature, so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay
Till she, herself unto the Ocean marry;
Within whose watry bosom first she lay!

Even so the Soul, which in this earthy mould,
The Spirit of GOD doth secretly infuse;
Because, at first, She doth the earth behold,
And only this material world She views!

At first, our Mother Earth, She holdeth dear!
And doth embrace the World, and worldly things!
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here!
And mounts not up with her celestial wings!

Yet, under heaven, She cannot light on ought,
That with her heavenly nature doth agree!
She cannot rest! She cannot fix her thought!
She cannot in this world contented be!

For who did ever yet in Honour, Wealth,
Or Pleasure of the Sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceased to *wish*, when he had Health?
Or having Wisdom, was not *vext in mind*?

Then as a bee, which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay;
She lights on that! and this! and tasteth all;
But pleased with none, doth rise and soar away!

So, when the Soul finds here no true content,
And, like NOAH's dove, can no sure footing take;
She doth return from whence She first was sent,
And flies to Him, that first her wings did make!

Wit seeking Truth, from Cause to Cause ascends;
And never rests, till it the First attain!
Will seeking Good, finds many middle Ends,
But never stays, till it the Last do gain!

Now, GOD, the Truth! and First of Causes is!
GOD is the Last Good End! which lasteth still:
Being *Alpha* and *Omega* named for this,
Alpha to Wit! *Omega* to the Will!

Since then, her heavenly kind She doth bewray,
In that to GOD, She doth directly move:
And on no mortal thing can make her stay;
She cannot be from hence, but from *above*!

And yet this First True Cause and Last Good End,
She cannot hear so *well*, and *truly* see!
For this perfection, She must yet attend,
Till to her Maker, She espousèd be!

As a King's daughter, being in person sought
Of divers Princes, which do neighbour near;
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
Though she to all do lend a gentle ear.

Yet can she love a foreign Emperor!
Whom, of great worth and power, she hears to be;
If she be wooed but by Ambassador;
Or but his letters, or his picture see!

For well she knows, that when she shall be brought
Into the kingdom, where her Spouse doth reign;
Her eyes shall see what she conceived in thought,
Himself! his State! his glory! and his train!

So while the virgin Soul on earth doth stay
She wooed and tempted is, ten thousand ways,
By these great Powers, which on the earth bear sway;
The WISDOM OF THE WORLD, WEALTH, PLEASURE, PRAISE.

With these, sometime, She doth her time beguile!
These do, by fits, her Phantasy possess!
But She distastes them all, within a while;
And in the sweetest, finds a tediousness!

But if, upon the world's Almighty King,
She once do fix her humble loving thought!
Which, by his Picture drawn in everything,
And sacred Messages, her love hath sought,

Of Him, She thinks She cannot think too much!
This honey tasted, still is ever sweet!
The pleasure of her ravished thought is such!
As almost here, She, with her bliss doth meet!

But when in heaven, She shall His Essence see!
This is her Sovereign Good! and Perfect Bliss!
Her longings, wishings, hopes, all finished be!
Her joys are full! her motions rest in this!

There, is She crowned with Garlands of Content!
There, doth She manna eat, and nectar drink!
That Presence doth such high delights present,
As never tongue could speak, nor heart could think!

3 *Reason.* From contempt of death in the better sort of spirits.

For this! the better Souls do oft despise
The body's death, and do it oft desire!
For when on ground, the burdened balance lies;
The empty part is lifted up the higher!

But if the body's death, the Soul should kill?
Then death must needs *against her nature* be!
And were it so, all Souls would fly it still,
"For Nature hates, and shuns her contrary!"

For all things else, which Nature makes to be;
Their Being to preserve, are chiefly taught!
For though some things desire a change to see,
"Yet never thing did long to turn to *nought*!"

If then, by death, the Soul were quenchèd quite,
She could not thus against her nature run!
Since every senseless thing, by Nature's light,
Doth *preservation* seek! *destruction* shun!

Nor could the world's best spirits so much err,
(If Death took all!) that they should *all* agree,
Before this life, their Honour to prefer!
For what is praise, to things that nothing be?

Again, if by the body's prop, She stand?
If on the body's life, her life depend?
As MELEAGER's on the fatal brand!
The body's good, She only would intend!

We should not find her half so brave and bold,
To lead it to the wars, and to the seas!
To make it suffer watchings! hunger! cold!
When it might feed with plenty! rest with ease!

Doubtless, *all* Souls have a surviving thought!
Therefore of Death, we think with quiet mind;
But if we think of being *turned to nought*,
A trembling horror in our Souls we find!

4. *Reason.* From the fear of death in the wicked souls.

And as the better spirit, when She doth bear
A scorn of death, doth shew She cannot die;
So when the wicked Soul, Death's face doth fear,
Even then, She proves her own eternity!

For, when Death's form appears, She feareth not
An utter quenching or extinguishment!
She would be glad to meet with such a lot!
That so She might all future ill prevent.

But She doth doubt what after may befall!
For Nature's law accuseth her within,
And saith, "'Tis true, that is affirmed by all,
That after death, there is a pain for sin!"

Then She, which hath been hoodwinked from her birth,
Doth first herself within Death's Mirror see!
And when her body doth return to earth,
She first takes care, how She alone shall be!

Whoever sees these irreligious men,
With burden of a sickness, weak and faint;
But hears them talking of religion then!
And vowing of their souls to every saint?

When was there ever cursed atheist brought
Unto the gibbet, but he did adore
That blessed Power! which he had set at nought,
Scorned, and blasphemed, all his life before?

These light vain persons, still are drunk and mad,
With surfeitings and pleasures of their youth!
But, at their deaths, they are fresh! sober! sad!
Then, they discern! and then, they speak the truth!

If then, all souls, both good and bad, do teach
With general voice, that souls can never die!
'Tis not Man's flattering Gloss, but Nature's Speech!
Which, like GOD's Oracle, can never lie.

Hence, springs that *universal* strong desire,
5. *Reason.* From the general desire of Immortality.
Which all men have, of Immortality!
Not some few spirits unto this thought aspire,
But all men's minds in this, united be!

Then this desire of Nature is not vain!
"She covets not impossibilities!"
"Fond thoughts may fall into some idle brain;
But one Assent of All, is ever true!"

From hence, that general care and study springs,
That *launching* and *progression* of the Mind,
Which all men have, so much of Future things,
As they no joy, do in the Present find.

From this desire, that main Desire proceeds,
Which all men have, surviving Fame to gain!
By tombs, by books, by memorable deeds;
For She that this desires, doth still remain!

Hence, lastly, springs Care of Posterities!
For things, their kind would everlasting make!
Hence is it, that old men do plant young trees,
The fruit whereof, another age shall take!

If we these rules unto ourselves apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind;
All these True Notes of Immortality,
In our hearts' tables, we shall written find!

And though some impious wits do questions move,
6 *Reason.* From the very doubt and disputation of Immortality.
And doubt "if souls immortal be or no?"
That *doubt*, their immortality doth prove!
Because they seem immortal things to know.

For he which reasons, on both parts doth bring,
Doth some things mortal, some immortal call;
Now if himself were but a mortal thing;
He could not judge immortal things, *at all*!

For when we judge, our Minds we Mirrors make!
And as those glasses, which material be,
Forms of material things do only take
(For Thoughts or Minds in them, we cannot see);

So when we GOD and Angels do conceive,
And think of Truth (which is eternal too),
Then do our Minds, immortal Forms receive!
Which if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if beasts conceived what Reason were,
And that conception should distinctly shew;
They should the name of *reasonable* bear
(For without Reason, none could reason know).

So when the Soul mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternal things, She *doubts* can move!
She, proofs of her eternity doth bring!
Even when She strives the contrary to prove.

For even the *thought* of Immortality,
Being an act done without the body's aid,
Shews, that herself alone could move, and be!
Although the body in the grave were laid.

And if herself She can so lively move,
And never need a foreign help to take,
Then must her motion everlasting prove,
"Because her self She never can forsake

"But though Corruption cannot touch the Mind,
That the Soul cannot be destroyed. By any cause, that from itself may spring;
Some Outward Cause, Fate hath perhaps designed,
Which to the Soul, may utter quenching bring?"

"Perhaps her Cause may cease, and She may die!"
Her Cause ceaseth not. GOD is her Cause! His WORD, her Maker was!
Which shall stand fixed for all eternity!
When heaven and earth shall like a shadow pass.

"Perhaps something repugnant to her kind,
She hath no contrary. By strong antipathy, the Soul may kill!"
But what can be contrary to the Mind,
Which holds all contraries in concord still?

She lodgeth heat, and cold! and moist, and dry!
And life, and death! and peace, and war together!
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lie,
Yet neither troubleth or disturbeth either!

" Perhaps, for want of food, the Soul may pi...
She cannot die for want of food.
But that were strange! since all things bad and good,
Since all GOD's creatures, mortal and divine;
Since GOD Himself is her eternal food!

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind!
And so are subject to mortality;
But Truth, which is eternal, feeds the Mind!
The Tree of Life, which will not let her die!

" Yet violence perhaps the Soul destroys!
Violence cannot destroy her.
As lightning or the sunbeams dim the sight;
Or as a thunder-clap or cannon's noise,
The power of hearing doth astonish quite?"

But high perfection to the Soul it brings,
T'encounter things most excellent and high!
For when She views the best and greatest things,
They do not hurt, but rather clear the eye.

Besides as HOMER's gods 'gainst armies stand;
Her subtle form can through all dangers slide!
Bodies are captive, Minds endure no band!
" And Will is free, and can no force abide!"

" But lastly, Time perhaps, at last, hath power,
Time cannot destroy her.
To spend her lively powers, and quench her light?"
But old god SATURN, which doth all devour,
Doth cherish her, and still augment her might!

Heaven waxeth old; and all the spheres above
Shall, one day, faint, and their swift motion stay;
And Time itself, in time, shall cease to move,
Only the Soul survives, and lives for aye!

Our bodies, every footstep that they make,
March towards death, until at last they die!
Whether we work, or play, or sleep, or wake,
Our life doth pass, and with Time's wings doth fly!

But to the Soul, time doth perfection give!
And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still!
And makes her in eternal youth to live,
Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill!

The more She lives, the more She feeds on Truth!
The more She feeds, her Strength doth more increase!
And what is Strength, but an effect of Youth!
Which if Time nurse, how can it ever cease?

But now these Epicures begin to smile,
Objections against the Immortality of the Soul. And say, "My doctrine is more safe, than true!"
And that "I fondly do myself beguile,
While these received opinions I ensue."

"For what!" they say, "doth not the Soul wax old!
Objection. How comes it, then, that aged men do dote,
And that their brains grow sottish, dull, and cold;
Which were in youth, the only spirits of note?"

"What! are not Souls within themselves corrupted?
How can there idiots then by Nature be?
How is it that some wits are interrupted,
That now they dazzled are, now clearly see?"

These questions make a subtle argument
Answer. To such as think both Sense and Reason one!
To whom, nor Agent, from the Instrument;
Nor Power of Working, from the Work is known!

But they that know that Wit can show no skill,
But when she things in Sense's glass doth view;
Do know, if accident this glass do spill,
It *nothing* sees! or sees the *false* for *true*!

For if that region of the tender brain,
Wherein th'inward sense of Phantasy should sit,
And th'outward senses' gatherings should retain,
By Nature, or by chance become unfit,

Either at first uncapable it is;
And so few things or none at all receives;
Or marred by accident which haps amiss,
And so amiss it everything perceives;

Then as a cunning Prince that useth spies;
If they return no news, doth nothing know!
But if they make advertisement of lies,
The Prince's Council all awry do go!

Even so, the Soul, to such a Body knit,
Whose inward senses undisposèd be,
And to receive the Forms of things unfit;
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see!

This makes the Idiot, which hath yet a mind,
Able to know the Truth, and choose the Good;
If she such figures in the brain did find!
As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a frenzy do possess the brain;
It so disturbs and blots the forms of things,
As Phantasy proves altogether vain,
And to the Wit, no true relation brings.

Then doth the Wit, admitting all for true,
Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds!
Then doth it fly the Good, and Ill pursue!
Believing all that this false spy propounds.

But purge the humours, and the rage appease;
Which this distemper in the Fancy wrought:
Then will the Wit, which never had disease!
Discourse and judge discreetly, as it ought.

So though the clouds eclipse the Sun's fair light,
Yet from his face they do not take one beam!
So have our eyes their perfect power of sight,
Even when they look into a troubled stream.

Then these defects in Sense's organs be,
Not in the Soul, or in her working might!
She cannot lose her perfect Power to See!
Though mists and clouds do choke her window light.

These imperfections then we must impute,
Not to the Agent, but the Instrument;
We must not blame APOLLO, but his Lute,
If false accords from her false strings be sent.

The Soul, in all, hath one intelligence!
Though too much moisture in an infant's brain,
And too much dryness in an old man's sense
Cannot the prints of outward things retain.

Then doth the Soul want work, and idle sit:
And this we Childishness and Dotage call!
Yet hath She then a quick and active Wit,
If She had stuff and tools to work withal.

For, give her organs fit, and objects fair!
Give but the aged man, the young man's sense!
Let but MEDEA, ÆSON's youth repair!
And straight She shews her wonted excellence.

As a good harper, stricken far in years,
Into whose cunning hands, the gout is fall:
All his old crotchets, in his brain he bears,
But on his harp, plays ill, or not at all!

But if APOLLO take his gout away,
That he, his nimble fingers may apply;
APOLLO's self will envy at his play!
And all the world applaud his minstrelsy!

Then Dotage is no weakness of the Mind,
But of the Sense; for if the Mind did waste;
In *all* old men, we should this wasting find,
When they some certain term of years had past!

But most of them, even to their dying hour,
Retain a Mind more lively, quick, and strong,
And better use their Understanding Power,
Than when their brains were warm, and limbs were young.

For though the body wasted be and weak,
And though the leaden form of earth it bears;
Yet when we hear that half-dead body speak,
We oft are ravished to the heavenly spheres.

Yet say these men, "If all her organs die,
2. Objection. Then hath the Soul no power, her Powers to use!
So in a sort her Powers extinct do lie,
When into Act She cannot them reduce."

"And, if her Powers be dead, then what is She?
For since from everything, some Powers do spring,
And from those Powers some Acts proceeding be:
Then kill both Power and Act, and kill the Thing!"

Doubtless the Body's death, when once it dies,
Answer. The Instruments of Sense and Life doth kill!
So that She cannot use those faculties,
Although their root rest in her substance still.

But as, the Body living, Wit and Will
Can judge and choose without the Body's aid!
Though on such objects, they are working still,
As through the Body's organs are conveyed:

So, when the Body serves her turn no more,
And all her Senses are extinct and gone,
She can discourse of what She learned before,
In heavenly contemplations all alone.

So if one man well on the lute doth play,
And have good horsemanship, and learning's skill:
Though both his lute and horse we take away;
Doth he not keep his former learning still?

He keeps it doubtless! and can use it too!
And doth both th'other skills, in power retain!
And can of both the proper actions do,
If with his Lute, or Horse he meet again.

So, though the instruments by which we live
And view the world, the Body's death doth kill:
Yet with the Body, they shall all revive;
And all their wonted offices fulfil!

"But *how*, till then, shall She herself employ?
3. Objection. Her spies are dead; which brought home news before!
What she hath got and keeps, she may enjoy;
But She hath means to understand no more!"

"Then what do those poor Souls which nothing get?
Or what do those which get and nothing keep,
Like buckets bottomless, which all out let?
Those Souls, for want of exercise, must sleep!"

See *how* Man's Soul, against itself doth strive!
Answer. Why should we not have other means to know?
As children, while within the womb they live,
Feed by the navel; Here, they feed not so!

These children (if they had some use of Sense,
And should by chance their mothers talking, hear;
That, in short time, they shall come forth from thence)
Would fear their birth, more than our death we fear!

They would cry out, "If we, this place shall leave,
Then shall we break our tender navel strings!
How shall we then our nourishment receive?
Since our sweet food, no other conduit brings!"

And if a man should, to these babes reply,
That "Into this fair world they shall be brought!
Where they shall see the earth, the sea, the sky,
The glorious sun, and all that GOD hath wrought!

That there ten thousand dainties they shall meet,
Which by their mouths they shall with pleasure take;
Which shall be cordial too, as well as sweet,
And of their little limbs, tall bodies make!"

This, would they think a fable! even as we
Do think the story of the Golden Age!
Or as some sensual spirits amongst us be,
Which hold the World to Come, "a feigned Stage!"

Yet shall these infants, after, find all true;
Though, then, thereof, they nothing could conceive.
As soon as they are born, the world they view,
And with their mouths, the nurse's milk receive!

So when the Soul is born (for Death is nought
But the Soul's Birth, and so we should it call!)
Ten thousand things She sees, beyond her thought;
And, in an unknown manner, knows them all!

Then doth She see by spectacles no more!
She hears not by report of double spies!
Herself, in instants, doth all things explore!
For each thing present, and before her lies!

But still this Crew, with questions me pursues!
4. Objection. "If Souls deceased," say they, "still living be,
Why do they not return to bring us news
Of that strange world, where they such wonders see?

Fond men! if we believe that men do live
Answer. Under the zenith of both frozen poles;
Though none come thence, advertisement to give;
Why bear we not the like faith of our Souls?

The Soul hath, here on earth, no more to do,
Than we have business in our mother's womb;
What child doth covet to return thereto?
Although all children, first from thence do come!

But as Noah's pigeon which returned no more,
Did shew she footing found, for all the flood!
So when good Souls, departed through death's door,
Come not again; it shews their dwelling good!

And doubtless such a Soul as up doth mount,
And doth appear before her Maker's face,
Holds this vile world in such a base account,
As She looks down and scorns this wretched place.

But such as are detruded down to hell;
Either for shame, they still themselves retire!
Or tied in chains, they in close prison dwell!
And cannot come, although they much desire.

"Well, well," say these vain spirits, "though vain it is
5. Objection. To think our Souls to heaven or hell do go;
Politic men have thought it not amiss,
To spread this *lie*, to make men virtuous so!"

Do *you*, then, think this moral Virtue, good?
Answer. I think you do! even for your private gain!
For commonwealths by Virtue ever stood;
And common good, the private doth contain.

If then this Virtue, you do love so well!
Have you no means, her practice to maintain?
But you this lie must to the people tell!
"That good Souls live in joy, and ill in pain."

Must Virtue be preservèd by a lie!
Virtue and Truth do ever best agree.
By this, it seems to be a verity,
Since the effects so good and virtuous be.

For as the Devil, father is of lies,
So Vice and Mischief do his lies ensue.
Then this good doctrine did he not devise,
But made this Lie which saith, "It is not true!"

For how can that be false, which every tongue,
Of every mortal man, affirms for true!
The General Consent of all. Which truth hath, in all ages, been so strong,
As loadstone-like, all hearts it ever drew.

For not the Christian or the Jew alone;
The Persian, or the Turk acknowledge this!
This mystery to the wild Indian known,
And to the Cannibal and Tartar, is!

This rich Assyrian drug grows everywhere,
As common in the North, as in the East!
This doctrine doth not enter by the ear,
But, of itself, is native in the breast!

None that acknowledge GOD, or Providence,
Their Soul's eternity did ever doubt!
For all religion takes her root from hence!
Which no poor naked nation lives without.

For since the world for Man created was,
(For only Man, the use thereof doth know)
If Man do perish like a withered grass,
How doth GOD's wisdom order things below?

And if that wisdom still wise ends propound,
Why made He Man, of other creatures king?
When (if he perish here!) there is not found,
In all the world so poor and vile a thing?

If Death do quench us quite; we have great wrong!
Since for our service, all things else were wrought:
That daws, and trees, and rocks should last so long,
When we must in an instant pass to nought!

But, blest be that Great Power! that hath us blest
With longer life, than heaven or earth can have!
Which hath infused into one mortal breast,
Immortal Powers, not subject to the grave!

For though the Soul do seem her grave to bear,
And in this world is almost buried quick!
We have no cause the Body's death to fear,
"For when the shell is broke, out comes a chick!"

For as the Soul's *essential* Powers are three,
The Quick'ning Power, the Power of Sense, and Reason;
Three kinds of Life to her designèd be!
Which perfect these three Powers, in their due season.

Three kinds of Life answerable to the three powers of the Soul.

The first Life in the mother's womb is spent,
Where She her Nursing Power doth only use;
Where, when She finds defect of nourishment,
Sh' expels her body, and this world She views.

This, we call Birth! but if the child could speak,
He, Death would call it! and of Nature, 'plain
That She should thrust him out naked and weak!
And in his passage, pinch him with such pain!

Yet, out he comes! and in this world is placed,
Where all his Senses in perfection be!
Where he finds flowers to smell, and fruits to taste,
And sounds to hear, and sundry forms to see.

When he hath passed some time upon this Stage,
His Reason, then, a little seems to wake!
Which though She spring, when Sense doth fade with age,
Yet can She here, no perfect practice make!

Then doth th' aspiring Soul, the Body leave!
Which we call Death. But were it known to all,
What Life our Souls do, by this death, receive;
Men would it. Birth! or Gaol Deliverv! call.

In this third Life, Reason will be so bright,
As that her Spark will like the sunbeams shine!
And shall, of GOD enjoy the real sight,
Being still increased by influence divine!



O ignorant poor Man! what dost thou bear,
An acclamation! Locked up within the casket of thy breast!
What jewels, and what riches hast thou there!
What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest!

Look in thy Soul! and thou shalt beauties find,
Like those which drowned NARCISSUS in the flood!
Honour and Pleasure both are in thy Mind!
And all that in the world is counted Good.

Think of her worth! and think that GOD did mean
This worthy Mind should worthy things embrace!
Blot not her beauties, with thy thoughts unclean!
Nor her, dishonour with thy Passions base!

Kill not her Quick'ning Power with surfeitings!
Mar not her Sense with sensualities!
Cast not her serious Wit on idle things!
Make not her free Will slave to vanities!

And when thou thinkest of her Eternity;
Think not that Death against her nature is!
Think it a Birth! and, when thou goest to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou wentst to bliss!

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
Being in the dark, when thou didst nothing see!
Now I have brought thee Torch-light, fear no more!
Now, when thou diest; thou canst not hoodwinked be!

And thou, my Soul! which turn'st thy curious eye,
To view the beams of thine own form divine!
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
While thou are *clouded* with this flesh of mine!

Take heed of *overweening*! and compare
Thy peacock's feet, with thy gay peacock's train!
Study the *best* and *highest* things that are;
But of thyself, an humble thought retain!

Cast down thyself! and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name!
Use all thy powers, that Blessed Power to praise!
Which gives thee power to Be, and Use the same.

FINIS.

The Third Voyage of Sir John Hawkins.

I.—Earliest tidings of the disaster in England, Dec. 1568—Jan. 1569.

3 Dec. 1568. W. Hawkins, junior, to Sir W. Cecil *p.* 205
22 Jan. 1569. The same to the Privy Council *p.* 207
22 Jan. 1569. The same to Sir W. Cecil... *p.* 209
27 Jan. 1569. The same to the same *p.* 211

II.—Sir John Hawkins's own printed account, Spring of 1569.

A true Declaration of the troublesome Voyage of Mr. John Hawkins to the parts of Guinea and the West Indies, in the years of our Lord 1567 and 1568 *pp.* 213–225

III.—The Depositions in the English Admiralty Court, March, 1569.

William Fowler, of Ratcliffe, Merchant *p.* 228
William Clarke, Supercargo in the Fleet *p.* 230
John Hawkins, Esq... *p.* 231
Humphrey Fones, Steward of the *Angel* *p.* 235
Jean Turren, Trumpeter in the *Jesus* *p.* 236
The Depositions to the Twenty-seven Articles of the Schedule *pp.* 237–248

IV.—The Narratives of Three Survivors of the 112 men landed near Tampico on 8th October, 1568.

David Ingram, who reached England in 1569 *p.* 249
Miles Phillips, who arrived in England 1583 *p.* 261
Job Hortop, who got home to England, at last, in 1590 ... *p.* 307

V—Hawkins's pretended treachery to the Spaniards, May—Sept. 1571.

13 May 1571. John Hawkins to Lord Burghley *p.* 331
7 June 1571. The same to the same *p.* 332
4 Sept. 1571. The same to the same *p.* 333

[This Third Voyage was the most important expedition that had hitherto been made by the English nation beyond the coasts of Europe. Of its numerical strength we have no precise record; but it could hardly have been less than from 300 to 400 men: a very considerable force for that time, to send on such a remote adventure.

Its tragical fate, so far from being a discouragement to English seamen, only stang them to a manifold revenge; and the baptism of blood at San Juan de Ulua was afterwards expiated in the plunder of many an unfortunate Spanish ship. DRAKE never rested till his "particular Indignation" of it was fully assuaged: and it was in pursuit of that object, that we see him (*p.* 535) on the 11th February, 1573, on the top of a very high tree on the dividing ridge of Central America, gazing, for the first time, on the Pacific Ocean; which sight moved him to his famous Voyage round the World.

On the other hand, we must consider the Spaniards' point of view. They were alarmed in the highest degree at seeing a strong English fleet at the very door of the Indies. If they came to San Juan de Ulua with impunity; not Mexico itself, nor Peru, nor the annual galleons that came from the Philippine islands would be safe from these heretical islanders. We can appreciate their instant realisation of this menace to their power; also their quick sense of insult at the impudent audacity of these Englishmen in coming thus unbidden to their hidden Treasure House; and how both these motives would occasion an almost frenzied purpose to destroy them, any how, and at any cost. The stigma on them, therefore, comes not so much from their fighting, as from their supreme treachery: but they seem to have chosen treachery, as feeling they had no chance in a fair fight; as indeed it actually turned out. For in the fight itself between the ships, HAWKINS was the victor. It was the fired ships (a strange anticipation of those at Calais, twenty years later) that compelled the English to abandon the *Jesus*, and the vast treasure that she contained.

This Third Voyage is also memorable as being the first occasion on which English keels furrowed that hitherto unknown sea, the Bay of Mexico. The Spaniards had kept their West Indian navigations a dead secret. No foreigner, unless naturalised by marriage and a long residence in Spain, had a chance of obtaining a license to go to the West Indies. The English had no charts or maps to guide them, and had to grope their way as best they could; often only by compelling the help of the local pilots whom they took prisoners.

In those days, the English always entered the West Indies by the South, by Trinidad and the northern shore of South America; and then felt their way northwards as well as they were able: so that Mexico, though geographically much nearer to England, was considered by them as much more remote and less known. It was an excellent proof of HAWKINS's good seamanship, that the *Minion* ever got out of the Bay of Mexico at all. It took them a month (16 Oct.—16 Nov. 1568, *p.* 225) to do so: whereas, once clear of the West Indies, he sailed across the much wider, but more familiar Atlantic in about six weeks' time.]

I.—The Earliest Tidings of the Disaster in England.

William Hawkins, junior, Esq., Governor of Plymouth.

[*See p.* 294.]

Letter, on 3rd December, 1568, to Sir William Cecil, informing him of Spanish reports of the destruction of his brother's Fleet in the Indies.

[This letter may be taken as indubitable evidence of the kind intentions of the Spaniards in respect of John Hawkins's fleet, should they be able to carry them out; for it was not possible that any news of the treachery and tragedy at San Juan de Ulua of the previous 23rd September, could have got to Spain, and from thence to London, and so to Plymouth, in the seventy-two days which had since elapsed. Drake (in the *Judith*, a good sailer, *p.* 210, and coming straight home from the scene of the catastrophe), did not reach Plymouth till the 22nd January following, *i.e.*, fifty days later than the date of this letter.]

[*State Papers. Domestic. Elizabeth. Vol.* 48. *No.* 50.]

MY bounden duty always had in remembrance. It may please your Honour to be advertised that there was certain news declared unto me by Master William Wynter, Esquire, and he should hear [*had heard*] it of Benedick Spinola, of a letter he should [*had*] received out of Spain. GOD forbid it should be true! I hope it is but as the Spaniard would have it.

The news should be [*was*] that my brother, John Hawkins, was constrained to land, and to travel far into the land, to make his traffic: and so by a great number of men should be entrapped, and all put to the sword; with a great loss to the Spaniards also.

But if it should be true, as GOD forbid! I shall have cause to course them whiles I live, and my children after me.

Wherefore, I shall desire your Honour to be so good in this cause, to call before your Honour, BENEDICK SPINOLA, and to require him to declare you the truth in this matter, and thereupon, as the cause requireth, to advertise the Queen's Majesty thereof; to the end there might be some Stay made of King PHILLIP's treasure here in these parts, till there be sufficient recompense made for the great wrong offered, and also other wrongs done before this.

And if it shall not please the Queen's Majesty to meddle in this matter (although Her Majesty shall be the greatest loser therein!) yet that she would give her subjects leave to meddle with them by law; and then, I trust, we should not only have recompense to the uttermost, but also do as good service as is to be devised, with so little cost. And I hope to please GOD best therein; for that they are GOD's enemies!

This I thought good to advertise your Honour, to the end, I might thereby be blameless therein, and you, thereby, to see it redressed.

There was an Act and Decree directed unto Sir ARTHUR CHAMPERNOWN and me, out of the [Lord] Admiral's Court, [of] which [the] effect was, that, by both our consents, the ships with the goods sequestered in our hands should be delivered unto the Flemings; and Master KELL and his [ac]complices, with their ships, to be released; always reserving unto every one, for the false keeping and conservation of the ships and goods, their charges, taxed and allowed by Sir ARTHUR and me, or one of us. Which we have done accordingly; and now the Judge mindeth to alter all; wherefore, if occasion shall serve, I shall desire your Honour's help herein. And I shall daily pray for your Honourable Estate long to endure.

From Plymouth, the 3rd day of December, 1568.

By your Honour's always to command,

WILLIAM HAWKINS.

Addressed—

To the Right Honourable Sir WILLIAM CECIL Knight, Secretary to the Queen's Majesty; give this, with all speed!

WILLIAM HAWKINS, junior, Esq., Governor of Plymouth.

Letter to the Privy Council, in the night of the 22nd January, 1569, advising of the arrival at Plymouth that night, of FRANCIS DRAKE, in the Judith.

[*State Papers. Domestic. ELIZABETH. Vol.* 49. *No.* 37.]

[At the time, WILLIAM HAWKINS was writing this letter, his brother JOHN was sailing homewards in the *Minion*, from Vigo to Mount's Bay in Cornwall : see *pp.* 211, 225.]

RIGHT HONOURABLE, AND MY SINGULAR GOOD LORDS.

MY BOUNDEN duty always had in remembrance. It may please your Honours to be advertised that there is, this present night, arrived into the port of Plymouth, one of the small barks [*the Judith*] of my brother JOHN HAWKINS' Fleet, from the Indias; and for that I have neither writing from him, nor anything else, I thought good, and my most bounden duty so to do, to send [to] your Honours, the Captain of the same bark, to the end the Queen's Majesty may be, by your Honours, thoroughly advertised of the whole proceedings of this Voyage.

And for that my brother's safe return is very dangerous and doubtful, but that it resteth in GOD's hands (who send him well, if it be His blessed will!); and our adventures [*i.e., of the two brothers' HAWKINS*], at this present time, £2,000 [= *about* £16,000 *now*] : besides many injuries we

have sustained at the Spaniards' hands heretofore. Wherefore, my humble suit unto your Honours is to, be a mean[s] unto the Queen's Majesty that I may be by some means, recompensed, as time and occasion hereafter shall serve; either by some of those Spaniards' goods stayed in these West parts, or otherwise by some furtherance from the Queen's Majesty; whereby I may the better be able to recompense myself against those nations that hath offered these wrongs.

And I shall daily pray for the long continuance of your Honour's estates, long to endure.

From Plymouth, the 22nd day of January, *anno* 1568 [*i.e.*, 1569]

By your Honours always to command,

WILLIAM HAWKINS.

And further, if it shall please your Honours to have some consideration towards the poor state of our town. I assure your Honours, it is not, of itself, able to provide two hundredweight of powder, without a collection amongst ourselves: and the inhabitants very poor besides. But to our powers, we will be found ready for the defence of the same.

The great passing of Fleets, this summer [1568], before our haven, either with fleeing out of Flanders (which GOD grant!) or otherwise the repair into Flanders out of Spain, with aid, may be a means whereby the town may be put to a great after deal: which GOD forbid! Wherefore I shall desire your Honours to consider of it.

This I thought good to advertise your Honours, for my own discharge.

By your Honours always,

WILLIAM HAWKINS.

Addressed—

To the Right Honourable and my singular good Lords, the Lords of the Privy Council; give this at the Court with all speed.

Haste! Haste!

WILLIAM HAWKINS, junior, Esq. Governor of Plymouth.

Letter to Sir WILLIAM CECIL, on the same night of the 22nd January, 1569.

[*State Papers. Domestic. ELIZABETH. Vol.* 49. *No.* 36.]

RIGHT HONOURABLE.

MY BOUNDEN duty always had in remembrance. It may please your Honour to be advertised that this present hour there is come to Plymouth, one of the small barks of my brother's fleet; and for that I have neither writing, nor anything else from him, I thought it good and my most bounden duty, to send you the Captain of the same bark, being our kinsmen, called FRANCIS DRAKE; for that he shall thoroughly inform your Honour of the whole proceedings of these affairs, to the end the Queen's Majesty may be advertised of the same.

And for that it doth plainly appear of their manifest injuries from time to time offered; and our losses only in this Voyage £2,000 [= £16,000 *now*] at least; besides my brother's absence (which unto me is more grief than any other thing in this world), whom I trust, as GOD hath preserved, will likewise preserve and send well home in safety: in the meantime, my humble suit unto your Honour is, that the Queen's Majesty will, when time shall serve, see me her humble and obedient subject, partly recompensed of those Spaniards' goods here stayed. And further, if it shall please Her Grace to give me leave to work my own force against them, to the end I may be the better recompensed: I shall be the more bound unto Her Highness: who I pray

GOD long to live to the Glory of GOD, and the comfort of her subjects.

If I may have any warrant from Her Majesty, or from your Honour; I shall be glad to set forth four ships of my own presently [*at once*].

I have already commission from the Cardinal CHATILLION for one ship to serve the Princes of NAVARRE and CONDÉ: but I may not presume any further, without commission.

In these things, I shall desire your Honour to be advertised by my servant, FRANCIS DRAKE; and I shall daily pray for your Honour's estate long to endure.

From Plymouth, the 20th of January, at night, 1568 [*i.e.*, 1569].

By your Honour's,

WILLIAM HAWKINS.

For the small bark [*the Judith*] that is come home, if I might be so bold [as] to cause her to be [ap]praised by four honest men, to the end the Adventurers might be duly answered; I would, for that she is a very good sailer, bestow a £100 [£800 *now*] upon her presently [*at once*].

Our town is very weak, and hath no help of the Prince: wherefore I shall most humbly desire your Honour to be a help for some allowance for us.

By your Honour's,

WILLIAM HAWKINS.

Addressed—

To the Right Honourable Sir WILLIAM CECIL, Chief Secretary to the Queen's Majesty; give this, at the Court, with all speed!

WILLIAM HAWKINS, junior, Esq. Governor of Plymouth.

Letter to Sir WILLIAM CECIL, of 27th January, 1569, announcing the arrival of his brother at Mount's Bay.

[*State Papers. Domestic. ELIZABETH. Vol.* 49. *No.* 42.]

RIGHT HONOURABLE.

MY BOUNDEN duty always had in remembrance. It may please your Honour to be advertised, that I am credibly informed of my brother's arrival [*on the 25th January, see p.* 225] with the *Minion*, in Mount's Bay, in Cornwall. Not from him, nor any of his company; but by one of the Mount, [who] for good will, came immediately away in post, upon the speech of one of his men who was sent aland for help of men, and also for cables and anchors, for that they had but one: and their men [are] greatly weakened by reason he put ashore [*on the 8th of October*, 1568] in the Indias, a hundred of his men, for the safeguard of the rest; and also that he should [*had*] cast overboard, not five days before [*i.e., between the 3rd—8th of October*, 1568] forty-five men more; and the rest, being alive, were fain to live seven days upon an ox-hide.

Whereupon, the wind being easterly; I sent away for his succour, a bark with thirty-four mariners, store of fresh victuals, two anchors, three cables, and store of small warps, with other necessaries, as I thought good.

I am assured to hear from himself, this night at the furthest; and then I will certify your Honour, with speed, again.

And so, for this time, I leave to trouble your Honour any further; praying for the increase of your Honour's estate.

From Plymouth, the 27th of January, 1568 [*i.e.*, 1569].

Sir ARTHUR CHAMPERNOWN hath willed me to advertise your Honour, that, to-morrow next, he mindeth depart out of Plymouth, with all the treasure, towards Exeter; and to be there, the next day following, where he mindeth to stay till Saturday next following. He mindeth to provide, for the safe conduct of the same, fifty horsemen, and fifty footmen, with artillery and things necessary for the same; which this bearer can declare to your Honour all at large: and then to come with the treasure, with as much diligence as is possible. Praying your Honour to advertise, by post, if this determination like you not; and he will be willing to follow your Honour's determination to the contrary.

From Plymouth, *ut supra*.

By your Honour's, always to command,

WILLIAM HAWKINS.

Addressed—

To the Right Honourable Sir WILLIAM CECIL Knight, Chief Secretary to the Queen's Majesty; give this, at the Court, with all haste possible.

Haste! Haste! Post Haste!

¶ A true declaration of the troublesome Voyage of M. John Hawkins to the parts of Guinea and the West Indies, in the years of our Lord 1567 and 1568.

¶ Imprinted at London, in Paul's Churchyard, by Thomas Purfoot for Lucas Harrison, dwelling at the sign of the Crane.

Anno. 1569.



¶ *Here followeth a Note or Declaration of the troublesome Voyage made with the* Jesus, *the* Minion, *and four other ships to the parts of Guinea in the years* 1567 *and* 1568, *by* JOHN HAWKINS.

THE ships departed from Plymouth, the 2nd day of October, *anno* 1567; and had reasonable weather until the 7th day, at which time, some 40 leagues north from Cape Finisterre, there arose an extreme storm, which continued four days, in such sort that the fleet was dispersed, and all our great boats lost, and the *Jesus*, our chief ship, in such case as not thought able to serve the voyage: whereupon, in the same storm, we set our course homeward, determining to give over the voyage. But the 11th day of the same month, the wind changed, with fair weather: whereby we were animated to follow our enterprise; and so did, directing our course to the isles of the Grand Canaries; where, according to an order before prescribed, all our ships, before dispersed, met in one of those islands, called Gomera.

There we took water, and departed from thence, the 4th day of November, towards the coast of Guinea; and arrived

at Cape de Verde the 18th day of November, where we landed 150 men, hoping to obtain some Negroes: where we got but few, and those with great hurt and damage to our men, which chiefly proceeded of their envenomed arrows. And although in the beginning, they seemed to be but small hurts: yet there hardly escaped any that had blood drawn of them, but died in strange sort, with their mouths shut some ten days before they died, and after their wounds were whole. Where I myself had one of the greatest wounds; yet, thanks be to GOD! escaped.

From thence, we passed the time upon the coast of Guinea, searching with all diligence the rivers, from Rio Grande unto Sierra Leone, till the 12th of January [1568]; in which time, we had not got together 150 Negrose [*Negroes*]: yet, notwithstanding the sickness of our men, and the late time of the year commanded us away.

Thus having nothing wherewith to seek the coast of the West Indias, I was, with the rest of our company, in consultation, to go to the Coast of the Mine [*El Mina, near Cape Coast Castle*]; hoping there to have obtained some gold for our wares, and thereby to have defended [*defrayed*] our charges: but even, in that present instant, there came to us a Negro sent from a king oppressed by other kings his neighbours, desiring our aid, with promise that as many Negrose as by these wars might be obtained, as well of his part as of ours, should be at our pleasure.

Whereupon we concluded to give aid, and sent 120 of our men; which the 15th of January [1568] assaulted a town of the Negrose [*Negroes*], our ally's adversaries, which had in it 8,000 inhabitants. It was very strongly impaled and fenced, after their manner; and it was so well defended that our men prevailed not, but lost six men, and forty hurt. So that our men sent forthwith to me for more help: whereupon considering that the good success of this enterprise might highly further the commodity of our voyage, I went myself; and with the help of the King of our side, assaulted the town, both by land and sea: and very hardly, with fire (their houses being covered with dry palm leaves), obtained the town and put the inhabitants to flight.

There we took 250 persons (men, women, and children), and by our friend the King of our side, there were taken 600

prisoners whereof we hoped to have had our choice: but the Negro (in which nation is seldom or never found the truth) meant nothing less. For that night, he removed his camp and prisoners: so that we were fain to be content with those few, which we had got ourselves.

¶ Now had we obtained between 400 and 500 Negrose, wherewith we thought it somewhat reasonable to seek the coast of the West Indians; and there for our Negrose and our other merchandise, we hoped to obtain whereof to countervail our charges, with some gains.

Whereunto we proceeded with all diligence, furnished our watering, took fuel, and departed the coast of Guinea, the 3rd of February, continuing at the sea, with a passage more hard than before hath been accustomed, till the 27th day of March, on which day, we had sight of an island called Dominica, upon the coast of the West Indies, in 14° N.

From thence, we coasted from place to place, making our traffic with the Spaniards as we might; somewhat hardly, because the King had straitly commanded all his Governors in those parts, by no means, to suffer any trade to be made with us.

Notwithstanding, we had reasonable trade and courteous entertainment, from the isle of Margarita, unto Cartagena, without anything greatly worth the noting: saving at Cape de la Vela, in a town called Rio de la Hacha (from whence come all the pearls), the Treasurer [*Captain JOHN LOVELL with young FRANCIS DRAKE (then on his first visit to West Indies, had thought themselves wronged here, in* 1565–66 (*see p.* 494.) *See also the previous armed occupation of the town in* 1565, *at p.* 144) who had charge there, would, by no means, agree to any trade, or suffer us to take water. He had fortified his town with divers Bulwarks [*forts*] in all places where it might be entered; and furnished himself with a hundred harquebussiers: so that he thought to have enforced us by famine [*including thirst*], to have put a land our Negrose. Of which purpose, he had not greatly failed, unless we had by force entered the town: which (after we could by no means obtain his favour) we were enforced to do. And so, with 200 men, brake in upon their Bulwarks, and entered the town; with the loss of only two men of our part;

and no hurt done to the Spaniards; because after their volley of shot discharged, they all fled.

¶ Thus having the town, with some circumstance [*negotiations*], as partly by the Spaniards' desire of Negroes, and partly by the friendship of the Treasurer, we obtained a secret trade: whereupon, the Spaniards resorted to us by night, and bought of us to the number of 200 Negroes.

In all other places, where we traded, the Spanish inhabitants were glad of us, and traded willingly.

At Cartagena, the last town we thought to have seen on the coast, we could, by no means, obtain to come with any Spaniard; the Governor was so strait. And because our trade was so near[ly] finished, we thought it not good either to adventure any landing, or to detract further time; but, in peace, departed from thence, the 24th of July: hoping to have escaped the time of their storms, which then, soon after, begin to reign; the which they call *Furicanos* [hurricanes].

But passing by the west end of Cuba, towards the coast of Florida, there happened to us, the 12th day of August, an extreme storm, which continued by the space of four days; which did so beat the *Jesus*, that we cut down all her higher buildings: her rudder also was sore[ly] shaken, and withal she was in so extreme a leak, that we were rather upon the point to leave her, than to keep her any longer.

Yet hoping to bring all to good pass, we sought the coast of Florida; where we found no place nor haven for our ships, because of the shallowness of the coast.

Thus being in greater despair, and taken with a new storm which continued another three days; we were enforced to take for our succour the port which serveth the city of Mexico, called Saint John de Lye [*San Juan de Ulua*]; which standeth in 19° N.

In seeking of which port, we took, in our way, three ships, which carried passengers to the number of a hundred: which passengers we hoped should be a means to us, the better to obtain victuals for our money, and a quiet place for the repairing of our fleet.

Shortly after this, the 16th of September, we entered the port of Saint Jon de lue [*San Juan de Ulua*]; and in our entry, the Spaniards thinking us to be the Fleet of Spain, the

Chief Officers of the country came aboard us: who, being deceived of their expectation, were greatly dismayed; but immediately when they saw our demand was nothing but victuals, were recomforted.

I found also in the same port, twelve ships which had in them, by report £200,000 [=*nearly two millions sterling now*] in gold and silver. All which, being in my possession, with the King's island, as also the passengers before stayed in my way thitherward, I set at liberty, without the taking from them, the weight of a groat.

Only because I would not be delayed of my despatch, I stayed two men of estimation; and sent post immediately to Mexico (which was 200 miles from us) to the Presidents and Council there, shewing them of our arrival there, by the force of weather, and the necessity of the repair of our ships, and victuals: which wants we required, as friends to King PHILLIP, to be furnished of for our money: and that the Presidents and Council there, should with all convenient speed take order that, at the arrival of the Spanish Fleet, which was daily looked for, there might no cause of quarrel rise between us and them; but for the better maintenance of amity, their commandment might be had in that behalf.

This message was sent away the 16th day of September, at night, being the very day of our arrival.

In the next morning, which was the 17th day of the same month, we saw open of the haven thirteen great ships; and understanding them to be the Fleet of Spain, I sent immediately to advertise the General of the Fleet, of my being there: giving him to understand that "Before I would suffer them to enter the port, there should be some order of Conditions passed between us, for our safe being there, and maintenance of peace."

Now it is to be understood, that this port is a little island of stones, not three feet above the water in the highest place; and but a bow shot of length any way. This island standeth from the mainland, two bow shots or more. Also it is to be understood that there is not in all this coast, any other place for ships to arrive in safety, because the north wind hath there such violence that, unless the ships be very safely moored with their anchors fastened upon this island: there

is no remedy for [*on account of*] the north winds, but death. Also the place of the haven was so little, that, of necessity, the ships must ride one aboard [*touching*] the other: so that we could not give place to them, nor they to us.

And here I began to bewail that which after followed, for now, said I, "I am in two dangers; and forced to receive the one of them." That was, either I must have kept the Fleet from entering the port, the which, with GOD's help, I was very well able to do: or else suffer them to enter in, with their accustomed treason, which they never fail to execute where they may have opportunity, or circumvent it by any means. If I had kept them out, then had there been present shipwreck of all the Fleet, which amounted in value to 6,000,000 [crowns] which was in value [*at 6s. the crown*] £1,800,000 [= *about four millions and a half now*] which I considered I was not able to answer; fearing the Queen's Majesty's indignation in so weighty a matter.

Thus revolving with myself the doubts; I thought it rather better to abide the jutt of the uncertainty, than the certainty. The uncertain doubt I accounted, was their treason; which, by good policy, I hoped might be prevented: and therefore as choosing the least mischief, I proceeded to Conditions.

Now was our first messenger come and returned from the Fleet, with report of the arrival of a Viceroy; so that he had authority both in all this Province of Mexico otherwise called *Nova Hispania*, and in the sea. Who sent us word that "We should send our Conditions, which, of his part, should (for the better maintenance of amity between the Princes), be both favourably granted, and faithfully performed": with many fair words, "how passing the coast of the Indies, he had understood of our honest behaviour towards the inhabitants where we had to do; as well elsewhere, as in the same port," the which I let pass.

Thus following our demand, we required,

Victuals for our money, and license to sell as much wares as might furnish our wants.

That there might be, of either part, twelve gentlemen as hostages for the maintenance of peace.

That the island, for our better safety, might be in our own possession, during our abode there; and such ord-

nance as was planted in the same island: which were eleven pieces of brass.

And that no Spaniard might land in the island, with any kind of weapon.

These Conditions, at the first, he somewhat misliked; chiefly the guard of the island to be in our own keeping: which if they had had, we had soon known our fare. For with the first north wind, they had cut our cables, and our ships had gone ashore. But in the end, he concluded to our request, bringing the twelve hostages [down] to ten: which, with all speed, of either part, were received; with a writing from the Viceroy signed with his hand, and sealed with his seal, of all the Conditions concluded.

Forthwith a trumpet was blown; with commandment, that none, of either part, should be means to violate the peace, upon pain of death.

And further, it was concluded, that the two Generals of the Fleets should meet, and give faith each to the other, for the performance of the premisses. Which was so done.

Thus at the end of three days, all was concluded; and the Fleet entered the port: we saluting one another, as the manner of the sea doth require.

Thus, as I said berore, Thursday [16*th*], we entered the port; Friday [17*th*], we saw the Fleet; and on Monday [20*th*] at night, they entered the port.

Then we laboured two days, placing the English ships by themselves, and the Spanish ships by themselves; and the Captains of each part, and inferior men of their parts, promising great amity of all sides. Which even, as with all fidelity, was meant of our part: so the Spaniards meant nothing less of their parts: but having furnished themselves from the mainland, with a supply of men, to the number of 1,000; they meant, the next Thursday, being the 23rd of September, at dinner time, to set upon us, of all sides.

The same Thursday, in the morning, the treason being at hand, some appearance shewed; as shifting of weapons from ship to ship, planting and bending of ordnance from the ship to the island where our men warded, passing to and fro of companies of men more than required for their necessary business, and many other ill likelihoods, which caused us to

have a vehement suspicion; and therewithal, sent to the Viceroy, to inquire what was meant by it.

Who sent, immediately, straight commandment to unplant all suspicious things; and also sent word that "he, on the faith of Viceroy, would be our defence from all villains."

Yet we, not being satisfied with this answer (because we suspected a great number of men to be hid in a great ship, of 900 tons, which was moored next unto the *Minion*), sent again to the Viceroy, the Master of the *Jesus* (who had the Spanish tongue), and required to be satisfied if any such thing were, or not.

The Viceroy seeing that the treason must be discovered; forthwith stayed our Master, blew the trumpet, and set upon us of all sides.

Our men, which warded ashore, being stricken with sudden fear, gave place, fled, and sought to recover succour from the ships. The Spaniards, being provided before for the purpose, landed in all places in multitudes from their ships, which they might easily do without boats; and slew all our men ashore without mercy. A few them of escaped aboard the *Jesus* [*pp.* 317, 330].

The great ship, which had by the estimation, 300 men secretly placed in her, immediately fell aboard the *Minion*; which (by GOD's appointment) (in the time of suspicion we had, which was only half an hour) the *Minion* was made ready to avoid, and so loosing her head fasts, and hauling away by the stern fasts she was gotten out. Thus, with GOD's help, she defended the violence of the first brunt of these 300 men.

The *Minion* being passed out, they came aboard the *Jesus*; which also with very much ado, and the loss of many of our men, was defended, and they kept out.

Then were there also two other ships that assaulted the *Jesus* at the same instant; so that she had [a] hard getting loose: but yet, with some time, we had cut our head fasts, and gotten out by the stern fasts.

Now when the *Jesus* and the *Minion* were gotten abroad, two ships' length from the Spanish Fleet, the fight began hot of all sides [*that is, outside or in the mouth of the harbour*]: so that, within one hour, the admiral [*Flag Ship*] of the Spaniards

was supposed to be sunk, their vice admiral burned, and one other of their principal ships supposed to be sunk. So that the ships were little able to annoy us.

Then it is to be understood that all the ordnance upon the Island was in the Spaniards' hands, which did us so great annoyance, that it cut all the masts and yards of the *Jesus*; in such sort that there was no hope to carry her away. Also it sank all our small ships.

Whereupon, we determined to place the *Jesus* on that side of the *Minion*, that she might abide all the battery from the land, and so be a defence for the *Minion* till night; and then to take such relief of victuals and other necessaries from the *Jesus*, as time would suffer us, and so to leave her.

As we were thus determining, and had placed the *Minion* [away] from the shot of the land; suddenly, the Spaniards had fired two great ships, which were coming directly with us.

Having no means to avoid the fire, it bred among our men a marvellous fear: so that some said, "Let us depart with the *Minion*!" Others said, "Let us see whether the wind will carry the fire from us!" But, to be short, the *Minion*'s men, which had always their sails in a readiness, thought to make sure work; and so, without either consent of the Captain or Master, cut their sail; so that, very hardly, I was received into the *Minion*.

The most part of the men that were left alive in the *Jesus*, made shift, and followed the *Minion* in a small boat. The rest, which the little boat was not able to receive, were enforced to abide the mercy of the Spaniards; which I doubt was very little.

So with the *Minion* only, and the *Judith*, a small bark of 50 tons, we escaped: which bark, the same night, forsook us in our great misery.

We were now removed with the *Minion* from the Spanish ships two bow shots; and there rode all that night.

The next morning [24*th*], we recovered an island, a mile from the Spaniards: where there took us a north wind: and being left only with two anchors and two cables (for in this conflict, we lost three cables and two anchors), we thought always upon death, which ever was present; but GOD preserved us to a longer time.

The weather waxed reasonable, and the Saturday [25*th*] we

set sail; and having a great number of men and little victuals, our hope of life waxed less and less. Some desired to yield to the Spaniards. Some rather desired to obtain a place, where they might give themselves to the infidels [*Indians*]. And some hath rather abide with a little pittance, the mercy of GOD at sea.

So thus, with many sorrowful hearts, we wandered in an unknown sea, by the space of fourteen days, till hunger enforced us to seek the land. For hides were thought very good meat; rats, cats, mice, and dogs, none escaped that might be got. Parrots and monkeys that were had in great price [*were great pets*] were thought there very profitable if they served the turn of one dinner.

Thus, in the end, the 8th day of October, we came to the land, in the bottom [*or rather, at the east*] of the Bay of Mexico in $33\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N. lat., where we hoped to have found inhabitants of the Spaniards, relief of victuals, and place for the repair of our ship: which was so sore beaten with shot from our enemies, and bruised with [the] shooting of our own ordnance; that our weary and weak arms were scarce able to defend and keep out the water. [*They would have found all the three things they needed, had they struck the coast ten leagues to the westward, where Tampico was situated, at the mouth of the Panuco; see p.* 274.]

But all things happened to the contrary, for we found neither people, victuals, nor haven of relief; but a place, where, having fair weather, we might, with some peril, land a boat.

Our people being forced with hunger, desired to be set a land; whereunto I concluded. And such as were willing to land, I put them apart; and such as were desirous to go homewards, I put apart. So that they were indifferently parted; a hundred [*the exact number landed was* 112, *see p.* 275] of one side, and a hundred of the other side.

These hundred men we set a land, with all diligence, in this little place before said: which being landed, we determined there to refresh our water; and so, with our little remain of victuals, to take the sea.

The next day, having a land with me, fifty of our hundred men that remained, for the speedier preparing of our water

aboard; there arose an extreme storm; so that, in three days we could by no means repair to our ship. The ship also was in such peril, that, every hour, we looked for shipwreck; but yet GOD again had mercy on us, and sent fair weather.

We had aboard our water, and departed the 16th of October; after which day, we had fair and prosperous weather till the 16th of November, which day, GOD be praised! we were clear from the coast of the Indians, and out of the channel and Gulf of Bahama, which is between the Cape of Florida, and the island of Cuba.

After this, growing near to the cold country; our men being oppressed with famine, died continually: and they that were left, grew into such weakness, that we were scarcely able to manure [*manœuvre*] our ship.

The wind being always ill for us to recover England, we determined to go with Galicia in Spain; with the intent there to relieve our company, and other extreme wants.

Being arrived the last day of December in a place near unto Vigo, called Ponte Vedra, our men, with excess of fresh meat, grew into miserable diseases; and a great part of them died.

This matter was borne out [*i.e., their crippled condition was concealed*] as long as it might be: but in the end, although there was none of our men suffered to go a land: yet, by the access of the Spaniards, our feebleness was known to them; whereupon they ceased not to seek by all means to betray us.

But, with all speed possible, we departed to Vigo; where we had some help of certain English ships, and twelve fresh men wherewith we repaired our wants as we might.

And departing, the 20th of January, 1569, we arrived in Mount's Bay in Cornwall, the 25th of the same month. Praised be GOD therefore!

¶ If all the miseries and troublesome affairs of this Sorrowful Voyage should be perfectly and thoroughly written; there should need a painful man with his pen, and as great a time as he [*i.e., JOHN FOX*] had, that wrote the Lives and Deaths of the Martyrs. JOHN HAWKINS.

FINIS.

II.—The Depositions in the English Admiralty Court.

The Depositions in the Admiralty Court as to the Fight at San Juan de Ulua, and the English losses there sustained, 23rd March, 1569.

THESE are preserved in *State Papers, Dom. Eliz., July*, 1569, *Vol.* 53, in the Public Record Office, London ; and throw a flood of light on many incidents of the fight, and on the prices of Negroes and other "wares" in the West Indies at this time.

The Depositions were made to eleven Interrogatories, and to a Schedule of values consisting of twenty-seven Items. The answers vary in importance as in fulness, according to the opportunities and position of the several Deponents in the fleet. The whole purpose of the Depositions was to get up the biggest possible bill against the King of Spain for the injuries received ; as a justification and groundwork for further attacks on him : as DRAKE thought and afterwards did, see *p.* 494.

We first give the testimony of one of the earliest of English traffickers in Spanish ships, to Mexico ; but who, however, was *not* with HAWKINS in any of these Voyages. His deposition was evidently made to show, by an *independent* and competent authority, what were the current prices at Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, of such goods as HAWKINS had been spoiled of at San Juan de Ulua.

Principally, from this witness, WILLIAM FOWLER, we get the following table of monetary values, on the basis, as monetary unit, of the *Rial de Plata*, the "Rial of Silver" then roughly considered as equal to the English Sixpence (*See Vol. III. p.* 184).

English Money. [*Modern approximate value* × 8.]	Contemporary current value.	1560–1580 A.D.	Spanish. Rials.	Peso of Silver.	Peso of Gold.
	s. *d.*				
[40*s.*]	5 0 (p. 285)	*Peso. Coriente* silver...	10	= 1	
[44*s.*]	5 6	Spanish Ducat	11		
[53*s.*]	6 8	The normal *Peso de Plata* in the West Indies	13	= 1*	
[56*s.*]	7 0	The *Peso de Plata* in Mexico, Peru, and the inland districts of the Spanish Main	14	= 1	
[64*s.*]	8 0	*Peso d'Oro*...	16	•	= 1†
	[8 3 *p.* 547.]				
[260*s.*]	32 6	Mark *p.* 285	65	6½	4

* This is what is meant, when the word *Peso* only is used. It was an English ounce (troy weight) of silver; and was the monetary Unit of Central America; afterwards known as the Piece of Eight, and is the Mexican dollar of the present day. [The English Mint value for which is about 4*s.* 3*d.*, it being below the English Standard of fineness.—KELLY, *Cambist*, i. 391. *Ed.* 1811.]

† Always distinguished as the *Peso of Gold.*

In order to get some approximate corresponding modern value; the equivalents multiplied by eight are shown within square brackets []. Some of the amounts seem marvellously great: but, of course, HAWKINS only took those things with him which brought the highest prices; and that was why he stained himself and England with Negro-hunting and Negro slavery.

Although it is no justification whatever, it is clear, from *p.* 242, that HAWKINS learnt the trade of slave-hunting from the French and Portuguese.

Then we have in the *State Papers*, the depositions of Sir JOHN HAWKINS himself.

Suppressing all legal verbiage, we give the substance of his depositions; and then add any additional points from those of the following eye-witnesses,

[Captain THOMAS HAMPTON, *æt.* 44, Captain of the *Minion.*]

WILLIAM CLARKE, *æt.* 28, one of the four Merchants [*Supercargoes*] appointed for the fleet; who, sailing in the *William and John*, escaped the Fight.

JOHN TOMMES, *æt.* 27, servant to Sir JOHN, and sailing with him in the *Jesus.*

JEAN TURREN, *æt.* 30, Trumpeter of the *Jesus.*

HUMPHREY FONES, *æt.* 25, Steward of the *Angel.*

It is curious that there is no deposition by DRAKE included in this Series, though he was present at the Fight.

The *William and John* was not at the Fight; but was represented, as the sixth ship of the original Squadron, by a caravel captured at sea, and christened the *Grace of God.* What a name for a fleet of slavers!

William Fowler, of Ratcliffe, in the kingdom of England, merchant, of about 38 years of age; witnesseth,



E knoweth shipping to be very dear both at Seville in Andalusia, in Spain; and at the harbour of la Vera Cruz [*the true Cross*] in the West Indias. For the ton freight is 30 Ducats [=£8 5*s.*=£66 *now*] from Seville to la Vera Cruz; and so much money more, from la Vera Cruz to Seville: which, in the whole, is 60 Ducats [£16 10*s.*= £132 *now*] the ton freight.

For he hath traded from Seville, to the said port of la Vera Cruz, [the city of] Mexico, and other places in the West Indies; hath been there six several times; hath carried wares to and fro, from the same places; and hath paid for freight, after the like rate.

That by the experience of the trade which he hath had to and at the said place, called la Vera Cruz, and other the chief places of the West Indias; this Deponent knoweth that a Negro of a good stature and young of years is worth, and is commonly bought and sold there at Mexico, and the Mainland of the West Indias, for 400, 500, and 600 *pesos* [=£100, £125, or £150=*or about* £800, £1,000, or £1,200 *now*].

For if a Negro be a *Bossale*, that is to say, "ignorant of the Spanish or Portuguese tongue," then he or she is commonly sold for 400 and 450 *pesos* [=£100 or £112 10*s.*].

But if the Negro can speak any of the foresaid languages anything indifferently, who is called *Ladinos*, then the same Negro is commonly sold for 500 and 600 *pesos* [=£125, *or* £150]; as the Negro is of choice, and young of years.

And this Deponent saith that the best trade in those places is of Negroes: the trade whereof he hath used, and hath sold Negroes at the said places; and seen other merchants likewise sell their Negroes there, divers times.

Which Negroes, being carried into the inner and farther parts of the Mainland of Peru, be commonly sold there for 800 and 900 *pesos* of 14 *Rials*. [*The inland price of a Negro therefore varied from* £280 *to* £315=*about* £2,240 *to* £2,480].

The Peso being worth at la Vera Cruz 13 Rials of Plate of the Spanish coin, being 6*s*. 8*d*. sterling: and in other places of Mexico, Peru, and Mainland the said Peso is worth 14 Rials, which is 7*s*. sterling.

A Fardel of Linen Cloth called *Ordmardas* or *Preselias*, is worth and commonly sold at la Vera Cruz for 250 pesos of 13 Rials [@ 6*s*. 8*d*.=*about* £83] which is after the rate of 3,250 Rials the Fardel.

And the Linen Cloth called Roanes is sold there after the rate of 226 pesos the Fardel, which is 2,940 Rials. For this Deponent hath sold, and seen other merchants sell, divers times, Linen Cloth after that rate at la Vera Cruz and Mexico.

That a lb. of *Magaritas* [? *Periwinkles*; the word also means *Pearls*] is worth at la Vera Cruz, 18 and 20 Rials [=9*s*. *and* 10*s*.=£3 12*s*. *and* £4 *now*] for he hath sold, and seen other merchants so sell, there, commonly after that rate. Notwithstanding he saith that he hath sold a lb. of Margaritas at la Vera Cruz for 30 Rials and sometime 3 pesos (39 Rials) [=15*s*. *and* 19*s*. 6*d*.=£6 *and* £7 16*s*. *now*].

That pewter vessel and kerseys called "Hampshire" and "Northerns" be commonly worth and sold at la Vera Cruz for the several prices following,

1 lb. (being 16 ounces) of Pewter at 4, and sometimes 5 Rials [2*s*. *and* 2*s*. 6*d*.=16*s*. *and* £1 *now*].

The good "Hampshire Kersey," containing commonly 18 Vares [*The Vare was* 33⅜ *English inches*. KELLY, *idem*.], which is about 17 English yards; at 36 ducats [*which is after* 2 *ducats, or* 22 *Rials the Vare*].

And the "Northern Kersey" [*of the same length*], for 21½ ducats [=234 Rials] which is after 13 Rials the Vare.

A piece of Cotton of 61 Vares [*about* 57 *yards*] of length, is worth and is commonly sold at la Vera Cruz for 30½ ducats which is after 5½ Rials [=2*s.* 9*d.*] the Vare [*or nearly* 3*s. a Yard*].

A Quintall [100 lbs.] of Wax is worth commonly at Vera Cruz, 40 ducats [=£11=*about* £88 *now*].

A Butt [130 gallons] of Seck [*Sack, i.e., our modern Sherry*] is worth commonly at la Vera Cruz, 100 pesos [£33 6*s.* 8*d.* =*about* £266 *now*].

DEPOSITIONS AS TO THE FIGHT, ETC.

The Deposition of WILLIAM CLARKE.

HE WAS entertained by Sir WILLIAM GARRARD and others of the Company to sail in the said fleet as a Merchant [*Supercargo*], to assist the said JOHN HAWKINS in state of traffic, and making accounts of the same voyage: and sailed in the *William and John*.

All the treasure was, immediately after the traffic, brought on board the *Jesus* of Lubeck, and left there, by the consent and knowledge of this Deponent, in the custody of the said JOHN HAWKINS, to the use of the said Company.

The £200 of plate was put in a chest; and the 22,000 Pesos of Gold into little chests and bags.

This Examinate was present at all the traffics and truck of merchandize; and was commonly aboard the *Jesus* while she remained upon any coast where the traffic was: being one of four specially appointed, which made also the accounts, and kept the same.

Being near Cape St. Antonio, the *William and John*, wherein this Deponent then sailed, was separated from the other ships of the Fleet, in a great storm happening about

the 15th day of August last. Since which time he never had sight of the said Fleet; but was driven to and from, with much contrary winds, till, at the last, the *William and John*, without any other company of ships, arrived upon the coast of Ireland, in the month of February last [1569].

The Deposition of JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.



N THE year 1567, the articulate Sir WILLIAM GARRARD Knight, ROWLAND HEYWARD Alderman of London, and others joined with them in Society and Company, did furnish a Fleet of six ships for a voyage to the coast of Guinea and other foreign regions, for merchandize to be had with the inhabitants of those countries. In which respect, they, the said Sir WILLIAM GARRARD and Company, did also then provide, prepare, and lade in those ships much wares and merchandize necessary and meet for those parts: the whole charges of which preparation amounted to the sum of about £16,500 [=*about* £130,000].

That by Commission of the said Sir WILLIAM GARRARD and others of his Company, who had the direction of that Navigation and Voyage, he was appointed and authorized General of the said Fleet: and had to him committed, by their authority, not only the chief rule, government, and order of the said Fleet; but also of the state of Traffic in such places as he should arrive and come unto. The which government, he took upon him accordingly, and went upon the same voyage, doing and procuring the affairs of the said Company, according to the trust given. And in the beginning of October was twelve month, being in the said year 1567, he departed from Plymouth, with said Fleet towards the coast of Guinea.

That he, with the Fleet aforesaid, did arrive upon the coast of Guinea, in November, *anno* 1567; where this Deponent, and other Merchants [*Supercargoes*] appointed by the said Company for the assistance of traffic, did purchase [!] and buy [!] a good quantity of Negroes. And from thence departed with them unto the West Indies. In which

country he, and WILLIAM CLARKE, with other Factors [*Supercargoes*], did traffic with the inhabitants there: and did receive, in truck and exchange of wares and commodities, to the said Company's use and behalf, so much treasure and commodities as amounted to the sum of 29,743 Pesos of Gold [@ 8*s.* *each*=£11,897 4*s.*=*about* £100,000 *now*]. Which treasure, upon the said traffic, was brought wholly, from time to time, upon board the *Jesus* of Lubeck, wherein he sailed himself, by order and consent of the said Merchants.

Of which treasure there were—

22,000 Pesos of Gold, in bars and pieces of gold.

4,000 Pesos of Silver, in *Coriente*.

£200 sterling in divers sorts of plate.

The rest was in other commodities purchased and bought in the said parts of the West Indies.

After the traffic was made of the treasure and other commodities, the Fleet whereof he had charge and government, did set their course from Cartagena, a place in the West Indies, to the Cape called St. Antonio, in the west point of the island of Cuba.

And when the said Fleet approached near to the said Cape, they were constrained by force of weather to enter into the Bay of Mexico, not being able to recover the said Cape, or to keep the course determined; and, through cruel storms and contrary winds, were forced to enter the haven of St. John de Lowe [*San Juan de Ulua*]; where this Deponent arrived the 16th of September last or thereabouts, minding for the time of his there abode and tarriance to behave himself there towards the King of Spain's subjects in quiet and loving manner; and, after a small abode, and some refreshing had there, to depart towards England.

The 20th day of the said month of September last, there arrived in the said haven, the new Viceroy of Mexico, and the General of the Spanish fleet of thirteen great ships: the which Viceroy General and their company did outwardly make a resemblance and show of amity and peace. And made proclamation by sound of trumpet, which this Deponent did hear: the effect whereof was, that "no violence nor out-

rageous dealing should be showed to the Englishmen, but they should be courteously entertained, upon pain of death." And to that effect, amongst other things, the said Viceroy gave his promise, by writing subscribed and sealed with his hand and seal; which was delivered to this Deponent. And for the better conservation of peace, the said Viceroy did deliver to this Deponent ten pledges (as he promised, gentlemen!): and, in like manner, he did consent that there should be ten pledges of Englishmen given to the said Viceroy, for the same intent and purpose.

In consideration of the said Viceroy's proclamation, he, this Deponent, caused to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that "none of his company should break the peace, or give occasion of quarrel to the Spaniards, upon pain of his displeasure." Whereupon, the Englishmen remained in quiet manner till such time as they were assaulted by the said Viceroy of his adherents; who first began the fight, contrary to their fidelity and Christian dealing.

Soon after that the said Viceroy was entered into the said haven, he or his adherents the Spaniards gathered from the mainland a great number of men, in most secret manner, as well into his said fleet of thirteen ships as into other Spanish ships which were in the same haven before, to the number of eight or nine ships. And amongst others had manned one great Hulk of the burden of 800 tons, and placed and put into her, to this Deponent's judgement, about 300 men more than she had before. And besides this, the said Spaniards had fastened a hawser from the said Hulk to the head cable of the *Jesus* in the night time; which Hulk did ride within twenty yards or thereabouts from the same *Jesus*. And having brought their business thus to pass, they planted their ordnance from their ships towards the Englishmen which were upon the little island which maketh the haven.

Upon the intelligence of these things, he, this Deponent, sent one of his company, ROBERT BARRET, to understand what these innovations did mean; and to request him that he would see the peace to be preserved according to his promise.

And the said Viceroy perceiving, as it seemed, that his intended enterprise was discovered; and to the intent this Deponent should have no time to provide for his defence, stayed

the said BARRET, presently blew the defiance, shot off the Spanish ordnance at the Englishmen which were in the said island, and upon the same there suddenly landed on the island about 800 Spaniards and other inhabitants of that country, who slew almost all the Englishmen which were there a land.

Moreover, at the same instant, the said great Hulk by hauling the hawser which was fastened to the *Jesus*, as is aforesaid, boarded first the *Minion*, and then the *Jesus* (wherein this Deponent then was), riding hard aboard one another.

And this Deponent saith the Spaniards began the fight unlooked for on the English side. And so the Spaniards continued shooting off their artillery, both from the Platform [*battery*] which was upon the said island and hard upon [*close to*] the English ships, and also from their ships, in most cruel manner, by the space of about eight or nine hours, from about eight o'clock in the morning till the evening following the same day; which cruel fight was done on the twenty-third day of the said month of September.

In the afternoon of the same day that the said fight was thus begun, and during the same, the Spaniards did set a fire two of their ships; and afterwards drived them towards the *Jesus* and the *Minion*: to the intent and purpose, as he thinketh, to destroy the English ships there, or else to cause them to yield unto them.

And whereas, this Deponent had, all that day, attended to the defence of the *Jesus*, and his company by their good travail and manliness had stoutly stood unto the same defence; the sudden approaching of the fired ships made a great alteration of things.

For the *Minion* did, without this Deponent's commandment or the Captain's (as he saith), set sail, for fear of the fire; to withdraw herself out of the way of those fired ships: which caused the men of the *Jesus* to be much more troubled, for that she could not be removed out of that place with any sail, and was the hardlier [*with more difficulty*] to be kept, upon the departure of the *Minion*.

So that this Deponent perceiving the sudden fear of his men, and the imminent danger that they stood in for the safeguard of themselves, leaped into the *Minion*, out of the said *Jesus*; whereunto he was very hardly [*with great dif-*

ficulty] received: for, in that instant, was she under sail, and departing from off board the *Jesus*. Whereas this Deponent had determined otherwise to have kept the *Jesus* till night; and then to have saved and brought such things [*i.e.*, *the great treasure*] out of her into the *Minion* as he conveniently might: and by this occasion, he left behind him in the *Jesus* such things as he hereafter expressed in his Deposition to the Schedule.

If he had tarried ever so little longer upon board the said *Jesus*, he could not, by any means, have gotten therehence; neither escaped the hands of the Spaniards, which would have been to his utter confusion.

And this Deponent did see the *Swallow* and the *Grace of God* taken by force of the Spaniards, in the aforesaid fight; and by them possessed: and the *Angel* was sunk by the ordnance which the Spaniards shot off from the Platform [on the island].

And shortly after that this Deponent was departed forth of the *Jesus*, the Spaniards entered into her also; and possessed her in his sight: whereby he was not only spoiled by the said Spaniards of the said four ships, with their ordnance, apparel, furniture, and victuals; but also of the wares and goods [*i.e.*, *the treasure*] particularly valued in his Depositions to the Schedule.

The Deposition of HUMPHREY FONES, *Steward of the* Angel.

HE AT the beginning of the fight, was in the *Angel*, and there remained till she was like[ly] to sink by the great shot from off the Platform on the shore which the Spaniards kept: and, for saving of himself came aboard the *Minion*.

Upon the approaching of the fired ships, the men that were in the *Minion* then riding hard aboard the *Jesus*, were in great fear and perplexity to be fired. Insomuch that, upon the sudden, the men cut her foresail: whereupon divers of the said *Jesus* men did leap into the *Minion* to save them-

selves; amongst whom, the above named HAWKINS was one, And certain leapt short of the *Minion* and were drowned.

At which time, the said HAWKINS could not save the things that were in the *Jesus*: which was so beaten with the Spanish ordnance that she could not be removed from the place where she lay at anchor; her foreyard being broken and the masts perished with the shot.

If the said HAWKINS had but the space of one minute deferred his coming off from the said *Jesus*, either he had in her, by reason of the continual shooting at her, been slain, or else taken by the Spaniards: for the said *Jesus* lay as a bulwark and succoured the *Minion*, so as all the shot and battery of the Spanish ordnance rested upon the *Jesus*.

He himself lost the worth of 20 marks [=£13 6*s.* 8*d.*] which he left in the *Angel*; and could not carry the same away, being narrowly driven that he could scarcely save himself; for he escaped out of the *Angel* in his doublet and hose.

The Deposition of JEAN TURREN, *Trumpeter in the* Jesus.

HE WAS Trumpeter unto the said HAWKINS, in the *Jesus*, and then blew the trumpet himself [*on the occasion of Sir J. HAWKINS's proclaiming the Truce to the English fleet*].

The *Jesus* was not prepared for the fight, but altogether unready, by reason the Englishmen (not mistrusting the breach of friendship, and falsehood of the Spaniards) had minded to set carpenters a work, the next day, to mend her.

The English ships could not without present [*instant*] danger of shipwreck avoid the fight, nor escape the Spanish shot; for that the haven was very little, and the wind did not serve to get out.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the Spaniards set a fire two of their own ships.

The Spaniards took the *Grace of God* and the *Swallow*, whose anchors lay fastened upon the shore, and thereby were the easier to be gotten; for the one ship lay fast aboard the other.

DEPOSITIONS TO THE TWENTY-SEVEN ARTICLES OF THE SCHEDULE.

SCHEDULE 1.—*The ship* Jesus *of Lubeck, with her tackle and furniture* **£5,000.**

[∴ This is the amount that was claimed by Sir WILLIAM GARRARD and his Company for the ship in its perfect order as it was sent forth from England.]

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

HE DID carry with him out of England, the said ship call the *Jesus* of Lubeck, in the which he sailed all the last Voyage from England to the West Indias; and the same was appointed one of his fleet by Sir WILLIAM GARRARD and his Company: which was of the burthen of 700 tons and upwards, well furnished in all respects and points for such a long voyage.

At such time as the Spaniards *began* the fight, as it is before by him deposed, she was worth, in his judgement, the sum of **£4,000** sterling, besides her ordnance: especially in the haven of Vera Cruz and other places in the West Indias. For this Deponent, having used the trade of merchandize, built, bought, and sold ships, do know very well, what doth belong unto shipping: and thereby judgeth the said *Jesus* to be worth, at the time aforesaid, the said sum of **£4,000**, as ships be commonly bought and sold, both in England and Spain; especially at Seville, where, to this Deponent's knowledge, ships be sold much dearer than in England for the occupying of merchandize.

And trading with the Merchants of Spain, he knoweth a ton freight from Seville to the West Indias, to be commonly in price and rate, 30 ducats [=£8 5*s.*=*about* £66 *now*] and between 30, and 36 ducats [=£9 18*s.*=*about* £80 *now*].

SCHEDULE 2.—*The ordnance of the* Jesus, *as sent out of England* **£2,000.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

THE ordinary ordnance of the *Jesus* in her, at the time of the fight aforesaid, was worth ... **£1,800**

There were two whole-culverins, two cannons, five demi-culverins, three sacres, and two falcons. All which pieces were of brass, and worth 1,200

And besides, there were in her, at that time, these pieces of iron ordnance; first, three demi-culverins; *item*, five sacres; *item*, two whole slings; *item*, ten fowlers; *item*, thirty bases. And the same iron ordnance he esteemeth worth 350

And more, he doth judge the value of the shot, carriages, and the other furniture which belonged to the said ordnance, to be, *then*, well worth 250

£1,800

This Deponent, as he saith, hath good experience what ordnance is worth, by reason he had made, divers times, provision of ordnance for his shipping: and that such ordnance as this was, with their carriages and furniture, is and would be commonly sold for the said sum of **£1,800** sterling.

SCHEDULE 3.—*Ammunition* **£1,000.**

[∴ It should be remembered that this ammunition was actually expended in fighting the Spaniards.]

AT THE time of the fight aforesaid, there were these parcels of munition [*ammunition*] ensuing, provided at the charges and expenses of the said Sir WILLIAM GARRARD and Company.

	£	s.	d.
First, 4 barrels of Serpentine [gun]powder, at £5 sterling the barrel, and every barrel contained 1 cwt.	20	0	0
Item, 50 barrels of Corn [gun]powder, at £6			

	£	s.	d.
13s. 4d. the barrel; and every barrel contained 1 cwt.	333	6	8
And there were, in addition, at the same time of the fight, in the three ships, the *Swallow*, the *Grace of God*, and the *Angel*, 10 barrels of [corn] gunpowder, worth [*at* £6 13*s.* 4*d.*]	66	13	4
	£420	**0**	**0**

Moreover there were, then, in all the same four ships, these parcels of armour; which were also provided upon the charge of Sir WILLIAM GARRARD and Company.

		£	s.	d.
First, 70 Corslets	[*at about* 24*s. each*] worth	85	0	0
Item, 250 Jacks	[*at* 10*s. each*] worth ...	125	0	0
Item, 250 Pikes	[*at* 3*s. each*] worth ...	37	10	0
Item, 250 Calivers	[*at* 20*s. each*] worth ...	250	0	0
Item, 40 Partizans	[*at* 13*s.* 4*d. each*] worth	26	13	4
Item, 200 Brown Bills	[*at* 1*s.* 6*d. each*] worth...	15	0	0
Item, 100 Bows and 100 Sheafs of Arrows [*at* 5*s. the Bow and Sheaf of Arrows*] worth		25	0	0
All which sums do amount to...		**£984**	**3**	**4**

Which this Deponent knoweth the better, for that he hath good experience in armour and munition, and by that occasion, knoweth, that the like of such parcels afore declared, be commonly bought and sold for the several prices above declared.

Of all which parcels, this Deponent was spoiled by the Spaniards, in the fight before by him declared.

SCHEDULE 4. — *Two anchors and three cables, belonging to the* Minion **£200.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

IN THE fight before mentioned, the *Minion* (which was set forth, this last voyage, by the appointment of the said Sir WILLIAM GARRARD and Company); the better to shift for herself from the fired ships (being, in a manner, come upon her), did lose in the said

haven, two anchors and three cables of her tackle and furniture; for the want of which, this Deponent and his company, in their return to England in the said ship, were in great danger of their lives, and put to great extremities.

That (by reason he hath been traded in navigations and voyages; and hath used the seas) he hath good experience in cordage and anchors; and thereby knoweth the same to be worth **£130** sterling, and that such cables and anchors be commonly bought and sold in England, for the same sum.

SCHEDULE 5.—*The ship* Swallow, *with her tackle, furniture, and ordnance; and the provisions and sailors' effects on board, as sent out of England* **£850.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

THE ship articulate, called the *Swallow*, was of the Adventure of the said Sir WILLIAM GARRARD and Company, and one of the said fleet of six ships; which was a new ship of about 100 tons portage, very well conditioned, good of sail, and well furnished with ordnance. And therefore, this Deponent saith, that she was worth, at the beginning of the said fight, with her victuals and other necessaries and preparation lost in her, the said sum of **£850** sterling; according as the like ships, ordnance, and furniture be commonly sold in England: and for that money, might have been commonly sold in this realm; and especially at Seville in Spain aforesaid, agreeing to his experience and knowledge above remembered.

SCHEDULE 6.—*The ship* Angel *with her tackle, furniture, and ordnance; and the provisions and sailors' effects on board, as sent out of England* **£180.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

THE *Angel* articulate was of the said Company's Adventure, which was of about 32 tons burthen. And she was worth at the beginning of the said fight, the sum of **£180.**

SCHEDULE 7.—The ship The Grace of God, *with her tackle, furniture, and ordnance; and the provisions and sailors' effects on board* **£400.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

THE said ship, called *The Grace of God* was of the said Company's Adventure, and of this Deponent's fleet likewise; being but a new ship, and of the burthen of about 150 tons. And thereby, this Deponent judgeth that she was worth, at the beginning of the said fight, in her hull, apparel, ordnance, victuals and other necessaries, the sum of **£350** sterling; as shipping is commonly bought and sold in England, and especially at Seville in Spain.

JOHN TOMMES, *HAWKINS's servant.*

The *Grace of God* was about 150 tons burthen.

SCHEDULE 8.—Fifty-seven Negroes in the Jesus *and the other three ships aforesaid, each worth in the West Indies* 400 Pesos of Gold *at* [8*s. the Peso* =] £160 *the slave* [=*now about* £1,250] **£9,120.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

AFTER the traffic (by him deposed to before); the *Jesus*, the *Swallow*, the *Grace of God*, and the *Angel* departing from Cartagena, brought in them, from thence unto the Port of Vera Cruz, forty-five Negroes, of goodly stature, shape, and personage; and young of years, being the choice and principal of all the Negroes which were gotten and purchased [!] in the last voyage at Guinea. And moreover, there were twelve other Negroes carried then in the *Minion* to Vera Cruz.

All which forty-five Negroes were of the said Company's goods [!] and adventure; and were either slain in the fight at Vera Cruz, or then taken by the Spaniards, from the possession of this said Deponent. And the other twelve Negroes, which were in the *Minion*, might have been sold [!] at the said Port of Vera Cruz greatly to the profit of the said Sir

WILLIAM GARRARD and Company, if the said Spaniards had not used such violence; by reason whereof, this Deponent was enforced to depart from the said Port of Vera Cruz sooner than he thought to do.

At such time, as he was at Vera Cruz, being in September last as before, the said 57 Negroes, one with another, might have been sold at Vera Cruz for 400 Pesos of Gold every Negro. And for reason of his better knowledge, he saith that he hath sold, and seen others buy and sell Negroes at Rio de la Hacha and other hither* places of the West Indias, both this last summer, and in two other voyages before; and, by that experience, knoweth that such choice Negroes be commonly sold there for 150 Pesos of Gold [=£60 =*about* £500 *now*].

And saith, that, this last year, there was one choice Negro sold Rio de la Hacha for 150 Pesos of Gold; and yet (in this Deponent's judgement) that Negro was not worth so much money as many of the said 45 Negroes were. For the Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Portuguese do bring many Negroes to the said hither places of the West Indias; but none that ever this Deponent could hear of, to the haven of Vera Cruz; being about 600 leagues sailing beyond these hither places. By reason whereof, the Negroes and all other wares [!] must be dearer bought and sold there, than in the other said hither and near places.†

JOHN TOMMES.

There were ten or twelve Negroes or thereabouts in the *Minion;* whereof she brought seven into England [*see p.* 319], and the rest died by the way homewards.

SCHEDULE 9.—30 *Bales of Linen Cloth* at [3,000 Rials of Silver =] £75 [= about £600 now the Bale] **£2,250.**

* *Hither places, i.e.*, nearer to England, by the ordinary course of English navigation in the West Indies. What is meant are the ports in the Carribean Sea; which were frequented by English ships before the Bay of Mexico was known to them. *See p.* 204.

† Of course this is merely an argument here for a fictitious price: but unless WILLIAM FOWLER perjured himself (see *p.* 228) 400 Pesos of Gold for a Negro was under rather than over the mark.

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

WHEN the *Jesus* departed last from Cartagena, as aforesaid, she had left in her, 30 Fardels of Linen Cloth, belonging to the said Sir WILLIAM GARRARD and Company: whereof 25 Fardels were good *Ordmardas*, called in the West Indias, *Preselias*; and 5 Fardels were Roanes.

At the said Rio de la Hacha and the coast thereabouts, divers Fardels of like *Ordmardas* were commonly sold by this Deponent and others, this last year, for the value of 2,290 Rials of Plate of Spanish coin, every Fardel: and divers Fardels of like Roanes were commonly sold by this Deponent and others for 2,100 Rials of Plate, every Fardel. And, therefore, this Deponent vainly believeth that the said 30 Fardels of Linen Cloth would have been sold at Vera Cruz for 3,000 Rials of Plate, every Fardel.

Which said 30 Fardels were, in the said *Jesus*, brought to the said Port of Vera Cruz; and there, in her remaining, at such time as this Deponent did there forsake the *Jesus* by the sudden invasion and violence of said Spaniards done unto him and his company as before specified.

SCHEDULE 10. — 1,000 *Pintados* [at 15s. each] **£750.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

THE *Jesus* brought in her, from Cartagena, 900 *Pintados*, which were left of the whole number brought out of England, at the said Company's Adventure, to the said haven of Vera Cruz. And in this last voyage, he and others sold at Barboroatta and Santa Marta, the like Pintados for a *Peso* and a half *of Gold* [= 12s.] apiece; and so were they commonly sold there.

And of those Pintados, was this Deponent likewise spoiled by the Spaniards, at the port of Vera Cruz, as above mentioned.

SCHEDULE 11.— 400 *lbs.* ejus generis quæ vulgo dicunter *Margaritas, at* 5*s.* **£100.**

SCHEDULE 12.—300 *lbs. of Pewter* [at 2s. a lb.] [*worth*] **£30.**

SCHEDULE 13.—*A Bale of Broad Taffetas, containing* 40 *Spanish Vares* **£40.**

SCHEDULE 14.—4 *Bales* [of 11 pieces each] *of woollen cloths called* Hampshires [*i.e., Kersies*] *and* Northerns **£340.**

SCHEDULE 15.—6 *Bales of Cottons at £15 each* [*worth*] **£90.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

UPON the foresaid traffic made by this Deponent, in that last voyage, there was left of the said Company's goods, these parcels of wares following; which this Deponent brought in the *Jesus* from the port of Cartagena to Vera Cruz. 400 lbs. of Margaritas; 300 lbs. of Pewter; A case of Broad Taffetas, containing 40 Spanish Vares; 4 Packs of "Hampshires" and "Northerns;" 6 Packs of Cottons. Whereof, this Deponent was spoiled by the Spaniards in the said haven of Vera Cruz, as above declared.

And as touching the value of these wares, this Deponent saith that the like wares unto those, were sold at Barboroatta, Rio de la Hacha, and other places in the West Indies, by this Deponent and others, for the several prices underwritten.

The lb. of Pewter, for 4½ Rials of Silver [2*s.* 3*d.*].

The lb. of Margaritas, for a Peso of Gold [=8*s.*].

The Vare of Taffeta, for 3 Pesos of Gold [=24*s.*].

A [*i.e.*, a piece of Hampshires] Kersey at 18 Pesos of Gold [=£7 4*s.*] the piece [*of* 17 *English yards*]; of which 11 be contained in every pack [*i.e.*, 198 *Pesos of Gold, the pack*].

The piece of "Northerns" at 14 Pesos of Gold [=£5 17*s.*], whereof 11 be contained in every pack [*i.e.*, 154 *Pesos of Gold, the pack*].

And the Piece of Cottons, at 15 Pesos of Gold [=£6], whereof 5 make the pack [*i.e.*, 90 *Pesos of Gold, the pack*]; and every piece of Cottons containeth 61 Vares.

SCHEDULE 16.—*A chest of* 30 *gilt rapiers, with their daggers and girdles* **£120.**

SCHEDULE 17.—12 *Quintals* (100 *lbs.*) *of Wax* [at £10 each] **£120.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

THE said Sir WILLIAM GARRARD and Company had in the *Jesus*, after the traffic aforesaid, these parcels also; which this Deponent brought from Cartagena.

A chest of gilt rapiers, with their daggers and girdles, and 12 Quintals of Wax.

Whereof the Spaniards spoiled this Deponent in the fight aforesaid.

Like rapiers unto these were worth, and commonly sold in that voyage in the West Indies, for 10 and 12 Pesos of Gold [=£4 *and* £4 16*s.*] the piece.

And judgeth the common price of wax in the West Indias to be £10 sterling the hundred [lbs. or Quintal].

SCHEDULE 18.—*Seven tons of Manilios, at* £50.... **£350.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

THIS Deponent knoweth well that the Company aforesaid, had remaining in the *Jesus*, the *Swallow*, the *Grace of God*, and the *Angel*, 6 tons of Manilios, at the least, sent by them out of England; which cost, the first penny, one ton with another, £46 13*s.* 4*d.* sterling.

And of those wares also was this Deponent dispossessed, and spoiled by the Spaniards, in the fight aforesaid.

SCHEDULE 19.—*A bag of gold and silver in the* Jesus, *containing* 600 *Pesos of Gold and Silver* **£2,000.**

SCHEDULE 20.—*A chest of Silver Plate, in the* Jesus, *worth* **£200.**

SCHEDULE 21.—Coriente *silver, in the* Jesus [*worth*] **£500.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

HE LEFT such quantity of treasure and plate in the *Jesus*. Of which treasure he was spoiled by the violence of the Spaniards.

JOHN TOMMES (*HAWKINS's servant*).

Hath helped to lay up the Silver Plate, when it was used aboard at the receiving of any Spaniards, and it was as much as he could conveniently carry.

SCHEDULE 22.—In the four ships, 20 *butts* vini Cretici et Hispanici vulgo, *Malmeseys, and Secks* [Sack, the modern Sherry], [at £15 the butt] **£300.**

SCHEDULE 23.—*In the same,* 36 *barrels of meal, at* £4 **£144.**

SCHEDULE 24.—*In the same, other victuals and necessaries, to the value of* **£150.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

THERE were, in the said four ships which were lost at the time of the said fight, so much victuals as is here specified; which he esteemeth to be no less worth than is particularly specified in these articles; for this Deponent being well experienced in victualling of ships, knoweth that the same can be worth no less.

WILLIAM CLARKE, *Merchant in the Fleet.*

There could be no less quantity of wines, meat, and other victuals in the *Jesus* (where the said HAWKINS sailed himself) and the other three ships: because the ship called the *William and John* [*wherein CLARKE was*], at her departure from Cartagena, had in her dry muttons [*sheep*], peas, bacon, rice, maize, beef, stock fish, and biscuit; worth £60 sterling. And besides, she had then 3 butts of Canary wine, and 13 barrels of meal. And therefore he judgeth that the other four ships above mentioned, had their share and store of wine and

victuals proportionably; and believeth that the *Jesus* had most of all; for that she had in her, much provision for the relief of all the fleet in time of need.

And the company in the *William and Mary*, being [*evidently after their separation from* HAWKINS] in necessity of meal; he did buy meal about 140 leagues on this side of the haven of Vera Cruz, after the rate of 40 Rials of Plate [=£1] the English bushel; which is at the rate of £7 sterling for every barrel of meal.

HUMPHREY FONES, *Steward of the* Angel.

There was in the *Angel* at the time she was sunk, 1½ butts of Canary wine, 2 barrels and more of meal, 1 hogshead of pickled pork, 1 hogshead of rice, 3 hogsheads of pease, 250 stock fish, 1 butt of maize, 1 butt of biscuit, 24 dried sheep, and 1 hogshead of beer: for this Deponent, being the Steward, of the *Angel*, did make these sorts and quantities of victuals the better; and knoweth that the other ships were provided of the same kind of victuals, every one agreeing to their burden and bigness.

SCHEDULE 25.—*In the* Jesus, *the apparel and furniture of JOHN HAWKINS, Esquire* **£300.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

HIS apparel and furniture was worth much more.

For he left in the *Jesus*, through the said violence of the Spaniards, these parcels of apparel and furniture ensuing.

First,	300 lbs. weight of pewter ...	worth	£ 30
Item,	Twelve pieces of Tapestry ...	worth	100
Item,	His bedding and other things belonging unto the same...	worth	40
Item,	Apparel and linen	worth	140
Item,	Three corslets of proof	worth	30
Item,	His provision of spice, sugar, marmalade, and conserves	worth	40
Item,	Instruments of the sea, books and other things	worth	60
			£440

WILLIAM CLARKE, *Merchant in the Fleet.*

He saw Master HAWKINS wear, in this Voyage, divers suits of apparel of velvets and silks, with buttons of gold, and pearl; with other apparel and furniture: which in his judgement, might well be worth £250.

SCHEDULE 26.—*In the* Jesus, *chests and bundles of the sailors* **£900.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

HE BELIEVETH in his conscience, that the same is true. For he had in the *Jesus* 180 men; whereof part were Officers in the ships, part gentlemen of good houses; and some Surgeons, and some Merchants; whereof divers had their provision worth £40 sterling, and many lost £20. So that he believeth that the men's losses in the *Jesus* could be no less worth than is articulated.

SCHEDULE 27.—*In the* Jesus, *a bale* 20 mantellorum vulgo dicitur, *a Pack of Twenty Cloaks, each worth* £4 **£80.**

JOHN HAWKINS, Esq.

THE Company had in the *Jesus*, 20 cloaks; whereof this Deponent was spoiled by the Spaniards in the fight aforesaid.

Those cloaks were worth £3 sterling apiece; for the like were commonly sold in the West Indies by this Deponent and others for 8 Pesos of God [=£3 12*s*.].

JEAN TURREN, *Trumpeter.*

There was in the *Jesus*, a Pack of 20 Cloaks of sundry colours; which he did brush and make clean sometimes during that Voyage.

[First Narrative by a Survivor.]

The relation of DAVID INGRAM, of Barking, in the county of Essex, sailor, being now about the age of forty years, of sundry things which he with others did see in travelling by land from the most northerly part of the Bay of Mexico (where he with many others were set on shore by Master HAWKINS), through a great part of America, until they came within fifty leagues, or thereabouts, of Cape Breton: which he reported unto Sir FRANCIS WALSINGHAM Knight, Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, and to Sir GEORGE PECKHAM Knight, and divers others of good judgement and credit, in August and September, 1582.

[*Sloane MS.* 1447.
[Also printed, with variations, in *HAKLUYT's Voyages, p.* 557. *Ed.* 1589.]

This narrative was omitted by HAKLUYT, in his revised and enlarged edition of his *Voyages*, 3 vols., 1599–1600: fol.

Rev. S. PURCHAS in his *Pilgrimes*, iv. *p.* 179, *Ed.* 1625, states:

"As for DAVID INGRAM's perambulation to the north parts, Master HAKLUYT, in his first edition, published the same; but it seemeth some incredibilities of his reports caused him to leave him out in the next impression; the reward of lying being, not to be believed in truths."—See R. HAKLUYT's *Discourse concerning Western Planting, p.* 220. (Maine Historical Society, Second Series) Cambridge, Mass., 1877–78.



BOUT the beginning of October, *anno Domini* 1568, DAVID INGRAM, with the rest of his company, being a hundred persons in all, were set on land by Master JOHN HAWKINS, about six leagues to the west of the river *Cumina* or *Rio de Mynas* which standeth about 140 leagues west-and-by-north from the Cape of Florida.

He hath travelled in those countries from beyond *Terra*

Florida, extending towards the Cape Breton, about eleven months in the whole; and about seven months thereof in those countries which lie towards the north of the river of May. In which time, as the said INGRAM thinketh, he travelled, by land, 2,000 miles, at the least: and never continued in any one place above three or four days; saving at the city of Balma, where he stayed six or seven days.

There are in those parts, saith he, very many kings, commonly within 100 or 120 miles one from another; who are at continual wars together.

The first king that they came before, dwelt in a country called Giricka; who caused them to be stripped naked, and, wondering greatly at the whiteness of their skins, let them depart without further harm.

The kings in those countries are clothed with painted or coloured garments; and thereby you may know them: and they wear great precious stones, which commonly are rubies, being six inches long and two inches broad; and if the same be taken from them, either by force or sleight, they are presently deprived of their kingdoms.

When they do mean to speak with any person publicly, they are always carried by men in a sumptuous chair of silver or crystal, garnished about with sundry sorts of precious stones.

And if you will speak with the king, at your first approaching near him, you must kneel down on both your knees; and then arise again and come somewhat nearer him, within your length, then-kneel down again, as you did before. Then take of the earth or grass between both your hands, kissing the backside of each of them, and put the earth or grass on the crown of your head: and so, come and kiss the king's feet. Which circumstances being performed, you may then arise, and stand up, and talk with him.

The noblemen, and such as be in special favour with the King, do commonly wear feathers in the hair of their heads, for the most part, of a bird as big as a goose, of russet colour. And this is the best mark that this Examinate can give to know them by.

There is, in some of those countries, great abundance of pearls. For in every cottage, he found pearls; in some

houses a quart, in some a pottle [*half a gallon*], in some a peck, more or less: where he did see some as great as an acorn: and RICHARD BROWNE, one of his companions, found one of these great pearls in one of their canoes or boats, which pearl he gave to Monsieur CHAMPAIGNE, who took them aboard his ship, and brought them to Newhaven [*Hâvre*], in France.

All the people generally do wear Manylions or bracelets as big as a man's finger, upon each of their arms; and the like on the small of each of their legs: whereof commonly one is gold, and two are silver. And many of the women also do wear great plates of gold covering their bodies in manner of a pair of Currettes, and many bracelets and chains of great pearl.

The people commonly are of good favour, feature, and shape of body, of growth about five feet high, somewhat thick, with their faces and skins of colour like an olive; and towards the north, somewhat tawny, but some of them are painted with divers colours. They are very swift of foot. The hair of their head is shaven in sundry places, and the rest of their head is traced [*tattooed*].

In the north parts, they are clothed with beasts' skins, the hairy side being next to their body in winter.

They are naturally very courteous, if you do not abuse them either in their persons or goods, but use them courteously. The killing and taking of their beasts, birds, fishes, and fruits cannot offend them; except it be of their cattle, which they keep about their houses, as kine, guinea hens, and such like.

If any of them do hold up both their hands at length together, and kiss the backs of them on both sides: then you may undoubtedly trust them! for it is the greatest token of friendship that may be.

If any of them shall come unto you with a horse's tail in his hand, then you may assure yourself that he is a messenger from the king; and to him, you may safely commit your person, or go to the king or anywhere else, or by him send anything or message to the King. For these men are always either Ensign [*flag*]-bearers in the wars, or the king's messengers who will never betray you.

To allure the people to speech, if you will have any of the people to come aboard your ship, hang out some white cloth upon a staff, for it is a sign of amity.

If you will bargain for ware with them; leave the things that you will sell upon the ground, and go from it a pretty way off. Then will they come and take it, and set down such wares as they will give for it in the place: and if you think it not sufficient, leave the wares with signs that you like it not; and they will bring more until either they or you be satisfied, or will give no more. Otherwise you may hang your wares upon a long pole's end; and so put more or less on it, until they have agreed on the bargain.

When they go to the wars, they march in battle [ar]ray two and three in a rank.

Their trumpets, they do make of certain beasts' [*elephants'* in MS.] teeth. They have a kind of drum, which they make of beasts' skins. They have shields and targets of the skins of beasts, compassed with willow twigs; and being dried, they are strong and defensible.

Their weapons are darts headed with iron: the heads are two fingers broad, and half a foot long, which are fastened within a socket.

They have also short bows strung with the bark of trees, being half an inch broad, and the arrows are of bone, a yard long, nocked and headed with silver and bone. Their arrows are of small force within a stone's cast of them, and you may put them by, with a staff, a pretty way off.

They have short broad swords of black iron, of the length of a yard, or very near an ell; bearing edges thicker than backs of knives: somewhat like the foils in our fence schools.

They have crooked knives of iron, somewhat like a wood-knife or hanger; wherewith they will carve excellently both in wood and bone.

Their Ensign [*flag*] is a horse's tail, with glass or crystal in some of them; being dyed in sundry colours, as red, yellow, green, &c.

The people in those countries are professed enemies to the Cannibals or man eaters. The Cannibals do mostly inhabit between Norumbegc and Barimuthe. They have teeth like dogs' teeth; and thereby you may know them.

In the wars they do pitch their camp as near as they may unto some wood of palm trees; which yieldeth them meat, drink, and a present [*instant*] remedy against poisoned arrows.

Their buildings are weak and of small force. Their houses are made round like dove houses, and they do dwell together in towns and villages.

And some of them have banquetting houses in the top of them, made like the lover [*louvre*] of a hall, built with pillars of massy silver and crystal, framed square; whereof many of them are as big as a boy's leg of fifteen years of age, and some less.

This Examinate did also see divers towns and villages, as

Gunda, a town, a flightshot in length.

Ochala, a great town, a mile long.

Balma, a rich city, a mile and a half long.

Bega, a country, and town of that name three quarters of a mile long. There is a good store of ox hides.

Saguanathe, a town almost a mile in length.

Barimuthe, a city a mile and a quarter long. Also there is a river and town of that name, but less than the first above named.

Guinda, a small town, and a river; both of that name. And this is the most northerly part that this Examinate was at.

[There are, besides those towns aforenamed, many other great towns, which this INGRAM passed by. They are commonly distant six or eight miles one from the other: which have divers small villages within eight or ten miles from them.]

They have in every house, scoops, buckets, and divers other vessels of massy silver; wherewith they do throw out water and dust, and otherwise do employ them to their necessary uses in their houses. All which this Examinate did see common and usual in some of these countries; especially where he found the great pearls.

There are also great rivers; at the heads of which, this Examinate and his companions did find sundry pieces of gold, some as big as a man's fist; the earth being washed away with the water.

And in other places, they did see great rocks of crystal, which grew at the heads of great and many rivers; being enough in quantity to load ships.

There are also in those parts, plenty of fine furs, unknown to this Examinate; dressed after the manner of the country.

The people there do burn a kind of white turf or earth, which they dig out of the marshes, a fathom deep in the ground. It burneth very clear, and smelleth as sweet as musk: and that earth is as wholesome, sweet, and comfortable to smell unto, as any pomander. They do make their fire of this earth for the sweetness thereof, having great abundance of wood.

When they want fire, they take briars, and rub them very hard between their fists; and so, with hard and often rubbing, they kindle and make fire.

They have great plenty of iron: and there is also great plenty of mineral salt in the marish ground which looketh reddish; a thing necessary for the great fishing near the sea shore, which are here abundant, and the fish large and huge.

The ground and country is most excellent, fertile, and pleasant; and especially towards the River of May. For the grass of the rest is not so green as it is in those parts; for the other is burnt away with the heat of the sun.

All the country is good and most delicate; having great plains as large and as fair, in many places, as may be seen: being as plain as a board.

And then great and huge woods, of sundry kinds of trees, as cedars, date-trees, *lignum vitæ*, *bombassa*, plantains, and bushes, and also great abundance of those trees which carrieth a thick bark that biteth like pepper (of which kind, young Master WINTER brought home part from the Straits of Magellan), with the fruitful Palm tree, and a great plenty of other sweet trees to this Examinate unknown.

And after that, plains again; and, in other places, great closes of pasture environed with most delicate trees instead of hedges; they being, as it were, set by the hands of men.

Yet the best grass, for the most part, is in the high countries, somewhat far from the seaside and great rivers; by reason that the low grounds there be so rank, that the grass groweth faster than it can be eaten, whereby the old

grass lieth withered thick, and the new grass groweth through it; whereas in the upper parts, the grass and ground is most excellent and green; the ground not being overcharged with any old withered grass, as is afore specified.

The Palm tree aforesaid carrieth hairs on the leaves thereof, which reach to the ground: whereof the Indians do make ropes and cords for their cotton beds, and do use the same for many other purposes. The which tree, if you prick with your knife, about two feet from the root, it will yield a wine in colour like whey, but in taste strong and somewhat like Bastard; which is most excellent drink: but it will distemper both your head and your body, if you drink too much thereof; as our strong wines will do in these parts.

The branches of the top of the tree are most excellent meat, raw, after you have pared away the bark.

Also there is a red oil that cometh out of the root of this tree, which is most excellent against poisoned arrows and weapons: for by it they do recover themselves of their poisoned wounds.

There is a tree called the Plantain, with a fruit growing on it like a pudding, which is most excellent meat, raw.

They have also a red berry, like a peascod, called Guiathos, two or three inches long, which groweth on short bushes full of pricks like the sloe or thorn tree; and the fruit eateth like a green raisin, but sharper somewhat. They stamp this berry to make wine thereof; which they keep in vessels made of wood. They have also, in many places, vines which bear grapes as big as a man's thumb.

There is also a great plenty of herbs, and of all kind of flowers, as roses and gillyflowers, like ours in England: and many others which he knew not. Also they have a kind of grain [*maize*], the ear whereof is as big as the wrist of a man's arm. The grain is like a flat pease. It maketh very good bread, and white.

They do also make bread of the root called *cassava*: which they do dry, and beat it as small as they can, and temper it with water; and so bake it, in cakes, on a stone.

There is also a great plenty of buffes [*buffaloes*], bears, horses, kine, wolves, foxes, deer, goats, sheep, hares, and conies. Also other cattle like ours, and very many unlike

ours, to this Examinate unknown, the most part being wild: the hides and skins of them are good merchandise.

There is very great store of those buffes, which are beasts as big as two oxen, in length almost twenty feet, having long ears like a bloodhound, with long hairs about their ears, their horns be crooked like ram's horns, their eyes black, their hairs long, black, rough, and shagged as a goat. The hides of these beasts are sold very dear. This beast doth keep company only by couples, male and female; and doth always fight with others of the same kind, when they do meet.

There is also a great plenty of deer—red, white, and speckled. This last sort this Examinate knoweth not.

There is also a great plenty of another kind of sheep, which carry a kind of coarse wool. This sheep is very good meat; although the flesh be very red. They are exceeding fat; and of a nature loath to rise when they are lain, which is always from five o'clock at night until five o'clock in the morning, between which time you may easily kill them; but after they be on foot, they are very wild, and rest not in one place, living together in herds, in some 500, as it happeneth, more or less. And these red sheep are most[ly] about the Bay of Saint Mary, as this Examinate guesseth.

There are bears, both black and white. There are wolves. The foxes have their skins more grizzled than ours in England. There are conies, white, red, and grey, in every place in great plenty.

This Examinate did also see in those countries, a monstrous beast twice as big as a horse, and in proportion like to a horse, in mane, hoof, hair, and neighing; saving it was small towards the hinder parts like a greyhound. This beast hath two teeth or horns, of a foot long, growing straight forth by their nostrils. They are natural enemies of the horse.

He did also see in that country, both elephants and ounces. He did also see one another strange beast bigger than a bear. He had neither head nor neck. His eyes and mouth were in his breast. This beast is very ugly to behold, and cowardly of kind. It beareth a very fine skin like a rat, full of silver hairs.

There are in those countries, abundance of russet parrots, but very few green. There are also birds of all sorts, as we have; and many strange birds, to this Examinate unknown.

There is great plenty of guinea hens, which are tame birds, and proper to the inhabitants, as big as geese, very black of colour, having feathers like down. There is also a bird called a Flamingo, whose feathers are very red. It is bigger than a goose, billed like a showeler, and very good meat.

There is also another kind of fowl in that country which hunteth [*haunteth*] the rivers, near unto the islands. They are of the shape and bigness of a goose; but their wings are covered with small yellow feathers, and cannot fly. You may drive them before you like sheep. They are exceeding fat, and very delicate meat. They have white heads, and therefore the countrymen call them Penguins, which seemeth to be a Welsh name [!]. And they have also in use divers other Welsh words [!]. A matter worth the noting.

There is also a very strange bird, thrice as big as an eagle, very beautiful to behold. His feathers are more orient [*brilliant*] than a peacock's feathers; his eyes are glistering as a hawk's eyes, but as great as a man's eyes: his head and thigh as big as a man's head and thigh. It hath a crest and tuft of feathers of sundry colours, on the top of the head, like a lapwing, hanging backwards. His beak and talons are in proportion like eagles, but very huge and large.

Touching tempests and other strange monstrous things in those parts, this Examinate saith, that he hath seen it lightning and thunder, in summer season, by the space of four and twenty hours together. The cause whereof, he judgeth to be the heat of the climate.

He further saith, that there is a cloud, some time of the year, seen in the air, which commonly turneth to great tempests. And that, some times of the year, there are great winds in manner of whirlwinds.

Touching their religion, he saith, that they honour for their god, a devil [? *medicine man*], which they call *Collochio*: which speaketh unto them, sometimes in the likeness of a black dog, and sometimes in the likeness of a black calf.

And some do honour the sun, the moon, and the stars.

He saith, that the people in those countries are allowed many wives: some five, some ten, and a king sometimes a hundred. And that adultery is very severely punished in the following manner.

The woman taken in adultery must, with her own hands, cut the throat of the adulterer; and the next of his kindred doth likewise cut the throat of the adulteress.

Being asked, in what manner, they take their executions? he saith, "That they are brought to execution by certain magistrates; who deliver unto the woman, the knife wherewith she cutteth the throat of the adulterer. Then appeareth their *Collochio*, or devil, in the likeness aforesaid, and speaketh unto them: and to that devil, the parties brought to execution do great reverence, and with many prayers to it, they do take their death."

He saith that, "Such persons as are put to death in such sort, have not any of their friends buried with them. But such as die naturally, have always buried with them, quick [*alive*], one of their dearest friends to keep them company, and to provide necessaries and victuals for them: who do willingly consent thereto, being thereto persuaded by their *Collochio*, or devil, whom they do worship."

He saith further, that "He and his two fellows (namely, RICHARD BROWNE and RICHARD TWIDE) went unto a poor man's house, and there they did see the said *Collochio*, or devil, with very great eyes like a black calf. Upon which sight, BROWNE said 'There is the devil!' and thereupon he blessed himself, *In the name of the Father! and of the Son! and of the Holy GHOST!* and TWIDE said very vehemently, 'I defy thee, and all thy works!' and presently the *Collochio* shrank away in a stealing manner, forth of the doors, and was seen no more unto them."

Also they passed over many great rivers in those countries in canoes or boats; some four, some six, some eight, some ten miles over: whereof one was so large that they could scarce cross the same in four and twenty hours.

Also he saith that "in the same country, the people have instruments of music made of a piece of a cane, almost a foot long, being open at both ends: which, sitting down, they smite upon their thighs and one of their hands, making a pleasant kind of sound."

And they do use another kind of instrument like a taber [? *banjo*], covered with a white skin somewhat like parchment.

This Examinate can very well describe their gestures, dancing, and songs.

After long travail, the aforesaid DAVID INGRAM with his two companions BROWNE and TWIDE, came to the head of a river called [Garinda,] which is 60 leagues west from Cape Breton; where they understood by the people of that country, of the arrival of a Christian. Whereupon, they made their repair to the seaside; and there found a French Captain, named Monsieur CHAMPAIGNE: who took them unto his ship, and brought them unto Newhaven [*Hâvre*] in France; and from thence, they were transported unto England, *Anno Domini* 1569.

This Monsieur CHAMPAIGNE, with divers of his company, was brought unto the village of Baryniathe, about twenty miles up into the country, by the said Examinate and his two companions: by whose means, he had a trade with the people, of divers sorts of fine furs; and of great red leaves of trees almost a yard long and about a foot broad, which he thinketh are good for dyeing.

Also the said Monsieur CHAMPAIGNE had there, for exchange of trifling wares, a good quantity of rude and unwrought silver.

He further saith that, "divers of the said Frenchmen, which were in the said ship, called the *Gargarine*, are yet living in [Honfleur], upon the coast of France, as he thinketh: for he did speak with some of them within these three years" [*i.e.*, *since* 1579].

About a fortnight after their coming from Newhaven into England [in 1569], this said Examinate and his two companions came to Master JOHN HAWKINS; who had set them on shore upon the Bay of Mexico: and unto each of them, he gave a reward.

RICHARD BROWNE, his companion, was slain, about five years past [1577], in the *Elizabeth* of Master COCKENS, of London. And RICHARD TWIDE, his other companion died at Ratcliffe, in JOHN SHERWOOD's house there, about three years past [1579].

Guando is a word of salutation, as among us "Good morrow!" "Good even!" "GOD save you!" and the like.

Garicona. A King.
Garaccona. A Lord.
Tona. Bread.
Kerucca. The Sun.

Also the said Examinate travelling towards the North, found the Main sea [*Gulf of St. Lawrence*] upon the north side of America; and travelled in sight thereof the space of two whole days: where the people signified unto him, that they had seen ships on the coast, and did draw upon the ground the shape and figure of ships and of their sails and flags.

Which thing specially proveth [!] the passage of the North-west; and is agreeable to the experience of VASQUEZ DE CORONADO, who found a ship of China or Cataia upon the North-west of America.

Also the said Examinate saith that "there is an island called Corrasau [*Curaçao*]; and there are in it, 5,000 or 6,000 Indians, at the least: and all those are governed by only one Negro, who is but a slave to a Spaniard.

And, moreover [*in other places*], the Spaniards will send but one of their slaves with 100 or 200 of the Indians, when they go to gather gold in the rivers descending from the mountains. And when they shall be absent by the space of 20 or 30 days' [journey] at the least; every one of the Indians will nevertheless obey all the slave's commandments, with as great reverence as if he were their natural King; although there be never a Christian near them, by the space of 100 or 200 miles: which argueth the great obedience of those people, and how easily they may be governed when they be once conquered.

In considering the exaggerations which led HAKLUYT to reject INGRAM's narrative as a tissue of falsehoods; we must think of the enormous stretch of country over which he travelled, from Tampico to Cape Breton, and of the diversities of climate, tribes, customs, animals, birds, &c., which he has here jumbled up in a general way.

It is also to be noted that this examination was taken some twelve years after he had returned home; in the year before that in which MILES PHILLIPS got back home, see *p.* 306. Had it been taken earlier, his memory might have been somewhat fresher.

SECOND NARRATIVE, BY ANOTHER SURVIVOR.

[HAKLUYT. *Voyages*. 1589.]

A Discourse written by one MILES PHILLIPS, Englishman, one of the company put ashore in the West Indies by Master JOHN HAWKINS in the year 1568. Containing many special things of that country and of the Spanish Government [there]: but specially of their cruelties used to our Englishmen; and among the rest, to himself, for the space of fifteen or sixteen years together, until, by good and happy means, he was delivered from their bloody hands, and returned to his own country, *anno* 1582[3].

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Wherein is shewn the day and time of our departure from the coast of England; with the number and names of the ships, their Captains and Masters: and of our traffic and dealing upon the coast of Africa.

UPON Monday, being the 2nd of October 1567, the weather being reasonably fair our General [*Admiral*], Master JOHN HAWKINS, having commanded all his Captains and Masters to be in a readiness to make sail with him; he himself being embarked in the *Jesus* (whereof was appointed for Master, ROBERT BARRET), hoisted sail, and

departed from Plymouth, upon his intended voyage for the parts of Africa and America; being accompanied with five other sail of ships, as, namely,

The *Minion*, wherein went for Captain, Master JOHN HAMPTON; and JOHN GARRET, Master.

The *William and John*, wherein was Captain, THOMAS BOLTON; and JAMES RAUNCE, Master.

The *Judith*, in whom was [subsequently] Captain, Master FRANCIS DRAKE, now Knight: and

The *Angel*, whose Master, as also the Captain and Master of the *Swallow*, I now remember not.

And so sailing in company together, upon our voyage until the 6th of the same month, an extreme storm then took us near unto Cape Finisterre; which [en]dured for the space of four days, and so separated our ships that we had lost one another: and the General, finding the *Jesus* to be in an ill case, was in mind to give over the voyage, and to return home. Howbeit the 11th of the same month, the seas waxing calm, and the wind coming fair; he altered his purpose, and held on the former intended voyage.

And so coming to the island of Gomera, being one of the Islands of the Canaries, where, according to an order before appointed, we met with all our ships which were before dispersed; we then took in fresh water, and departed from thence the 4th of November; and holding on our course, upon the 18th of the same month, we came to an anchor upon the coast of Africa, at Cape de Verde, in twelve fathom[s of] water.

Here our General landed certain of our men, to the number of 160 or thereabouts; seeking to take some Negroes. And they going up into the country, for the space of six miles, were encountered with a great number of Negroes; who with their envenomed arrows did hurt a great number of our men, so that they were enforced to retire to the ships: in which conflict, they recovered but a few Negroes. Of these our men, which were hurt with their envenomed arrows, there died to the number of seven or eight, in a very strange manner, with their mouths shut; so that we were forced to put sticks and other things into their mouths, to keep them open.

So afterwards passing the time upon the coast of Guinea until the 12th of January [1568], we obtained by that time, the number of 150 Negroes.

And being ready to depart from the sea coast, there was a Negro sent as an ambassador to our General, from a king [*chief*] of the Negroes (which was oppressed with other kings, his bordering neighbours) desiring our General to grant him succour and aid against those his enemies; which our General granted unto, and went himself in person aland, with the number of 200 of our men or thereabouts: and the said King, which had requested our aid, did join his force with ours, so that thereby our General assaulted and set fire upon a town of the said king his enemy, in which there was, at the least, the number of 8,000 or 10,000 Negroes. They perceiving that they were not able to make any resistance, sought by flight to save themselves; in which their flight, there were taken prisoners to the number of 800 or 900, which our General ought to have had for his share: howbeit the Negro king which requested our aid, falsifying his word and promise, secretly, in the night, conveyed himself away, with as many prisoners as he had in his custody.

But our General, notwithstanding, finding himself to have now very near the number of 500 Negroes, thought it best, without longer abode, to depart with them and such merchandise as he had, from the coast of Africa towards the West Indies: and therefore commanded, with all diligence, to take in fresh water and fuel; and so with speed to prepare to depart.

Howbeit before we departed from thence,* in a storm that we had, we lost one of our ships, namely, the *William and John*: of which ship and her people, we heard no tidings during the time of our voyage.

* This is wrong. The *William and John* was separated from the rest of the English fleet in the storm in the Gulf of Mexico, on the 15th August, 1568; and reached the coast of Ireland in February, 1569, see *pp.* 230, 231.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Wherein is shewed the day and time of our departure from the coast of Africa, with the day and time of our arrival in the West Indies. Also of our trade and traffic there. And also of the great cruelty that the Spaniards used towards us, by the Viceroy his direction and appointment; falsifying his faith and promise given, and seeking to have entrapped us.



LL things being made in a readiness, at our General his appointment, upon the 3rd day of February, 1568, we departed from the coast of Africa; having the weather somewhat tempestuous, which made our passage the more hard.

So sailing for the space of forty-five days, upon the 27th of March, 1568, we came in sight of an island called Dominica, upon the coast of America, in the West Indies, situated in 14° [N.] Lat. and 222° of Longitude.

From thence, our General coasted from place to place, ever making traffic with the Spaniards and Indians, as he might: which was somewhat hardly obtained; for that the King [of Spain] had straightly charged all his Governors in those parts not to trade with any.

Yet, notwithstanding, during the months of April and May, our General had reasonable trade and traffic, and courteous entertainment in sundry places, as at Margarita, Curaçao, and elsewhere, till we came to Cape de la Vela, and Rio de la Hacha a place from whence all the pearls do come. The Governor there, would not, by any means, permit us to have any trade or traffic, nor yet suffer us to take in fresh water. By means whereof, our General, for the avoiding of famine and thirst, about the beginning of June, was enforced to land 200 of our men; and so, by main force and strength, to obtain that which, by no fair means, he could procure: and so recovering [*capturing*] the town, with the loss of two of our men, there was a secret and peaceable trade admitted, and the Spaniards came in by night, and bought of our Negroes, to the number of 200 and upwards, and of our other merchandise also.

From thence, we departed for Cartagena, where the

Governor was so straight, that we could not obtain any traffic there; and so, for that our trade was near[ly] finished, our General thought it best to depart from thence, the rather for the avoiding of certain dangerous storms called the *Huricanos* [hurricanes], which are accustomed to begin there about that time of the year.

So, the 24th of July, 1568, we departed from hence, directing our course North; leaving the island of Cuba upon our right hand, to the eastward of us.

And so sailing towards Florida, upon the 12th of August, an extreme tempest arose, which [en]dured for the space of eight days; in which our ships were most dangerously tossed and beaten hither and thither, so that we were in continual fear to be drowned, by reason of the shallowness of the coast; and in the end, we were constrained to flee for succour to the port of San Juan de Ulua, or Vera Cruz, situated in 19° N. Lat. and 279° Long., which is the port that serveth for the city of Mexico.

In our seeking to recover this port, our General met, by the way, three small ships, that carried passengers; which he took with him: and so, the 16th of September, 1568, we entered the said port of San Juan de Ulua.

The Spaniards there, supposing us to have been the King of Spain's Fleet, the Chief Officers of the country thereabouts came presently [*at once*] aboard our General; where perceiving themselves to have made an unwise adventure, they were in great fear to have been taken and stayed: howbeit our General did use them all very courteously. In the said port, there were twelve ships, which, by report, had in them in treasure, to the value of £200,000 [=*nearly two millions sterling now*]; all which being in our General his power, and at his devotion, he did freely set at liberty; as also the passengers which he had before stayed, not taking from any of them all, the value of one groat. Only he stayed two men of credit and account; the one named Don LORENZO DE ALVA, and the other Don PEDRO DE REVERA.

And presently our General sent to the Viceroy, to Mexico (which was threescore leagues off) certifying him of our arrival there, by force of weather; desiring that "Forasmuch as our Queen his Sovereign, was the King of Spain his loving Sister and Friend; that therefore he would, considering our

necessities and wants, furnish us with victuals for our Navy; and quietly to suffer us to repair and amend our ships. And furthermore, that at the arrival of the Spanish Fleet, which was there daily expected and looked for, to the end that there might no quarrel arise between them and our General and his company, for the breach of amity; he humbly requested of his Excellency that there might, in this behalf, some special order be taken." This message was sent away the 16th of September, 1568; it being the very day of our arrival there.

The next morning, being the 17th of the same month, we descried thirteen Sail of great ships; and after that our General understood that it was the King of Spain's Fleet, then looked for; he presently sent to advertise the General thereof, of our being in the said port, and giving him further to understand that "Before he should enter there into that harbour, it was requisite that there should pass between the two Generals, some orders and conditions to be observed on either part, for the better contriving of peace between them, and theirs," according to our General's request made unto the Viceroy.

And, at that instant, our General was in a great perplexity of mind, considering with himself that if he should keep out that Fleet from entering into the port (a thing which he was very well able to do, with the help of GOD), then should that Fleet be in danger of present shipwreck and loss of all their substance which amounted to the value of 1,800,000 crowns [=£540,000=*about four millions and a half pounds sterling now*]. Again he saw, that if he suffered them to enter, he was assured that they would practise, by all manner of means, to betray him and his: and, on the other side, the haven was so little, that the other Fleet entering, the ships were to ride one hard aboard of another.

Also he saw that if their Fleet should perish by his keeping of them out (as of necessity they must, if he should have done so); then stood he in great fear of the Queen our Sovereign's displeasure, in so weighty a cause. Therefore did he choose the least evil; which was, to suffer them to enter under assurance: and so, to stand upon his guard, and to

defend himself and his, from their treasons, which we were well assured, they would practise.

So the messenger being returned from Don MARTIN DE HENRIQUEZ, the new Viceroy (who came in the same Fleet, and had sufficient authority to command in all cases, both by sea and land, in this Province of Mexico or New Spain) did certify our General that "For the better maintenance of amity between the King of Spain and our Sovereign; all our requests should be both favourably granted, and faithfully performed:" signifying further that "He heard and understood of the honest and friendly dealing of our General towards the King of Spain's subjects in all places where he had been, as also in the said port."

So that, to be brief, our requests were articled, and set down in writing.

The first was that *we might have victuals for our money, and license to sell as much wares as might suffice to furnish our wants.*

The second, that *we might be suffered peaceably to repair our ships.*

The third, that *the Island might be in our possession during the time of our abode there.*

In which Island, our General, for the better safety of him and his, had already planted and placed certain ordnance; which were eleven pieces of brass. Therefore he required that *the same might so continue; and that no Spaniard should come to land in the said Island, having or wearing any kind of weapon about him.*

The fourth, and last, that *for the better and more sure performance and maintenance of peace, and of all the conditions; there might ten gentlemen of credit be delivered of either part, as hostages.*

These conditions were concluded and agreed upon in writing by the Viceroy, signed with his hand, and sealed with his seal: and ten hostages, upon either part, were received.

And further it was concluded that *the two Generals should meet; and give faith, each to the other, for the performance of the promises.*

All which being done, the same was proclaimed by the

sound of a trumpet; and commandment was given that none, of either part, should violate or break the peace upon pain of death.

Thus, at the end of three days, all was concluded; and the Fleet entered the port [*the 20th*]; the ships saluting one another, as the manner of the sea doth require.

The morrow after, being Tuesday [*the 21st*], we laboured on all sides, in placing the English ships by themselves, and the Spanish ships by themselves: the Captains and inferior persons, of either part, offering and shewing great courtesy one to another; and promising great amity on all sides. Howbeit, as the sequel shewed, the Spaniards meant nothing less upon their parts. For the Viceroy and Governor thereabouts, had secretly assembled at land, to the number of 1,000 chosen and well appointed men: meaning the next Thursday, being the 23rd of September, at dinner time [10 *a.m.*], to assault us, and set upon us, at all sides.

But before I go any further, I think it not amiss, briefly to describe the manner of the Island, as it then was; and the force and strength that it is now of. For the Spaniards, since the time of our General's being there, for the better fortifying of the same place, have built a fair Castle and Bulwark very well fortified, upon the same Island.

This port was then, at our being there, a little island of stones, not past three feet above water in the highest place; and not past a bow shot over, any way, at the most; and it standeth from the mainland, two bow shots or more. And there is not in all this coast, any other place for ships safely to arrive at. Also the north winds in this coast are of great violence and force; and unless the ships be safely moored in, with their anchors fastened in this Island; there is no remedy but present destruction and shipwreck.

All this our General wisely foreseeing, did provide that he should have the said Island in his custody; or else the Spaniards might, at their pleasure, have cut our cables; and so, with the first north wind that blew, we had had our passport, for our ships had gone ashore.

But to return to the matter.

The time approaching that their treason must be put in

practice, the same Thursday morning, some appearance thereof began to shew itself; as shifting of weapons from ship to ship, and planting and bending their ordnance against our men that warded upon the land, with great repair of people: which apparent shews of breach of the Viceroy's faith, caused our General to send one to the Viceroy, to inquire of him, "What was meant thereby?" who presently sent and gave order that the ordnance aforesaid, and other things of suspicion should be removed: returning answer to our General, "On the faith of a Viceroy! that he would be our defence and safety from all villainous treachery." This was upon Thursday, in the morning.

Our General not being therewith satisfied, seeing they had secretly conveyed a great number of men aboard a great Hulk or ship of theirs, of 900 tons; which ship rode hard by the *Minion*: he sent again to the Viceroy, ROBERT BARRET, the Master of the *Jesus*, a man that could speak the Spanish tongue very well; and required that "those men might be unshipped again, which were in that great Hulk."

The Viceroy (then perceiving that their treason was thoroughly espied, stayed our Master) sounded the trumpet, and gave order that his people should, upon all sides, charge upon our men which warded the shore, and elsewhere: which struck such a maze and sudden fear among us, that many gave place, and sought to recover our ships for the safety of themselves.

The Spaniards, which secretly were hid in ambush at land, were quickly conveyed over to the Island, in their long boats; and so coming to the Island, they slew all our men they could meet with, without any mercy.

The *Minion*, which had somewhat before prepared herself to avoid the danger, hauled away, and abode the first brunt of the 300 men that were in the great Hulk. Then they sought to board the *Jesus*, where was a cruel fight, and many of our men slain: but yet our men defended themselves, and kept them out.

So the *Jesus* also got loose, and joining with the *Minion*, the fight waxed hot on all sides: but they having won and got our ordnance on shore, did greatly annoy us. In this fight, there were two great ships of the Spaniards sunk, and one burnt. So that with their ships, they were not able to harm

us; but from the shore, they beat us cruelly with our own ordnance, in such sort, that the *Jesus* was very sore spoiled.

Suddenly, the Spaniards having fired two great ships of their own; they came directly against us, which bred in our men a marvellous fear.

Howbeit, the *Minion*, which had made her sails ready, shifted for herself (without the consent of the General, Captain, or Master); so that very hardly our General could be received into the *Minion*. The most of our men that were in the *Jesus* shifted for themselves, and followed the *Minion* in the boat; and those which that small boat was not able to receive, were most cruelly slain by the Spaniards.

Of our ships, none escaped saving the *Minion* and the *Judith*; and all such of our men as were not in them were enforced to abide the tyrannous cruelty of the Spaniards.

For it is a certain truth, that when they had taken certain of our men ashore; they took them and hung them up by the arms upon high posts, until the blood burst out at their fingers' ends. Of which men so used, there is one COPSTOWE, and certain others, yet alive: who, through the merciful providence of the Almighty, have long since [*i.e.*, *before* 1583] arrived here at home in England; carrying still about with them (and shall, to their graves), the marks and tokens of those their inhuman, and more than barbarous, cruel dealing.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Wherein is shewed how that, after we were escaped from the Spaniards, we were like to perish with famine at the sea; and how, our General, for the avoiding thereof, was constrained to put half of his men on land. And what miseries we, after that, sustained among the savage people; and how we fell again into the hands of the Spaniards.

AFTER that, the Viceroy, Don MARTIN DE HENRIQUEZ, had thus, contrary to his faith and promise, most cruelly dealt with our General, Master HAWKINS, at San Juan de Ulua, where most of his men were, by the Spaniards, slain and drowned; and all his ships sunk and

burnt, saving the *Minion* and the *Judith* (which was a small bark of 50 tons, wherein was then Captain, Master FRANCIS DRAKE aforesaid): the same night, the said bark lost us.

We were in great necessity, and enforced to remove with the *Minion* two bow shots from the Spanish Fleet; where we anchored all that night.

And the next morning [*24th September*], we weighed anchor, and recovered an island, a mile from the Spaniards, where a storm took us with a North wind; in which, we were greatly distressed, having but two cables and two anchors left. For in the conflict before, we had lost three cables and two anchors.

The morrow after [*25th September*], the storm being ceased, and the weather fair; we weighed and set sail: being many [*i.e., between* 200 *and* 300] men in number, and but small store of victuals to suffice us for any long time: by means whereof we were in despair and fear, that we should perish through famine, so that some were in mind to yield themselves to the mercy of the Spaniards, others to the savages or infidels.

And wandering thus certain days in these unknown seas, hunger constrained us to eat hides, cats and dogs, mice, rats, parrots, and monkeys: to be short, our hunger was so great, that we thought it savoury and sweet, whatever we could get to eat.

And on [Friday] the 8th of October, we came to land again in the bottom [*or rather on the West side*] of the Bay of Mexico; where we hoped to have found some inhabitants, that we might have had some relief of victuals, and a place where to repair our ship, which was so greatly bruised that we were scarce able, with our weary arms, to keep forth the water.

Being thus oppressed with famine on the one side, and danger of drowning on the other; not knowing where to find relief, we began to be in wonderful despair, and we were of many minds. Amongst whom there were a great many that did desire our General to set them on land; making their choice rather to submit themselves to the mercy of the savages or infidels than longer to hazard themselves at sea: where they very well saw that, if they should all remain together, if they perished not by drowning, yet hunger would enforce them, in the end, to eat one another. To which re-

quest, our General did very willingly agree, considering with himself that it was necessary for him to lessen his number; both for the safety of himself and the rest.

And thereupon being resolved to set half his people on shore, that he had then left alive; it was a world to see how suddenly men's minds were altered! for they which, a little before, desired to be set on land, were now of another mind, and requested rather to stay.

By means whereof, our General was enforced, for the more contentation of all men's minds, and to take away all occasions of offence, to take this order.

> First, he made choice of such persons of service and account as were needful to stay: and that being done, of those who were willing to go, he appointed such as he thought might best be spared.

And presently appointed that, by the boat, they should set on shore: our General promising us, that, the next year, he would either come himself, or else send to fetch us home.

Here again, it would have caused any stony heart to have relented, to have heard the pitiful moan that many did make; and how loath they were to depart. The weather was then somewhat stormy and tempestuous, and therefore we were to pass with great danger [*i.e., to the shore*]; yet notwithstanding there was no remedy but we that were appointed to go away, must of necessity do so.

Howbeit, those that went in the first boat were safely set ashore; but of them which went in the second boat, of which number I myself was one, the seas wrought so high that we could not attain to the shore: and therefore we were constrained through the cruel dealing of JOHN HAMPTON, Captain of the *Minion*, JOHN SANDERS, Boatswain of the *Jesus*, and THOMAS Pollard, his [*i.e., the Boatswain's*] Mate, to leap out of the boat into the main sea, having more than a mile to the shore; and so to shift for ourselves, and either to sink or swim. And of those that were so, as it were, thrown out, and compelled to leap into the sea; there were two drowned, which were of Captain BLAND'S [*a Frenchman of Rochelle, see p.* 310] men.

In the evening of the same day, it being Friday, the 8th of

October, 1568, when we were all come ashore, we found fresh water; whereof some of our men drank so much that they had almost cast themselves away, for we could scarce get life in them for the space of two or three hours after. Some others were so cruelly swollen, what with the drinking in of the salt water, and what with the eating of the fruit, which is called *Capule* [? *chestnut*], having a stone in it much like an almond, which we found on land, they were all in very ill case. So that we were, in a manner, all of us, both feeble, faint, and weak.

The next morning, it being Saturday, the 9th of October, we thought it best to travel along by the sea coast, to seek out some place of habitation; whether they were Christians or savages, we were indifferent, so that we might have wherewithal to sustain our hungry bodies.

So departing from a hill, where we had rested all night, not having any dry thread about us: for those that were not wet, being thrown into the sea, were thoroughly wet with rain; for it rained cruelly all the night.

As we went from the hill, and were come into the plain, we were greatly troubled to pass, for the grass and woods [*shrubs*] that grew there higher than any man. On the left hand, we had the sea; and upon the right hand, great woods: so that, of necessity, we must needs pass, on our way westward, through those marshes.

Going thus, suddenly, we were assaulted by the Indians, a warlike kind of people; which are, in a manner as cannibals, although they do not feed upon men's flesh as cannibals do. These people are called Chichemics; and they use to wear their hair long, even down to their knees. They do also colour their faces green, yellow, red, and blue; which maketh them to seem very ugly and terrible to behold.

These people do keep wars against the Spaniards; of whom they have been oftentimes very cruelly handled: for with the Spaniards there is no mercy.

They perceiving us, at our first coming on land, supposed us to have been their enemies, the bordering Spaniards; and having by their forerunners [*scouts*] described what number we were, and how feeble and weak, without armour or weapon, they suddenly (according to their accustomed manner when they encounter with any people in warlike sort) raised a

terrible and huge cry; and so came running fiercely upon us, shooting off their arrows as thick as hail.

Unto whose mercy, we were constrained to yield, not having amongst us any kind of armour: nor yet weapon, saving one caliver and two old rusty swords, whereby to make any resistance or to save ourselves. Which when they perceived that we sought not any other than favour and mercy at their hands, and that we are not their enemies, the Spaniards: they had compassion on us, and came and caused us all to sit down. And when they had a while surveyed and taken a perfect view of us, they came to all such as had any coloured clothes amongst us, and those they did strip stark naked, and took their clothes away with them; but they that were apparelled in black, they did not meddle withal. And so went their ways, and left us, without doing us any further hurt: only in the first brunt, they killed eight of our men.

At their departure, they perceiving in what weak case we were, pointed us with their hands, which way we should go to come to a town of the Spaniards (which, as we afterwards perceived, was not past ten leagues from thence), using these words, *Tampeco! tampeco Christiano! tampeco Christiano!* which is as much, we think, as to say in English, "Go that way, and you shall find the Christians!" [*or rather the name of the town of Tampico, at the mouth of the Panuco*]. The weapons that they use, are no others but bows and arrows; and their aim is so good that they very seldom miss to hit anything that they shoot at.

Shortly after they had left us stript, as aforesaid, we thought it best to divide ourselves into two companies. So being separated, half of us went under the leading of ANTHONY GODDARD (who is a man alive, and dwelleth at this instant [? 1583] in the town of Plymouth), whom before, we chose to be Captain over us all: and those which went under his leading (of which number, I, MILES PHILLIPS, was one), travelled westward, that way which the Indians with their hands had before pointed us to go.

The other half went, under the leading of one JOHN HOOPER, whom they did choose for their Captain (and with the company that went with him, DAVID INGRAM [*p.* 249] was one), and they took their way, and travelled northward. And shortly

after, within the space of two days, they were again encountered with the savage people: and their Captain, HOOPER, and two more of their company were slain.

Then, again, they divided themselves. Some held on their way still northward: and some others, knowing that we were gone westward, sought to meet with us again; as, in truth, there was about the number of 25 or 26 of them that met with us, in the space of four days again.

Then we began to reckon among ourselves, how many we were that were set on shore: and we found the number to be 114: whereof two were drowned in the sea, and eight slain at the first encounter; so that there remained 104, of which 25 went westward with us, and 52 to the north with HOOPER and INGRAM. And as INGRAM since hath often told me, there were not past three of their company slain; and there were but 26 of them that came again to us. So that of the company that went northward, there is yet lacking, and not certainly heard of, to the number of 23 men: and verily I do think that there are some of them yet alive, and married in the said country, at Sibola; as hereafter I purpose, GOD willing! to discourse of more particularly, with the reason and causes that make me so to think of them, that were [thus] lacking; which were DAVID INGRAM, TWIDE, BROWNE [*p.* 259], and sundry others whose names we could not remember.

Being thus met again together, we travelled on still westward, sometimes through such thick woods that we were enforced to break away, with cudgels, the brambles and bushes from tearing our naked bodies. Some other times, we should travel through the plains in such high grass that we could scarce see one another. And as we passed, in some places, we should have of our men slain, and fall down suddenly; being stricken by the Indians, which stood behind trees and bushes, in secret places, and so killed our men as they went by: for we went scatteringly in seeking of fruits to relieve ourselves.

We were also, oftentimes, greatly annoyed with a kind of fly, which in the Indian tongue is called, *Tequani*, and the Spaniards call them *Musketas* [mosquitos].

There are also in the said country, a number of other flies, but none so noisome as these *tequanies* be. You shall hardly

see them, they be so small; for they are scarce so big as a gnat. They will suck one's blood marvellously, and if you kill them, while they are sucking, they are so venomous that the place will swell extremely even as one that is stung with a wasp or bee: but if you let them suck their fill and to go away of themselves, they do you no other hurt, but leave behind them a red spot somewhat bigger than a flea-biting. At first, we were terribly troubled with these kind of flies, not knowing their qualities: and resistance we could make none against them, being naked. As for cold, we feared not any: the country there is always so warm.

And as we travelled thus, for the space of ten or twelve days, our Captain did oftentimes cause certain to go to the tops of high trees to see if they could descry any town or place of inhabitants; but they could not perceive any.

Using often the same order, to climb up into high trees, at the length, they descried a great river that fell from the north-west into the main sea; and presently after, we heard a harquebuss shot off, which did greatly encourage us, for thereby we knew that we were near to some Christians, and did therefore hope shortly to find some succour and comfort.

Within the space of one hour after, as we travelled, we heard a cock crow: which was no small joy to us.

So we came to the north side of the river of Panuco; where the Spaniards have certain *Salinas* [salt pans]: at which place it was that the harquebuss was shot off, which we heard before. To which place, we went not directly; but missing thereof, we left it about a bow shot upon our left hand.

Of this river, we drank very greedily; for we had not met with any water, in six days before.

As we were here by the river, resting ourselves, and longing to come to the place where the cock did crow, and where the harquebuss was shot off; we perceived many Spaniards upon the other side of the river, riding up and down on horseback: and they perceiving us, did suppose that we had been of the Indians their bordering enemies, the Chichemics. The river was not past half a bow shot over.

Presently, one of the Spaniards took an Indian boat called a canoe; and so came over, being rowed by two Indians. Having taken the view of us, he did presently row over back

again to the Spaniards: who, without any delay, made out about the number of twenty horsemen; and embarking themselves in the canoes, they led their horses by the reins, swimming over after them. Being come over, to that side of the river where we were, they saddled their horses; and being mounted upon them, with their lances charged, they came very fiercely, running at us.

Our Captain, ANTHONY GODDARD, seeing them come in that order, did persuade us to submit and yield ourselves unto them; for being naked as we were at this time, without weapon, we could not make any resistance: whose bidding we obeyed.

Upon the yielding of ourselves, they perceived us to be Christians; and did call for more canoes, and carried us over by four and four in a boat. Being come on the other side, they understanding by our Captain how long we had been without meat [*food*], imparted [*divided*] between two and two, a loaf of bread made of that country wheat which the Spaniards call Maize, of the bigness of one of our halfpenny loaves; which bread is named in the Indian tongue, *Clashacally*.

This bread was very sweet and pleasant unto us, for we had not eaten anything in a long time before: and what is it that hunger doth not make to have a savoury and a delicate taste?

Having thus imparted the bread amongst us, those which were men, they sent afore to the town; having also many Indians, inhabitants of that place, to guard them. They which were young, as boys; and some such also as were feeble, they took up upon their horses behind them. And so carried us to the town, where they dwelt; which was very near a mile distant from the place where we came over.

This town [*Tampico*] is well situated, and well replenished with all kinds of fruits, as oranges, lemons, pomegranates, apricots, and peaches, and sundry others: and is inhabited with a number of tame Indians or Mexicans; and had in it, also, at that time, about the number of 200 Spaniards (men, women, and children), besides Negroes.

Of the *Salinas*, which lie upon the west side of the river, more than a mile distant from thence, they make a great profit. For salt is an excellent good merchandise there. The Indians do buy much thereof, and carry it up into the country

and there sell it to their own people, doubling the price. Also much of the salt made in this place is transported from thence, by sea, to sundry other places, as Cuba, San Juan de Ulua, and the other ports of Tamiago and Tamachos, which are two barred havens [*i.e., with sand bars*] west-and-by-south, above threescore leagues, from San Juan de Ulua.

When we were all come to the town, the Governor there, shewed himself very severe unto us, and threatened to hang us all. Then he demanded, "What money we had?" which, in truth, was very little: for the Indians, which we first withal, had, in a manner, taken all from us; and of that which was left, the Spaniards, which brought us over, took away a good part also. Howbeit, the Governor here had from ANTHONY GODDARD a chain of gold, which was given unto him at Cartagena, by the Governor there; and from others, he had some small store of money. So that we accounted that among us all, he had the number of 500 pesos [*i.e., pesos of silver, at* 6*s.* 8d. *each*=£135 *or about* £1,000 *now*], besides the chain of gold.

Having thus satisfied himself, when he had taken all that we had; he caused us to be put into a little house, much like a hogsty, where we were almost smothered [*suffocated*].

Before we were thus shut up in that little cot, they gave us some of the country wheat, called Maize, sodden: which they feed their hogs withal. But many of our men, which had been hurt by the Indians at our first coming on land, whose wounds were very sore and grievous, desired to have the help of their Surgeons to cure their wounds. The Governor, and most of them, all answered that "We should have none other surgeon but the hangman; which should sufficiently heal us of all our griefs."

Thus reviling us, and calling us, "English dogs!" and "Lutheran heretics!" we remained the space of three days in this miserable state, not knowing what should become of us; waiting every hour to be bereaved of our lives.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Wherein is shewed how we were used in Panuco [Tampico], *and in what fear of death we were there. And how we were carried to Mexico, to the Viceroy; and of our imprisonment there, and at Tescuco, with the courtesies and cruelties we received during that time. And how, in the end, we were, by Proclamation, given as slaves to sundry Spanish gentlemen.*



UPON the fourth day, after our coming thither, and there remaining in a perplexity; looking every hour when we should suffer death: there came a great number of Indians and Spaniards, weaponed, to fetch us out of the house. And amongst them, we espied one that brought a great many of new halters: at the sight whereof, we were greatly amazed, and made no other account but that we should presently have suffered death; and so, crying and calling on GOD for mercy and forgiveness of our sins, we prepared ourselves, making us ready to die.

Yet in the end, as the sequel shewed, their meaning was not so. For when we were come out of the house, with those halters, they bound our arms behind us; and so coupling us two and two together, they commanded us to march on through the town, and so alongst the country, from place to place, towards the city of Mexico; which is distant from Panuco [*Tampico*], west-and-by-south, the space of threescore leagues: having only but two Spaniards to conduct us; they being accompanied with a great number of Indians, warding, on each side, with bows and arrows, lest we should escape from them.

Travelling in this order, upon the second day, at night, we came unto a town, which the Indians call Nohele; and the Spaniards call it Santa Maria. In which town there is a House of White Friars; which did very courteously use us, and gave us hot meat, as mutton and broth; and garments also to cover ourselves withal, made of white bayes [*baize*]. We fed very greedily of the meat, and of the Indian fruit called *Nochole*, which fruit is long and small, much like in fashion to a little cucumber. Our greedy feeding caused us to fall sick of hot burning agues.

And here at this place, one THOMAS BAKER, one of our

men, died of a hurt; for had been before shot in the throat with an arrow, at the first encounter.

The next morrow, about ten of the clock, we departed from thence, bound two and two together, and guarded as before. And so travelled on our way towards Mexico, till we came to a town within forty leagues of Mexico, named Mesticlan; where is a House of Black Friars; and in this town there are about the number of 300 Spaniards, men, women, and children. The Friars sent us meat from the House ready dressed; and the Friars, and men and women, used us very courteously, and gave us some shirts and other such things as we lacked. Here our men were very sick of their agues; and with the eating of another fruit, called in the Indian tongue, *Guiaccos*.

The next morning, we departed from thence, with our two Spaniards, and Indian guard; as aforesaid.

Of these two Spaniards, the one was an aged man, who, all the way, did very courteously intreat us; and would carefully go before to provide for us, both meat and things necessary, to the uttermost of his power. The other was a young man, who, all the way, travelled with us, and never departed from us; who was a very cruel caitiff. He carried a javelin in his hand; and sometimes when our men, with very feebleness and faintness, were not able to go as fast as he required them; he would take his javelin in both his hands, and strike them with the same, between the neck and the shoulders so violently that he would strike them down: then would he cry, and say, *Marches! marches Ingleses perros! Lutheranos; enemicos de DIOS!* which is as much as to say in English, "March! march on, you English dogs! Lutherans! enemies to GOD!"

And the next day, we came to a town called Pachuca. There are two places of that name, as this Town of Pachuca; and the Mines of Pachuca, which are mines of silver, and are about six leagues distant from this town of Pachuca, towards the north-west.

Here, at this town, the good old man, our governor, suffered us to stay two days and two nights, having compassion of our sick and weak men: full sore against the mind of the young man, his companion.

From thence, we took our journey, and travelled four or

five days, by little villages, and *Stantias* which are farms or dairy houses of the Spaniards; and ever, as we had need, the good old man would still provide us sufficiently of meats, fruits, and water to sustain us.

At the end of which five days, we came to a town within five leagues of Mexico, which is called Quoglilican; where we also stayed one whole day and two nights; where was a fair House of Grey Friars; howbeit, we saw none of them.

Here we were told by the Spaniards in the town, that we were not past fifteen English miles from thence to Mexico; whereof we were all very joyful and glad: hoping that when we came thither, we should either be relieved and set free out of bonds, or else be quickly despatched out of our lives. For seeing ourselves thus carried bound from place to place, although some used us courteously, yet could we never joy nor be merry till we might perceive ourselves set free from that bondage, either by death or otherwise.

The next morning, we departed from thence, on our journey towards Mexico; and so travelled till we came within two leagues of it. Where there was built by the Spaniards a very fair church, called Our Lady's Church; in which, there is an image of Our Lady, of silver and gilt, being as high and as large as a tall woman [*Vol.* IV. *p.* 23:?]; in which church, and before this image, there are as many lamps of silver, as there be days in the year; which, upon high days, are all lighted.

Whensoever any Spaniards pass by this church, although they be on horseback, they will alight, and come into the church, and kneel before this image, and pray to our Lady to defend them from all evil; so that, whether he be horseman or footman, he will not pass by, but first go into the church, and pray as aforesaid; which if they do not, they think and believe that they shall never prosper. Which image, they call in the Spanish tongue, *Nostra Señora de Guadaloupe.*

At this place, there are certain cold baths, which arise, springing up as though the water did seethe. The water whereof is somewhat brackish in taste, but very good for any that have any sore or wound, to wash themselves therewith. For, as they say, it healeth many. And every year, upon our Lady's Day [25*th March*], the people use to repair thither to offer, and to pray in the church before the image: and they say that Our Lady of Guadaloupe doth work a number of miracles.

About this church, there is not any town inhabited by Spaniards; but certain Indians do dwell there, in houses of their own country building.

Here, we were met with a great number of Spaniards on horseback, which came from Mexico to see us, both gentlemen and men of occupations; and they came as people to see a wonder. We were still called upon to march on; and so, about four of the clock in the afternoon of the said day, we entered into the city of Mexico, by the way or street called *La Calla de Santa Catharina*: and we stayed not in any place till we came to the House or Palace of the Viceroy, Don MARTIN DE HENRIQUEZ, which standeth in the midst of the city, hard by the Market Place, called *La Plaza dell Marquess.*

We had not stayed any long time at the place, but there was brought us by the Spaniards from the Market Place, great store of meat sufficient to have satisfied five times so many as we were. Some also gave us hats, and some gave us money. In which place, we stayed for the space of two hours.

From thence, we were conveyed by water in large canoes to an Hospital, where certain of our men were lodged, which were taken before, at the fight at San Juan de Ulua. We should have gone to Our Lady's Hospital; but there were there also so many of our men taken before, at that fight, that there was no room for us.

After our coming thither, many of the company that came with me from Panuco died, within the space of fourteen days. Soon after which time, we were taken forth from that place, and put together in Our Lady's Hospital; in which place, we were courteously used, and oftentimes visited by virtuous gentlemen and gentlewomen of the city: who brought us divers things to comfort us withal, as succets [*sweetmeats*], marmalades, and such other things; and would also many times give us many things, and that very liberally.

In which Hospital, we remained for the space of six months [*i.e., till the summer of* 1569], until we were all whole and sound of body.

Then we were appointed by the Viceroy, to be carried

into the town of Tescuco, which is distant from Mexico, south-west, eight leagues. In which town, there are certain Houses of Correction and Punishment, for ill people called *Obraches*; like to Bridewell here in London. Into which place, divers Indians were sold for slaves; some for ten years and some for twelve.

It was no small grief unto us, when we understood that we should be carried thither; and to be used as slaves. We had rather be put to death.

Howbeit, there was no remedy; but we were carried to the Prison of Tescuco: where we were not put to any labour; but were very straitly kept, and almost famished. Yet, by the good providence of our merciful GOD, we happened to meet there, with one ROBERT SWEETING, who was the son of an English man born of a Spanish woman [*p.* 287; *and Vol.* IV. *p.* 14]. This man could speak very good English; and by his means we were helped very much with victuals from the Indians, as muttons [*sheep*], hens, and bread. And if we had not been so relieved, we had surely perished. And yet all the provision that we had got that way was but slender. And continuing thus straitly kept in prison there, for the space of two months; at the length, we agreed amongst ourselves to break forth of prison, come of it what would. For we were minded rather to suffer death, than to live longer in that miserable state.

And so having escaped out of prison, we knew not what way to fly for the safety of ourselves. The night was dark, and it rained terribly: and not having any guide, we went we knew not whither.

In the morning, at the appearing of the day, we perceived ourselves to be come hard to the city of Mexico; which is 24 English miles from Tescuco.

The day being come, we were espied by the Spaniards, and pursued, and taken: and brought before the Viceroy and the Head Justices, who threatened to hang us, for breaking the King's prison.

Yet, in the end, they sent us into a garden belonging to the Viceroy; and coming thither, we found there our English gentlemen, which were delivered as hostages when our

General was betrayed at San Juan de Ulua, as is aforesaid. And with them also, we found ROBERT BARRET, the Master of the *Jesus*.

In which place, we remained, labouring and doing such things as we were commanded, for the space of four months; having but two sheep a day allowed to suffice us all, being very nearly a hundred men; and for bread, we had every man, two loaves a day, of the quantity of one halfpenny loaf.

At the end of which four months [*i.e., about January* 1570], they having removed our Gentlemen hostages and the Master of the *Jesus* to a prison in the Viceroy's own house [*p.* 324]; he did cause it to be proclaimed, that what gentleman Spaniard soever was willing, or would have any Englishman to serve him, and be bound to keep him forthcoming, to appear before the Justices within one month after notice given; that he should repair to the said garden, and there take his choice: which Proclamation was no sooner made, but the gentlemen came and repaired to the garden amain: so that happy was he, that could soonest get one of us.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Wherein is shewed in what good sort, and how wealthily we lived with our Masters, until the coming of the Inquisition: when again our sorrows began afresh. Of our imprisonment in the Holy House; and of the severe judgement and sentences given against us, and with what rigour and cruelty the same were executed.

THE Gentlemen that took us for their servants or slaves, did new apparel us throughout; with whom we abode, doing such service as they appointed us unto, which was, for the most part, to attend upon them at the table, and to be as their chamberlains [*serving men or valets*], and to wait upon them, when they went abroad, which they greatly accounted of. For in that country, no Spaniard will serve another; but they are, all of them,

attended and served by Indians, weekly; and by Negroes, which be their slaves, during their life.

In this sort, we remained, and served in the said city of Mexico and thereabouts, for the space of a year and somewhat longer [? *till Spring of* 1571].

Afterwards, many of us were appointed by our masters, to go to sundry of their mines, where they had to do; and to be as Overseers of the Negroes and Indians that laboured there.

In which mines, many of us did profit and gain greatly. For first we were allowed 300 pesos a man for a year; which is £60 sterling [=*about* £500 *now*]. And besides that, the Indians and Negroes which wrought under our charge, upon our well using and intreating of them, would, at times (as upon Saturdays when they had left work) labour for us; and blow as much silver as should be worth unto us 3 marks or thereabouts (every mark being worth 6½ pesos of their money; which 19½ pesos is worth £4 10s. of our money).

Sundry weeks, we did gain so much by this means, besides our wages, that many of us became very rich, and were worth 3,000 or 4,000 pesos [=£600 *or* £800=*about* £5,000 *or* £7,000 *now*]. For we lived and gained thus much in those mines, in some three or four years.

As concerning those gentlemen which were delivered as hostages, and that were kept in prison in the Viceroy's house; after that we [*about January*, 1570] were gone from out of the garden to serve gentlemen as aforesaid; they remained prisoners in the said house, for the space of four months after their coming thither.

At the end whereof [*in the Summer of* 1570], the Fleet being ready to depart from San Juan de Ulua, to go for Spain; the said Gentlemen * were sent away into Spain, with the Fleet [*p.* 324]. Where, as I have heard it credibly reported, many of them died with the cruel handling of the Spaniards in the Inquisition House; as those which have been delivered home after they had suffered the persecution of that House, can more perfectly declare.

ROBERT BARRET,* the Master of the *Jesus*, was also sent

* Note the murderous injustice of this. Neither the hostages, nor BARRET had fought a stroke at San Juan de Ulua.

away, with the Fleet into Spain [*p.* 324] ; where, afterwards, he suffered persecution in the Inquisition ; and at the last, was condemned to be burnt, and with him three or four more of our men. Of whom, one was named GREGORY, and another JOHN BROWNE, whom I knew ; for they were of our General's Musicians : but the names of the rest that suffered with them, I know not.

Now after that six years were fully expired since our first coming into the Indies, in which time, we had been imprisoned and served in the said country, as is before truly declared : in the year of our Lord 1574 [? 1573-4], the Inquisition began to be established in the Indies ; very much against the minds of many of the Spaniards themselves. For never until this time, since their first conquering and planting in the Indies, were they subject to that bloody and cruel Inquisition.

The Chief Inquisitor was named Don PEDRO MOYA DE CONTRERES, and JUAN DE BOUILLA, his companion ; and JUAN SANCHIS, the Fiscal ; and PEDRO DE LA RIOS, the Secretary.

They being come and settled, and placed in a very fair house near unto the White Friars (considering with themselves that they must make an entrance and beginning of that their most detestable Inquisition here in Mexico, to the terror of the whole country) thought it best to call us that were Englishmen first in question : and so much the rather, for that they had perfect knowledge and intelligence that many of us were become very rich, as hath been already declared ; and therefore we were a very good booty and prey to the Inquisitors. So that now again began our sorrows afresh.

For we were sent for, and sought out in all places of the country ; and Proclamation made, upon pain of losing of goods and excommunication, that no man should hide or keep secret any Englishman or any part of his goods.

By means whereof, we were all soon apprehended in all places, and all our goods seized and taken for the Inquisitors' use. And so, from all parts of the country, we were conveyed and sent as prisoners to the city of Mexico ; and there committed to prison, in sundry dark dungeons, where we could not see but by candle light ; and were never past two together in one place : so that we saw not one another, neither could one of us tell what was become of another.

Thus we remained close imprisoned for the space of a year and a half, and others for some less time: for they came to prison ever as they were apprehended.

During which time of our imprisonment, at the first beginning, we were often called before the Inquisitors alone; and there severely examined of our faith; and commanded to say the *Pater noster*, the *Ave MARIA*, and the *Creed* in Latin: which, GOD knoweth! a great number of us could not say otherwise than in the English tongue. And having the said ROBERT SWEETING, who was our friend at Tescuco always present with them for an interpreter, he made report for us, that in our own country speech, we could say them perfectly, although not word for word as they were in the Latin.

Then did they proceed to demand of us, upon our oaths, "What we did believe of the Sacrament?" and "Whether there did remain any bread or wine, after the words of consecration, Yea or No?" and whether we did not believe that the Host of bread which the priest did hold up over his head, and the wine that was in the chalice, was the very true and perfect body and blood of our Saviour CHRIST, Yea or No?"

To which, if we answered not "Yea!" then there was no way but death.

Then they would demand of us, "What did we remember of ourselves, what opinions we had held or been taught to hold contrary to the same, whiles we were in England?"

So we, for the safety of our lives, were constrained to say that, "We never did believe, nor had been taught otherwise than as before we had said."

Then would they charge us that "We did not tell them the truth. That they knew to the contrary, and therefore we should call ourselves to remembrance, and make them a better answer at the next time, or else we should be racked, and made to confess the truth whether we would or not!"

And so coming again before them, the next time, we were still demanded of "our belief whiles we were in England, and how we had been taught;" and also what we thought, or did know of such of our own company as they did name unto us. So that we could never be free from such demands.

And, at other times, they would promise us that if we would tell them truth, then should we have favour and be set at liberty; although we very well knew their fair speeches

were but means to intrap us, to the hazard and loss of our lives.

Howbeit, GOD so mercifully wrought for us, by a secret means that we had, that we kept us still to our first answer; and would still say that "we had told the truth unto them; and knew no more by ourselves, nor any other of our fellows than as we had declared; and that for our sins and offences in England, against GOD, and Our Lady, and any of His blessed Saints; we were right heartily sorry for the same, and did cry GOD, mercy!" And besought the Inquisitors, "For GOD's sake, considering that we came unto those countries by force of weather, and against our wills; and that we had never, in all our lives, either spoken or done anything contrary to their laws; that therefore they would have mercy upon us!" Yet all this would not serve.

About the space of three months before [*i.e., in January,* 1575] they proceeded to their severe judgement, we were all racked [*i.e., tortured on the rack*]; and some enforced to utter against themselves, which afterwards cost them their lives.

And having thus got, from our own mouths, sufficient for them to proceed in judgement against us; they caused a large scaffold to be made in the midst of the Market Place in Mexico, right over against the Head Church: and fourteen or fifteen days before the day of their judgement, with the sound of trumpet and the noise of their *attabalies* (which are a kind of drums) they did assemble the people in all parts of the city; before whom it was then solemnly proclaimed that "whosoever would, upon such a day, repair to the Market Place, they should hear the sentence of the Holy Inquisition against the English heretics, Lutherans; and also see the same put in execution."

Which being done, and the time approaching of this cruel judgement; the night before, they came to the prison where we were, with certain Officers of that Holy Hellish House, bringing with them certain fools' coats, which they had prepared for us, being called in their language, *San Benitos*, which coats were made of yellow cotton, and red crosses upon them both before and behind.

They were so busied in putting on their coats about us, and in bringing us out into a large yard, and placing and [ap]pointing us in what order we should go to the scaffold or

place of judgement upon the morrow, that they did not once suffer us to sleep all that night long.

The next morning being come, there was given to every one of us, for our breakfast, a cup of wine and a slice of bread fried in honey; and so about eight of the clock in the morning, we set forth of the prison: every man alone, in his yellow coat, and a rope about his neck, and a great green wax candle in his hand unlighted; having a Spaniard appointed, to go upon either side of every one of us.

So marching in this order and manner towards the Scaffold in the Market Place, which was a bow shot distant or thereabouts, we found a great assembly of people all the way, and such a throng that certain of the Inquisitors' Officers, on horseback, were constrained to make way.

So coming to the Scaffold, we went up by a pair of stairs, and found seats ready made, and prepared for us to sit down on, every man in the order as he should be called to receive his judgement.

We being thus set down as we were appointed: presently the Inquisitors came up another pair of stairs; and the Viceroy and all the Chief Justices with them.

When they were set down under the Cloth of Estate, and placed according to their degrees and calling; then came up also a great number of Friars, White, Black, and Grey. They, being about the number of 300 persons, were set in the places appointed for them there.

There was there a solemn *Oyez*! made; and silence commanded.

And then presently began their severe and cruel judgement.

The first man that was called, was one ROGER, the Chief Armourer of the *Jesus*: and he had judgement to have 300 stripes on horseback; and, after, was condemned to the galleys, as a slave, for ten years.

After him, were called JOHN GRAY, JOHN BROWNE, JOHN RIDER, JOHN MOON, JAMES COLLIER, and one THOMAS BROWNE. These were adjudged to have 200 stripes on horseback; and, after, to be committed to the galleys for the space of eight years.

Then was called JOHN KEIES, and was adjudged to

have 100 stripes on horseback; and condemned to serve in the galleys for the space of six years.

Then were severally called, to the number of fifty-three; one after another: and every man had his several judgement. Some to have 200 stripes on horseback, and some 100; and condemned for slaves in the galleys, some for six years, some for eight, and some for ten.

And then was I, MILES PHILLIPS, called; and was adjudged to serve in a Monastery for five years [*or rather the three years* 1575–1578, *see p.* 294] without any stripes; and to wear a fool's coat, or *San Benito*, during all that time.

Then were called JOHN STORY, RICHARD WILLIAMS, DAVID ALEXANDER, ROBERT COOKE, PAUL HORSEWELL, and THOMAS HULL. These six were condemned to serve in Monasteries without stripes; some for three years, and some for four; and to wear the *San Benito* during all the said time.

Which being done, and it now drawing towards night, GEORGE RIVELIE, PETER MOMFRIE, and CORNELIUS the Irishman were called: and had their judgement to be burnt to ashes. And so were presently [*immediately*] sent away to the place of execution in the Market Place, but a little from the Scaffold: where they were quickly burnt and consumed.

And as for us that had received our judgement, being 68 in number [*With the three burnt, the total number of the English sufferers was therefore* 71]; we were carried back that night to prison again.

And the next day, in the morning, being Good Friday [1st April], the year of our Lord 1575, we were all brought into a court of the Inquisitors' Palace; where we found a horse in a readiness for every one of our men which were condemned to have stripes, and to be committed to the galleys, which were in number 61.

So they being enforced to mount up on horseback, naked from the middle upwards, were carried to be shewed as a spectacle for all the people to behold throughout the chief and principal streets of the city; and had the number of stripes appointed to every one of them, most cruelly laid upon their naked bodies with long whips, by sundry men appointed to be the executioners thereof. And before our men

there went a couple of Criers, which cried as they went, "Behold these English dogs! Lutherans! enemies to GOD!" And all the way as they went, there were some of the Inquisitors themselves, and of the Familiars of that rakehell Order, that cried to the executioners, "Strike! Lay on those English heretics! Lutherans! GOD's enemies!"

So this horrible spectacle being shewed round about the city; and they returned to the Inquisitor's House, with their backs all gore blood, and swollen with great bumps: they were then taken from their horses; and carried [*taken*] again to prison, where they remained until they were sent into Spain to the galleys, there to receive the rest of their martyrdom.

I, and the six others with me, which had judgement, and were condemned amongst the rest, to serve an apprenticeship in the Monasteries, were taken presently, and sent to certain Religious Houses appointed for the purpose.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Wherein is shewed how we were used in the Religious Houses; and that when the time was expired that we were adjudged to serve in them, there came news to Mexico of Master FRANCIS DRAKE'S *being in the South Sea; and what preparation was made to take him. And how I, seeking to escape, was again taken, and put in prison at Vera Cruz; and how again I made my escape from thence.*

I, MILES PHILLIPS, and WILLIAM LOWE were appointed to the Black Friars; where I was appointed to be an overseer of Indian workmen, who wrought there in building of a new church. Amongst which Indians, I learned their language or Mexican tongue very perfectly; and had great familiarity with many of them; whom I found to be a courteous and loving kind of people, ingenious and of great understanding; and they hate and abhor the Spaniards with all their hearts. They have used such horrible cruelties against them, and do still keep them

in such subjection and servitude that they, and the Negroes also, do daily lie in wait to practice their deliverance out of that thraldom and bondage that the Spaniards do keep them in. WILLIAM LOWE was appointed to serve the cook in the kitchen; RICHARD WILLIAMS and DAVID ALEXANDER were appointed to the Grey Friars; JOHN STORY and ROBERT COOKE to the White Friars. PAUL HORSEWELL, the Secretary [PEDRO DE LA RIOS] took to be his servant. THOMAS HULL was sent to a Monastery of priests; where, afterwards, he died.

Thus we served out the years that we were condemned for, with the use of our fools' coats. And we must needs confess that the Friars did use us very courteously; for every one of us had his chamber with bedding and diet, and all things clean and neat. Yea, many of the Spaniards and Friars themselves do utterly abhor and mislike that cruel Inquisition; and would, as they durst, bewail our miseries, and comfort us the best they could: although they stood in such fear of that devilish Inquisition, that they durst not let the left hand know what the right doeth.

Now after that the time was expired, for which we were condemned to serve in those Religious Houses; we were then brought again [*in* 1578, *in* PHILLIP'S *case, see pp.* 294, 298] before the Chief Inquisitor; and had all our fools' coats pulled off, and hanged up in the Head Church, called *Ecclesia Majore*; and every man's name and judgement written thereupon, with this addition, *An heretic Lutheran reconciled.* And there are also all their coats hanged up which were condemned to the galleys, with their names and judgements, and under each coat, *Heretic Lutheran reconciled.* And also, the coats and names of the three that were burned; whereupon was written, *An obstinate heretic Lutheran burnt.*

Then we were suffered to go up and down the country and to place ourselves as we could; and yet not so free but that we very well knew that there was good espial always attending us and all our actions: so that we durst not once to speak or look awry.

DAVID ALEXANDER and ROBERT COOKE returned to serve the Inquisitor [Don PEDRO MOYA DE CONTRERES]; who, shortly after, married them both to two of his Negro women. RICHARD WILLIAMS married a rich widow of Biscay, with

4,000 pesos [=£800 = *about* £5,000 *now*]. PAUL HORSEWELL is married to a *Mestizoa*; as they name those whose fathers were Spaniards, and their mothers Indians; and this woman which PAUL HORSWELL hath married is said to be the daughter of one that came in with HERNANDO CORTES the Conqueror. Who had with her, in marriage, 4,000 pesos [=£800=£5,000 *now*] and a fair house. JOHN STORY is married to a Negro woman. WILLIAM LOWE had leave and license to go into Spain; where he is now [? 1583] married.

For mine own part, I could never thoroughly settle myself to marry in that country; although many fair offers were made unto me, of such as were of great ability and wealth: but I could have no liking to live in that place where I must everywhere see and know such horrible idolatry committed, and durst not once, for my life, speak against it; and therefore I had always a longing and desire to this my native country. To return and serve again in the mines, where I might have gathered great riches and wealth; I very well saw that [thereby], at one time or another, I should fall again into the danger of that devilish Inquisition; and so be stripped of all, with loss of life also. And therefore I made my choice rather to learn to weave grogranes [*grograms*] and taffetas.

So, compounding with a Silk Weaver, I bound myself for three years to serve him; and gave him 150 pesos [=£30 = *about* £250 *now*] to teach me the science; otherwise he would not have taught me under a seven years' apprenticeship. And, by this means, I lived the more quiet and free from suspicion.

Howbeit, I should, many times, be charged by Familiars of that devilish House that "I had a meaning to run away into England, and to be a heretic Lutheran again!"

To whom, I would answer that "They had no need to suspect any such thing in me; for that they all knew very well, that it was impossible for me to escape by any manner of means."

Yet, notwithstanding, I was called before the Inquisitor, and demanded, "Why I did not marry?"

I answered, "That I had bound myself at an occupation."

"Well," said the Inquisitor, "I know thou meanest to run away; and therefore I charge thee, here, upon pain of burning as a relapsed heretic, that thou depart not out of this city!

nor come near to the port of San Juan de Ulua, nor to any other port."

To the which, I answered "That I would willingly obey."

"Yea," said he, "see thou do so! And thy fellows also, they shall have the like charge."

So I remained at my science [*trade*] the full time [*i.e., three years*, 1578–1581], and learned the art.*

At the end [*or rather, in the midst of his apprenticeship*, see *p.* 296] whereof, there came news to Mexico, that there were certain Englishmen landed, with a great power, at the port of Acapulco upon the South Sea; and that they were coming to Mexico, to take the spoil thereof: which wrought a marvellous great fear amongst them; and many of those that were rich, began to shift for themselves, their wives and children.

Upon which hurly burly, the Viceroy caused a general Muster to be made of all the Spaniards in Mexico, and there were found to the number of 7,000 and odd householders of Spaniards in the city and suburbs; and of single men, unmarried, the number of 3,000; and of *Mestizos* (which are counted to be the sons of Spaniards born of Indian women) 20,000.

Then were PAUL HORSEWELL and I, MILES PHILLIPS, sent for before the Viceroy; and were examined "If we did know an Englishman named FRANCIS DRAKE, which was brother to Captain HAWKINS?"

To which we answered, that "Captain HAWKINS had not any brother but one; who was a man of the age of threescore years or thereabouts, and was now Governor of Plymouth in England" [*p.* 205].

And then he demanded of us, "If we knew one FRANCIS DRAKE?"

* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE was at Acapulco in March, 1579: by which time, PHILLIPS's sentence had expired, and he is apprenticed to the Silk Weaver; therefore his sentence must have been for the three (not five years) 1575–1578. Then he served an apprenticeship of three years (1578–1581); and, apparently, afterwards, continued as a workman with his Master till he made his escape home in the Spanish Fleet of the autumn of 1582; finally reaching England in February, 1583, which was in the *sixteenth* year of his absence, or as he roughly reckons it, at *p.* 306, *after sixteen years' absence.*

And we answered, "No!" [*Of course they knew him well; but denied it.*]

While these things were in doing, there came news that all the Englishmen were gone. Yet were there 800 men made out, under the leading of several Captains. Whereof 200 were sent to the port of San Juan de Ulua upon the North Sea, under the conduct of Don LOUIS SUAREZ; 200 were sent to Guatemala in the South Sea, who had for their Captain, JUAN CORTES; 200 more were sent to Guatulco, a port of the South Sea, over whom went for Captain, Don PEDRO DE ROBLIS; and 200 more were sent to Acapulco, the port where it was said Captain DRAKE had been, and they had for Captain, Doctor ROBLIS ALCADE DE CORTE; with whom I, MILES PHILLIPS, went as Interpreter, having license given by the Inquisitors.

When we were come to Acapulco [*in May*, 1579], we found that Captain DRAKE was departed from thence, more than a month before we came thither [*i.e., in March*, 1579].

But yet our Captain ALCADE DE CORTE, there presently embarked himself, in a small ship of 60 tons or thereabouts, having also in company with him, two other small barks; and not past 200 men in all. With whom, I went as Interpreter in his own ship; which, GOD knoweth! was but weak and ill appointed; so that, for certain, if we had met with Captain DRAKE, he might easily have taken us all.

We being embarked, kept our course, and ran southward towards Panama, keeping still as nigh the shore as we could, and having the land upon our left hand. Having coasted thus, for the space of eighteen or twenty days; and having reached more to the south than Guatemala; we met, at last, with other ships which came from Panama. Of whom we were certainly informed that Captain DRAKE was clean gone off the coast, more than a month before.

So we returned back to Acapulco again, and there landed: our Captain being forced thereunto: because his men were very sore sea sick.

All the while that I was at sea with them, I was a glad man. For I hoped that if we met with Master DRAKE, we should all be taken: so that then I should have been freed out of that danger and misery wherein I lived; and should return to my own country of England again. But missing

thereof, when I saw there was no remedy, but that we must needs come on land again. Little doth any man know the sorrow and grief that inwardly I felt; although outwardly, I was constrained to make fair weather of it.

And so, being landed, the next morrow after, we began our journey towards Mexico; and passed these towns of name in our way. As first, the town of Tuantepec, 50 leagues from Mexico; from thence, to Washaca, 40 leagues from Mexico; from thence, to Tepiaca, 24 leagues from Mexico; and from thence, to La Puebla de los Angelos, where is a high hill [*volcano*] which casteth out fire three times a day, which hill is 18 leagues in a manner directly west from Mexico. From thence, we went to Stapelapa, 8 leagues from Mexico; and there, our Captain and most of his men took boat, and came to Mexico again [*about July*, 1579]: having been forth, about the space of seven weeks or thereabouts.

Our Captain made report to the Viceroy, what he had done, and how far he had travelled; and that he was informed for certain, that Captain DRAKE was not to be heard of.

To which, the Viceroy replied and said, "Surely, we shall have him shortly come into our hands, driven aland through necessity, in some one place or other. For he being now in these Seas of the South, it is not possible for him to get out of them again. So that if he perish not at sea; yet hunger will force him to land!"

And then again I was commanded by the Viceroy, that I should not depart the city of Mexico; but always be at my Master's house [*It is clear from this, that PHILLIPS was still serving his time with the Silk Weaver*] in a readiness at an hour's warning, whensoever I should be called for.

That notwithstanding, within one month after [? *nearly three years, i.e., in* 1582], certain Spaniards going to Mecameca, 18 leagues from Mexico, to send away certain hides and cochineal that they had there, at their *Stantias* or Dairy Houses; and my Master having leave of the Secretary [*i.e., to the Inquisition, PEDRO DE LA RIOS*] for me to go with them, I took my journey with them, being very well horsed and appointed. Coming to Mecameca, and passing the time there certain days, till we had perfect intelligence that the Fleet was ready to depart; I, not being past three days'

journey from the port of San Juan de Ulua, thought it to be the meetest time for me to make an escape. And I was the bolder, presuming upon my Spanish tongue, which I spake as naturally as any of them all, thinking with myself that when I came to San Juan de Ulua, I would get to be entertained as a soldier, and so go home into Spain by the same Fleet.

Therefore, secretly, one evening late, the moon shining fair, I conveyed myself away: and riding so, for the space of two nights and two days, sometimes in [the road] and sometimes out, resting very little all that time, upon the second day at night, I came to the town of Vera Cruz, distant from the port of San Juan de Ulua, where the ships rode but only five leagues: here purposing to rest myself a day or two.

I was no sooner alighted, but, within the space of half an hour after, I was by ill hap arrested, and brought before the Justices there; being taken and suspected to be a gentleman's son of Mexico, that was run away from his father: who, in truth, was the man they sought for.

So I being arrested and brought before the Justices, there was a great hurly burly about the matter; every man charging me, that I was the son of such a man, dwelling in Mexico: which I flatly denied, affirming that I knew not the man; yet they would not believe me, but urged still upon me, that I was he that they sought for, and so I was conveyed away to prison.

And as I was thus going to prison, to the further increase of my grief, it chanced that, at that very instant, there was a poor man in the press, that was come to town to sell hens; who told the Justices that "They did me wrong; and that, in truth, he knew me very well, that I was an Englishman, and no Spaniard."

They then demanded of him, "How he knew that?" and threatened him that said so, for that he was my companion, and sought to convey me away from my father: so that he, also, was threatened to be laid in prison with me.

He, for the discharge of himself, stood stiffly in it that "I was an Englishman; and one of Captain HAWKINS's men; and that he had known me wear the *San Benito* in the

Black Friars at Mexico, for three or four whole years together."

Which when they heard, they forsook him; and began to examine me anew, "Whether that speech of his were true? Yea or no!"

Which when they perceived, that I could not deny; and perceiving that I was run from Mexico, and came thither of purpose to convey myself away with the Fleet; I was presently committed to prison, with a sorrowful heart, often wishing myself that that man which knew me, had at that time, been further off: howbeit he, in sincerity, had compassion of my distressed state; thinking by his speech and knowing of me, to have set me free from that present danger which he saw me in. Howbeit, contrary to his expectation, I was thereby brought into my extreme danger, and to the hazard of my life; yet there was no remedy but patience, perforce.

And I was no sooner brought into prison, but I had a great pair of bolts clapped on my legs; and thus I remained in that prison, for the space of three weeks: where were also many other prisoners, which were thither committed for sundry crimes, and condemned to the galleys.

During which time of imprisonment there, I found, amongst those my prison fellows, some that had known me before, in Mexico; and truly they had compassion of me, and would spare of their victuals and anything else that they had, to do me good.

Amongst whom, there was one of them, that told me, that he understood by a secret friend of his, which often came to the prison to him, that I should shortly be sent back again to Mexico by waggon; so soon as the Fleet was gone from San Juan de Ulua for Spain.

This poor man, my prison fellow, of himself and without any request made by me, caused his said friend, which often came to him to the grate of the prison, to bring him wine and victuals, to buy for him two knives, which had files in their backs, which files were so well made that they would serve and suffice any prisoner to file off his irons; and of those knives or files, he brought me one, and told me that he had caused it to be made for me, and let me have it at the very price it cost him which was 2 pesos, the value of 8s. of

our money [=*about £3 now*]. Which knife, when I had it, I was a joyful man; and conveyed the same into the foot of my boot, upon the inside of my left leg.

So, within three or four days after I had thus received my knife, I was suddenly called for, and brought before the head Justice, which caused those my irons with the round bolt to be striken off, and sent to a smith's in the town; where was a new pair of bolts made ready for me, of another fashion, which had a broad iron bar coming between the shackles: and caused my hands to be made fast with a pair of manacles.

And so was I presently laid in a waggon, all alone, which was there ready to depart towards Mexico; with sundry other waggons, to the number of sixty, all laden with sundry merchandise which came in the Fleet out of Spain.

The waggon that I was in, was foremost of all the company; and as we travelled, I, being alone in the waggon, began to try if I could pluck my hands out of the manacles: and, as GOD would! although it were somewhat painful for me, yet my hands were so slender that I could pull them out, and put them in again; and ever, as we went, when the waggons made most noise, and the men busiest, I would be working to file off my bolts.

Travelling thus, for the space of eight leagues from Vera Cruz, we came to a high hill; at the entering up of which, as GOD would! one of the wheels of the waggon wherein I was, brake; so that, by that means, the other waggons went afore; and the waggon man that had charge of me, set an Indian carpenter a work to mend the wheel.

Here, at this place, they baited [*fed*] at a hostelry that a Negro woman keeps; and, at this place, for that the going up of the hill is very steep for the space of two leagues or better, they do always accustom to take the mules of three or four waggons, and to place them all together for the drawing up of one waggon; and so to come down again, and fetch up others in that order.

All which came very well to pass. For as it drew towards night, when most of the waggoners were gone to draw up their waggons in this sort, I, being alone, had quickly filed off my bolts. And so espying my time, in the dark of the

evening, before they returned down the hill again, I conveyed myself into the woods there adjoining, carrying my bolts and manacles with me, and a few biscuits and two small cheeses.

Being come into the woods, I threw my irons into a thick bush; and then covered them with moss and other things: and then shifted for myself as I might, all that night.

And thus, by the good providence of Almighty GOD, I was freed from mine irons, all saving the collar that was about my neck; and so got my liberty the second time.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Wherein is shewed how I escaped to Guatemala upon the South Sea, and from thence, to the port of Cavallios, where I got passage to go into Spain. And of our arrival at the Havana; and our coming into Spain; where I was again like[ly] to have been committed prisoner. And how, through the great mercy of GOD, I escaped; and came home in safety, in February, 1582 [*i.e.* 1583].

THE next morning, daylight being come, I perceived by the sun rising, what way to take to escape their hands; for when I fled I took the way into the woods upon the left hand, and having left that way that went to Mexico upon my right hand, I thought to keep my course, as the woods and mountains lay, still direct south, as near as I could; by means whereof, I was sure to convey myself far enough from that way that went to Mexico.

And as I was thus going in the woods, I saw many great fires made to the north, not past a league from the mountain where I was.

Travelling thus in my boots, with my iron collar about my neck, and my bread and cheese; the very same forenoon, I met with a company of Indians, which were hunting deer for their sustenance: to whom I spake in the Mexican tongue, and told them how that I had, of a long time, been kept in prison by the cruel Spaniards, and did desire them to help

me to file off mine iron collar; which they willingly did, rejoicing greatly with me, that I was thus escaped out of the Spaniards' hands.

Then I desired that I might have one of them to guide me out of those desert mountains, towards the South; which they also most willingly did: and so they brought me to an Indian town eight leagues distant from thence, named Shalapa [? *now Jalapa*]; where I stayed three days, for that I was somewhat sickly.

At which town, with the gold that I had quilted in my doublet, I bought me a horse of one of the Indians, which cost me 6 pesos [=£1 4*s.*=*about* £9 *now*]; and so, travelling South, within the space of two leagues, I happened to overtake a Grey Friar: one that I had been familiar withal in Mexico, whom then, I knew to be a zealous good man, and one that did much lament the cruelty used against us by the Inquisitors. And, truly, he used me very courteously.

I, having confidence in him, did indeed tell him that I was moved to adventure to see if I could get out of the said country, if I could find shipping; and did therefore pray of of him aid, direction, and advice herein: which he faithfully did, not only in directing me which was my safest way to travel; but he also, of himself, kept me company for the space of three days, and ever as we came to the Indians' houses, who used and entertained us well, he gathered among them, in money, to the value of 20 pesos [=£4=£32 *now*]; which, at my departure from him, he freely gave unto me.

So came I to the city of Guatemala, which is distant from Mexico, about 250 leagues; where I stayed six days, for that my horse was weak.

From thence, I travelled, still south-and-by-east, seven days' journey, passing by certain Indian towns, until I came to an Indian town distant from Mexico, direct South, 309 leagues.

And here, at this town, inquiring to go to the port of Cavallios on the North-East Sea; it was answered, that in travelling thither, I should not come to any town in ten or twelve days' journey.

So here, I hired two Indians to be my guide, and I bought hens and bread to serve us so long a time; and took with us

things to kindle fire every night because of the wild beasts, and to dress our meat. Every night, when we rested, my Indian guides would make two great fires, between which, we placed ourselves and my horse; and in the night time, we should hear the lions' [!] roars, with tigers [!], ounces, and other beasts; and some of them we should see in the night, which had eyes shining like fire.

And travelling thus for the space of twelve days, we came at last to the port of Cavallios, upon the East Sea; distant from Guatemala, south-and-by-east, 200 leagues; and from Mexico, 450 or thereabouts. This is a good harbour for ships, and it is without either Castle or Bulwark.

Having despatched away my guides, I went down to the haven, where I saw certain ships ladened chiefly with Canary wines; where I spake with one of the Masters, who asked me, "What countryman I was?"

I told him that "I was born in Granada."

And he said, "Then I was his countryman."

I required him that "I might pass home with him, in his ship, paying for my passage."

And he said, "Yea, so that I had a safe conduct or letter testimonial to shew, that he might incur no danger: for," said he, "it may be you have killed some man, or be indebted: and would therefore run away."

To that, I answered, "There was not any such cause."

Well, in the end, we grew to a price, that for 60 pesos [=£12=*about* £100 *now*], he would carry me into Spain.

A glad man was I at this good hap! and I quickly sold my horse, and made my provision of hens and bread to serve me in my passage.

And thus, within two days after, we set sail, and never stayed until we came to the Havana; which is distant from the port of Cavallios, by sea, 500 leagues: where we found the whole Fleet of Spain, which was bound home from the Indies.

And here, I was hired for a soldier, to serve in the Admiral's ship of the same Fleet, wherein the General himself went.

There landed while I was there, four ships out of Spain, being all full of soldiers and ordnance, of which number,

there were 200 men and four great brass pieces of ordnance; although the Castle was before sufficiently provided. 200 men more, and certain ordnance were sent to Campeche; 200 with ordnance to Florida; and lastly 100 to San Juan de Ulua. As for ordnance there, they have sufficient, and of the very same which was ours, which we had in the *Jesus*; and those others which we had planted in the place where the Viceroy betrayed Master HAWKINS, our General: as hath been declared. The sending of those soldiers to every of those ports, and the strengthening of them, was done by commandment from the King of Spain: who wrote also by them, to the General of his Fleet, giving him in charge so to do; as also directing him what course he should keep in his coming home into Spain. Charging him, at any hand, not to come nigh to the Isles of the Azores, but to keep his course more to the northward; advertising him withal, what number and power of French and other Ships of War Don ANTONIO had, at that time, at Terceira and the Isles aforesaid; which the General of the Fleet well considering, and what great share of riches he had to bring home with him into Spain, did, in all, very dutifully observe and obey. For, in truth, he had in his said Fleet, 37 Sail of ships: and in every of them, there was as good as 30 pipes of silver, one with another; besides great store of gold, cochineal, sugar, hides, and *cana fistula*, with Apothecary drugs.

This, our General, who was called Don PEDRO DE GUSMAN, did providently take order for, for their most strength and defence, if need should be, to the uttermost of his power: and commanded, upon pain of death, that neither passenger nor soldier should come aboard, without his sword and harquebuss, with shot and powder; to the end that they might be the better able to encounter the fleet of Don ANTONIO, if they should hap to meet with them, or any of them. And ever as the weather was fair, the said General would himself go aboard from one ship to another; and see that every man had his full provision, according to the commandment given.

Yet, to speak truly what I think, two good tall Ships of War would have made a foul spoil amongst them. For, in all this Fleet, there were not any that were strong and warlike appointed; saving only the admiral and vice-admiral:

and again, over and besides the weakness and the ill furnishing of the rest, they were all so deeply laden, that they had not been able, if they had been charged, to have held out any long fight.

Well, thus we set sail, and had a very ill passage home, the weather was so contrary. We kept our course in a manner north-east, and brought ourselves to the height of 42° N. Lat., to be sure not to meet with Don ANTONIO his fleet: and were upon our voyage from the 4th of June until the 10th of September [1582]; and never saw land till we fell with the Arenas Gordas hard by San Lucar de Barrameda.

And there was an order taken that none should go on shore until he had license.

As for me, I was known by one in the ship; who told the Master that I was an Englishman; which, as GOD would! it was my good hap to hear; for if I had not heard it, it had cost me my life. Notwithstanding, I would not take any knowledge of it, and seemed to be merry and pleasant that we were all come so well in safety.

Presently after, license came, that we should go on shore: and I pressed to be gone with the first.

Howbeit, the Master came unto me, and said, "Sirrah! you must go with me to Seville by water!" I knew his meaning well enough; and that he meant to offer me up as a sacrifice to the Holy House. For the ignorant zeal of a number of these superstitious Spaniards is such, that they think that they have done GOD good service, when they have brought a Lutheran heretic to the fire to be burnt. For so do they account of us.

Well, I perceiving all this, took upon me not to suspect anything, but was still jocund and merry; howbeit, I knew it stood upon me to shift for myself. So waiting my time, when the Master was asleep in his cabin, I conveyed myself secretly down by the shrouds into the ship's boat, and made no stay, but cutting the rope wherewith she was moored, and so by the cable hauled on shore; where I leapt on land, and let the boat go whither it would.

Thus, by the help of GOD, I escaped that day, and then never stayed at San Lucar; but went all night by the way which I had seen others take towards Seville.

So that, the next morning, I came to Seville, and sought me out a work master, that I might fall to my science, which was the weaving of taffetas. And being entertained, I set myself close to my work, and durst not, for my life! once stir abroad for fear of being known.

Being thus at my work, within four days after, I heard one of my fellows say that he heard there was great inquiry made for an Englishman that came home in the Fleet.

"What, an heretic Lutheran was it!" quoth I; "I would to GOD, I might know him! Surely, I would present him to the Holy House!"

And thus I kept still within doors at my work; and feigned myself not well at ease; and that I would labour as I might to get me new clothes. And continuing thus for the space of three months, I called for my wages; and bought me all things new, different from the apparel that I did wear at sea; and yet durst not be overbold to walk abroad.

And, after, understanding that there were certain English ships at San Lucar, bound for England: I took a boat, and went aboard one of them, and desired the Master that I might have passage with him to go into England; and told him secretly, that I was one of those which Captain HAWKINS did set on shore in the Indies.

He very courteously prayed me to have him excused; for he durst not meddle with me, and prayed me therefore to return from whence I came.

Which when I perceived, with a sorrowful heart, GOD knoweth! I took my leave of him; not without watery cheeks.

And then, I went to Porto Santa Maria, which is three leagues from San Lucar; where I put myself to be a soldier in the King of Spain's Galleys, which were bound for Majorca.

Coming thither, in the end of the Christmas holidays [*i.e.*, *about the 6th January*, 1583], I found there, two English ships, the one of London, and the other of the West Country: which were ready freighted, and stayed but for a fair wind. To the Master of the one which was of the West Country, went I, and told him that "I had been two years in Spain, to learn the language; and that I was now desirous to go

home, and see my friends, for that I lacked maintenance." So having agreed with him, for my passage, I took shippng.

And thus, through the providence of Almighty GOD, after sixteen years' absence; having sustained many and sundry great troubles and miseries, as by this Discourse appeareth: I came home to this, my native country of England, in the ship called the *Landret*, and arrived at Poole, in the month of February, in the year 1582 [*i.e.*, 1583].

[THIRD NARRATIVE, BY ANOTHER SURVIVOR.]

THE RARE

Travels of JOB HORTOP, an Englishman, who was not heard of, in three and twenty years' space.

Wherein is declared the dangers he escaped in his Voyage to Guinea; where, after he was set on shore, in a wilderness near to Panico [*Tampico*], he endured much slavery and bondage in the Spanish Galleys.

Wherein also he discourseth many strange and wonderful things seen in the time of his travels; as well concerning wild and savage people, as also of sundry monstrous beasts, fishes, and fowls: and also trees of wonderful form and quality.

LONDON:
Printed for WILLIAM WRIGHT.
1591.

[∴ Title and Dedication of the original tract only are here reprinted. The narrative itself is taken as rewritten in HAKLUYT.]

TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCESS

ELIZABETH,

by the grace of GOD, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defendress of the Faith, &c.

Your Highness's most humble subject, JOB HORTOP, heartily prayeth for a continuance of your Majesty's most prosperous reign.

MOST GRACIOUS AND RENOWNED SOVEREIGN!

BEING, about three and twenty years' past, pressed forth to serve in a Gunner's room, for the Guinea Voyage, of which Sir JOHN HAWKINS was General; such was our success, before his return into England [that] we were distressed through want of victuals, nor could we obtain any for money. By means whereof, many of us (though to our General's great grief), were constrained to be set on shore, in a land inhabited by none but Negroes [*Indians*] and wild people.

Since which time, most dread Sovereign! I have passed sundry perils in the wildernesses, and escaped many dangers; wherein my life often stood in great hazard; yet, by the Providence of GOD preserved.

And being now come into my native country of England; I do, in all humbleness, prostrate myself, together with this Discourse of my travels, at your Highness's feet! humbly beseeching Your Majesty to accept the same at your subject's hands, as our Saviour CHRIST accepted the widow's mite.

And thus, I humbly take my leave! praying
for the prosperous reign of your
most Excellent Majesty.

The Rare Travels of Job Hortop.

[Opening of the original tract of 1591.]

TO DISCOURSE, in large circumstances, the full scope of this my tedious travail would seem superfluous; and in omitting that which is most needful, I might commit great folly: wherefore, to avoid circumstance, and yet to deliver matters of chiefest effect; I will, so near as I may, briefly, yet truly, run over the principal points, and particular substance of my travels, troubles, and dangers sustained since my departure, even until my return into England: which I am most joyful to see to stand in so happy and flourishing estate, which I pray GOD still to continue, to the world's end!

[Opening of the revised and better written text in HAKLUYT. *Voyages, &c.*, iii. 487. *Ed.* 1600: which has been adopted to the end.]

NOT untruly, nor without cause, said JOB, the faithful servant of GOD, whom the Sacred Scriptures tell us to have dwelt in the land of Hus, that "Man, being born of a woman, living a short time, is replenished with many miseries": which some know by reading of histories, many by the view of others' calamities, and I, by experience in myself; as this present ensuing Treatise shall shew.

It is not unknown to many, that I, JOB HORTOP, Powder Maker, was born at Bourne, a town in Lincolnshire.

From my age of twelve years, I was brought at Redriffe [*Radcliffe*], near London, with Master FRANCIS, who was the Queen's Majesty's Powder Maker: whom I served, until I was pressed [*compelled*] to go on the Third Voyage to the West Indies, with the Right Worshipful Sir JOHN HAWKINS; who appointed me to be one of the gunners in Her Majesty's Ship, called the *Jesus* of Lubeck.

Who set sail from Plymouth, in the month of October, 1567, having with him, another Ship of Her Majesty's, called the *Minion*; and four ships of his own, namely, the *Angel*, the *Swallow*, the *Judith*, and the *William and John*. He directed his Vice Admiral, that if foul weather did separate them, to meet at the island of Teneriffe.

After which, by the space of seven days and seven nights, we had such storms at sea, that we lost our long boats and a pinnace; with some men.

Coming to the island of Teneriffe, there our General heard that his Vice Admiral, with the *Swallow* and the *William and John*, were at the island called Gomera; where finding his Vice Admiral, he anchored, took in fresh water, and set sail for Cape Blanc.

In the way, we took a Portuguese caravel, ladened with mullets.

From thence, we sailed to Cape de Verde.

In our course thither, we met a Frenchman of Rochelle, called Captain BLAND; who had taken a Portuguese caravel: whom our Vice Admiral chased and took. Captain DRAKE, now Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, was made Master and Captain of the caravel.*

So we kept our way, till we came to Cape de Verde; and there we anchored, took our boats, and set soldiers on shore. Our General was the first that leapt on land; and with him, Captain DUDLEY.

There, we took certain Negroes; but not without damage to ourselves: for our General, Captain DUDLEY, and eight others of our company were hurt with poisoned arrows.

* This would appear to be DRAKE's first command. The Captain of the *Judith*, when she left England, is not stated. Apparently he died, and DRAKE was promoted from this caravel (*i.e.*, the *Grace of God*, commanded by the Frenchman, Captain BLAND, at the fight, *p.* 318) to the *Judith*, in which he brought home the first news of the disaster, *p.* 207.

About nine days after, the eight that were wounded, died. Our General was taught by a Negro, to draw the poison out of his wound, with a clove of garlic; whereby he was cured.

From thence, we went to Sierra Leone, where be monstrous fishes, called sharks, which will devour men.

I, amongst others, was sent in the *Angel*, with two pinnaces, into the river, called Calousa, to seek two caravels that were there, trading with the Negroes. We took one of them, with the Negroes, and brought them away.

In this river, in the night time, we had one of our pinnaces bulged by a sea horse [*hippopotamus*]: so that our men swimming about the river, were all taken into the other pinnaces; except two that took hold one of another, and were carried away by the sea horse [*or rather drowned*]. This monster hath the just proportion of a horse, saving that his legs be short, his teeth very great and a span in length. He used, in the night, to go on land into the woods; seeking, at unawares, to devour the Negroes in their cabins: whom they, by their vigilancy, prevent, and kill him in this manner. The Negroes keep watch, and diligently attend their coming; and when they are gone into the woods, they forthwith lay a great tree overthwart the way: so that, at their return, for that their legs be so short, they cannot go over it. Then the Negroes set upon them, with their bows, arrows, and darts; and so destroy them.

From thence, we entered the river called the Casseroes; where there were other caravels trading with the Negroes: and them we took. In this island betwixt the river and the main, trees grow with oysters upon them.

There grow Palmito trees, which be as high as a ship's mainmast; and on their tops grow nuts, wine, and oil, which they call Palmito Wine and Palmito Oil.

The Plantain tree also groweth in that country. The tree is as big as a man's thigh, and as high as a fir pole. The leaves thereof be long and broad; and on the top grow the fruit which are called Plantains. They are crooked, and a cubit long, and as big as a man's finger. They grow on clusters. When they be ripe, they be very good and dainty to eat: sugar is not more delicate in taste than they be.

From thence, with the *Angel*, the *Judith*, and the two pinnaces, we sailed to Sierra Leone; where our General was

at that time; who with the Captains and soldiers went up into the river called Taggarin, to take a town of the Negroes: where we found three Kings of that country, with 50,000 Negroes, besieging the same town; which they could not take, in many years before, when they had warred with it.

Our General made a breach, entered, and valiantly took the town; where were five Portuguese, which yielded themselves to his mercy, and he saved their lives.

We took, and carried from thence, for traffic in the West Indies, 500 Negroes.

The three Kings drove 7,000 Negroes into the sea, at low water, at a point of land; where they were all drowned in the ooze, for that they could not take their canoes to save themselves.

We returned back again, in our pinnaces, to the ships, and there took in fresh water, and made ready to sail towards Rio Grande.

At our coming thither, we entered with the *Angel*, the *Judith*, and the two pinnaces; and found there, seven Portuguese caravels, which made great fight with us. In the end, by GOD's help, we won the victory, and drave them to the shore: from whence, with the Negroes, they fled; and we fetched the caravels from the shore into the river.

The next morning, Master FRANCIS DRAKE with his caravel, the *Swallow*, and the *William and John*, came into the river, with Captain DUDLEY and his soldiers: who landed, being but a hundred soldiers, and fought with 7,000 Negroes, burned the town, and returned to our General, with the loss of one man.

In that place, there be many musk-cats, which breed in hollow trees. The Negroes take them in a net, put them in a cage, nourish them very daintily, and take the musk from them with a spoon.

Now we directed our course from Guinea towards the West Indies.

And by the way, died Captain DUDLEY.

In sailing towards the Indies, the first land that we escried, was the island called Dominica: where, at our coming, we anchored; and took in fresh water and wood for our provision.

Which done, we sailed towards the island called Margarita; where our General, in despite of the Spaniards, anchored, landed, and took in fresh victuals.

A mile off the island, there is a rock in the sea, whereon do breed many fowls like unto Barnacles. In the night, we went out in our boats, and killed many of them with cudgels; and brought them, with many of their eggs aboard with us. Their eggs be as big as Turkey's eggs, and speckled like them. We did eat them, and found them very good meat.

From thence, we sailed to Burboroata, which is in the main land of the West Indies [*i.e., on the northern shore of South America*]. There we came in, moored our ships, and tarried two months, trimming and dressing our ships: and, in the meantime, traded with certain Spaniards of that country.

There, our General sent us unto a town, called Placencia, which stood on a high hill, to have intreated a Bishop that dwelt there, for his favour and friendship in their laws: who, hearing of our coming, for fear, forsook the town.

In our way up the hill to Placencia, we found a monstrous venomous worm with two heads. His body was as big as a man's arm, and a yard long. Our Master, ROBERT BARRET, did cut him in sunder, with his sword; and it made it as black as if it were coloured with ink.

Here be many tigers [!], monstrous and furious beasts, which, by subtlety, devour and destroy many men. They use the traded ways, and will shew themselves twice or thrice to the travellers; and so depart secretly, lurking till they be past: then, suddenly and at unawares, they leap upon them, and devour them. They had so used two of our company, had not one of them looked behind.

Our General sent three ships unto the Island of Curaçoa to make provision for the rest; where they remained until his coming.

He sent from thence, the *Angel* and the *Judith* to Rio de la Hacha; where we [*HORTOP apparently was serving in the* Angel *at this time*] anchored before the town. The Spaniards shot three pieces at us from the shore; whom we requited with two of ours, and shot through the Governor's house. We weighed anchor, and anchored again without the shot of the town; where we rode, five days, in despite of the Spaniards and their shot.

In the mean space, there came a Caravel of Advice [*Despatch boat*] from Santo Domingo; which, with the *Angel* and *Judith*, we chased and drove to the shore. We fetched him from thence, in spite of two hundred Spaniard harquebuss shot [*i.e., harquebussiers*]; and anchored again before the town, and rode there with them till our General's coming: who anchored, landed his men, and valiantly took the town, with the loss of one man, whose name was THOMAS SURGEON.

We landed, and planted our field ordnance on the shore for our safety. We drove the Spaniards up into the country above two leagues; whereby they were enforced to trade with our General, to whom he sold most part of his Negroes.

In this river we killed a monstrous *legarto* or crocodile [*or rather alligator*], at sunset, in the port. Seven of us went in the pinnace up the river, carrying with us a dog, unto whom, with rope yarn, we bound a great hook of steel, with a chain that had a swivel, which we put under the dog's belly, the point of the hook coming over his back, fast bound as aforesaid. We put him overboard, and veered out our rope by little and little, rowing away with our boat.

The *legarto* came and presently swallowed up the dog, then did we row hard till we had choked him. He plunged and made a wonderful stir in the water. We leapt on shore, and hauled on land. He was twenty-three feet by the rule, headed like a hog, in body like a serpent, full of scales as broad as a saucer, his tail long and full of knots as big as a "falcon shot." He had four legs; his feet had long nails like unto a dragon.

We opened him, flayed him, dried his skin, and stuffed it with straw, meaning to have brought it home, had not the ship been cast away.

These monsters will carry away and devour both man and horse.

From thence, we shaped our course to Santa Marta, where we landed, traded, and sold certain Negroes.

There two of our number killed a monstrous adder, going towards his cave with a cony in his mouth. His body was as big as any man's thigh, and seven feet long. Upon his tail he had sixteen knots, every one as big as a great walnut, which, they say, do shew his age. His colour was green

and yellow. They opened him and found two conies in his belly.

From thence we sailed to Cartagena, where we went in, moored our ships, and would have traded with them; but they durst not for fear of the King.

We brought up the *Minion* against the Castle, and shot at the Castle and town.

Then we landed in an island, where they have many gardens; where, in a cave, we found certain *botijos* of wine, which we brought away with us. In recompense whereof, our General commanded to be set on shore woollen and linen cloth, to the value thereof.

From hence, by foul weather, we were forced to seek the port of San Juan de Ulua.

In our way, thwart of [*off*] Campeche, we met with a Spaniard, a small ship, which was bound for Santo Domingo. It had in it a Spaniard called AUGUSTINE DE VILLA NEUVA; who was the man that betrayed all the noblemen in the Indies, and caused them to be beheaded; wherefore he, with two Friars, fled to Santo Domingo. We took and brought them with us into the port of San Juan de Ulua. Our General made great account of him, and used him like a Nobleman; howbeit, in the end, he was one of them that betrayed us.

When we had moored our ships, and landed [*at San Juan de Ulua*]; we mounted the ordnance that we found there in the Island; and for our safety, kept watch and ward.

The next day after, we discovered the Spanish Fleet; whereof LUÇON, a Spaniard, was General. With him came a Spaniard called Don MARTIN DE HENRIQUEZ, whom the King of Spain sent to be his Viceroy of the Indies.

He sent a pinnace with a flag of truce unto our General, to know, "Of what country those ships were, that rode there in the King of Spain's port?"

Who said, "They were the Queen of England's ships, which came in there for victuals for their money: wherefore if your General will come in here! he shall give me victuals and other necessaries, and I will go out on the one side of the port, and he shall come in on the other side."

The Spaniard returned for answer, "He was a Viceroy, and had a thousand men, and therefore he would come in!"

Our General said, "If he be a Viceroy; I represent my Queen's person; and I am a Viceroy as well as he! and if he have a thousand men, my powder and shot will take the better place!"

Then the Viceroy, after counsel among themselves, yielded to our General's demand, swearing "by his King and his crown, by his commission and authority that he had from his King, that he would perform it!" and thereupon pledges were given on both parts.

Our General, bearing a godly and Christian mind, void of fraud and deceit, judged the Spaniards to have done the like, delivered to them ten gentlemen; not doubting to have received the like from them: but the faithless Spaniards, in costly apparel, gave of the basest of their company; as afterwards it was well known.

These things finished, Proclamation was made on both sides that "on pain of death, no occasion should be given, whereby any quarrel should grow to the breach of the league": and then they peaceably entered the port, with great triumph on both sides.

The Spaniards presently brought a great Hulk, a ship of 600 [*tons*], and moored her by the side of the *Minion*; and they cut out ports in their other ships, planting their ordnance towards us.

In the night, they filled the Hulk with men, to lay the *Minion* aboard, as the sequel did show; which made our General doubtful of their dealings. Wherefore, for that he could speak the Spanish tongue, he sent ROBERT BARRET aboard the Viceroy['s ship], to know his meaning in those dealings. Who willed him and his company [*i.e., his boat's crew*] to come in to him; whom he presently [*instantly*] commanded to be set in the bilbows [*irons*].

And forthwith; for a watchword among the false Spaniards, a cornet [*trumpet*] was sounded for the enterprising of their pretended [*intended*] treason, against our General: whom AUGUSTINE DE VILLA NEUVA sitting at dinner [*HORTOP says, p. 317, the fight began at 10 a.m., which would be the dinner hour at sea, but HAWKINS says at 8 a.m., at p. 234*] with him, should

then presently have killed with a *poinado* [dagger], which he had privily in his sleeve: which was espied and prevented by one JOHN CHAMBERLAYNE, who took the *poinado* out of his sleeve. Our General hastily rose up, and commanded him to be put prisoner in the Steward's room, and to be kept with two men.

The faithless Spaniards thinking all things had been finished to their desire, suddenly sounded a trumpet; and therewith 300 Spaniards entered the *Minion*: whereat our General, with a loud and fierce voice called unto us, saying, "GOD and Saint George! upon those traitorous villains, and rescue the *Minion*! I trust in GOD, the day shall be ours!"

With that, the mariners and soldiers leaped out of the *Jesus* of Lubeck into the *Minion*, and beat out the Spaniards; and with a shot out of her [*the Minion*] fired the Spaniard's vice-admiral; where the most part of 300 Spaniards were spoiled, and blown overboard, with powder.

Their admiral also was on fire half an hour.

We cut our cables, wound off our ships, and presently fought with them. They came upon us on every side, and continued the fight from ten o'clock until it was night. They killed all our men that were on shore in the island; saving three [*of whom HORTOP was one, see p.* 330] which by swimming got aboard the *Jesus* of Lubeck. They sank the General's ship called the *Angel*, and took the *Swallow*. The Spaniard's admiral had above threescore shot through her; and many of his men were spoiled. Four other of their ships were sunk.

There were in that Fleet and that came from the shore to rescue them, 1,500: we slew of them 540, as we were credibly informed by a Note that came to Mexico.

In this fight, the *Jesus* of Lubeck had five shot through her mainmast, her foremast was struck in sunder under the hounds [*the holes in the timber cheeks, through which the ropes hoist the sails*] with a chain-shot; and her hull was wonderfully pierced with shot: therefore it was impossible to bring her away.

They set two of their own ships on fire* intending therewith

* It will be noticed that HORTOP's account differs somewhat from the former ones; and yet it may be harmonized. The fireships burnt neither the *Minion*, nor the *Jesus*; the latter of which was taken by the Spaniards,

to have burnt the *Jesus* of Lubeck; which we prevented by cutting our cables in the hawse, and winding off by our sternfast. The *Minion* was forced to set sail and stand off from us, and come to an anchor without shot of the island.

Our General courageously cheered up his soldiers and gunners, and called to SAMUEL his page, for a cup of beer; who brought it to him in a silver cup: and he drinking to all the men, willed "the gunners to stand by their ordnance lustily like men!" He had no sooner set the cup out of his hand, but a demi-culverin shot struck away the cup and a cooper's plane that stood by the mainmast, and ran out on the other side of the ship; which nothing dismayed our General, for he ceased not to encourage us, saying, "Fear nothing! For GOD, who hath preserved me from this shot, will also deliver us from these traitors and villains!"

Then Captain BLAND [*apparently in command of the* Grace of God] meaning to have turned out of port, had his mainmast struck overboard with a chain-shot, that came from the shore: wherefore he anchored, fired his ship, took his pinnace with all his men, and came aboard the *Jesus* of Lubeck to our General; who said to him, "He thought he would not have run away from him!"

He answered, "He was not minded to have run away from him; but his intent [*i.e., previous to the loss of his mainmast*] was to have turned up, and to have laid the weathermost ship of the Spanish fleet aboard, and fired his ship in hope therewith to have set on fire the Spanish fleet."

He said, "If he had done so, he had done well!" With this night came on.

Our General [had] commanded the *Minion*, for safeguard of her masts, to be brought under the *Jesus* of Lubeck's lee.

He willed Master FRANCIS DRAKE to come in with the *Judith*, and to lay the *Minion* aboard, to take in men and other things needful; and to go out. And so he did. [*See p.* 223, *on* DRAKE*'s alleged desertion of the* Minion. *His trying to get home by himself, crowded as the little* Judith *must have been, seems to have been the wisest thing he could do; though* HAWKINS, *no doubt, thought it very hard.*]

At night, when the wind came off the shore, we [*i.e., the*

in boats. His narrative is very important here as he was taken on board the *Jesus* and therefore an eye witness, *p.* 330.

Minion] set sail, and went out in despite of the Spaniards and their shot; where [the next day] we anchored with two anchors under an island: the wind being northerly, which was wonderfully dangerous, and we feared every hour to be driven with the lee shore.

In the end, when the wind came larger, we weighed anchor and set sail, seeking the river of Panuco for water, whereof we had very little; and victuals were so scarce that we were driven to eat hides, cats, rats, parrots, monkeys, and dogs.

Wherefore our General was forced to divide his company into two parts: for there was a mutiny among them for want of victuals. And some said, "They had rather be on the shore to shift for themselves amongst the enemies, than to starve on shipboard."

He asked them, "Who would go on shore, and who would tarry on shipboard?" Those that would go on shore, he willed to go on fore mast; and those that would tarry, on 'baft mast. Fourscore and sixteen of us were willing to depart [*but* 112 *actually landed, see p.* 275]. Our General gave unto every one of us six yards of Roane [woollen] cloth; and money to them that demanded it.

When we were landed, he came unto us; where friendly embracing every one of us, he was greatly grieved that he was forced to leave us behind him. He counselled us "to serve GOD, and to love one another," and thus courteously he gave us a sorrowful farewell; and promised "if GOD sent him safe home, he would do what he could, that so many of us as lived, should, by some means, be brought into England." And so he did.*

Since my return into England, I have heard that many misliked that he left us so behind him, and brought away [16] Negroes. But the reason is this. For them, he might have had victuals or any other thing needful, if, by foul weather, he had been driven upon the [West Indian] islands; which, for gold or silver, he could not have had.

And thus our General departed to his ship, and we remained on land. Where, for our safeties, fearing the wild Indians that were about us, we kept watch all night. At

* There is something splendid in the way that HORTOP, perhaps the most unfortunate of all the survivors that reached England, exonerates and admires his General.

sunrising, we marched on our way, three and three in a rank, until we came into a field under a grove; where the Indians came upon us, asking us, "What people we were? and how we came there?"

Two of our company, namely, ANTHONY GODDARD and JOHN CORNISH, for that they could speak the Spanish tongue, went to them, and said, "We were Englishmen, that never came in that country before: and that we had fought with the Spaniards: and for that we lacked victuals, our General had set us on shore."

They asked us, "Whither we intended to go?"

We said, "To Panuco."

The captain of the Indians willed us to give unto them some of our clothes and shirts.

Which we did.

Then he bade us give them all.

But we would not so do. Whereupon JOHN CORNISH was then slain with an arrow, which an Indian boy, that stood by the captain, shot at him; whereupon he [*the chief*] struck the boy on the neck with his bow that he lay for dead, and willed us to follow him.

Who brought us into a great field, where we found fresh water. He bade us sit down about the pond and drink; and he, with his company, would go, in the mean space, to kill five or six deer, and bring them us.

We tarried there till three o'clock, but they came not. There one of our company, whose name was JOHN COOKE, with four others, departed from us into a grove to seek relief; where presently they were taken by the Indians and stripped as naked as ever they were born; and so returned.

Then we divided ourselves into two parts; half to ANTHONY GODDARD, and the rest to JAMES COLLIER: and thus severally we sought for Panuco.

ANTHONY GODDARD, with his company, bade us farewell. They passed a river, where the Indians robbed many of them of their clothes; and so passing on their way, came to a stony hill where they stayed.

JAMES COLLIER with his company, that day, passed the same river, and were also robbed, and one of them slain by chance.

We came that night, unto the hill where ANTHONY

GODDARD and his company rested. There we remained till morning. Then we marched, all together, from thence, entering between two groves, where the Indians robbed us of all our clothes, and left us naked. They hurt many, and killed eight of us.

Three days after, we came to another river. There, the Indians showed us the way to Panuco, and so left us.

We passed the river into the wilderness, where we made wreaths of green grass; which we wound about our bodies to keep us from the sun and gnats [*mosquitoes*] of that country.

We travelled there seven days and seven nights before we came to Panuco, feed on nothing but roots and guavas, a fruit like figs.

At our coming to the river of Panuco, two Spanish horsemen came over unto us in a canoe.

They asked us, "How long we had been in the wilderness, and where our General was?" for they knew us to be of the company that had fought with their countrymen.

We told them, "Seven days and seven nights; and for lack of victuals, our General set us on shore: and he was gone away with his ships."

They returned to their Governor, who sent them with five canoes to bring us all over.

Which done, they set us in array; where a hundred horsemen with their lances came forcibly upon us; but they did not hurt us.

They carried us prisoners to Panuco [*or rather Tampico, the town near the river Panuco*], where we remained one night.

In the river of Panuco, there is a fish like a calf. The Spaniards call it a *Mallatin*. He hath a stone in his head, which the Indians use for the disease of the colick. In the night he cometh on land, and eateth grass. I have eaten of it, and it eateth not much unlike to bacon.

From thence, we were sent to Mexico, which is ninety leagues from Panuco.

In our way thither, twenty leagues from the seaside, I did see white crabs running up and down the sands. I have eaten of them, and they be very good meat.

There groweth a fruit which the Spaniards call *Avocottes*. It is proportioned like an egg, and as black as a coal, having a stone in it: and it is an excellent good fruit.

There also groweth a strange tree, which they call *Magueis* [Agave]. It serveth them to many uses. Below, by the root, they make a hole, whereat they do take out of it, twice every day, a certain kind of liquor, which they seeth in a great kettle till the third part of it be consumed, and that it wax thick. It is as sweet as any honey, and they do eat it. Within twenty days after that they have taken all the liquor from it, it withereth, and they cut it down and use it as we use our hemp here in England. Which done, they convert it to many uses. Of some part, they make mantles, ropes and thread; of the ends, they make needles to sew their saddles, panels [*cloths*], and other furniture for their horses; of the rest, they make tiles to cover their houses: and they put it to many other purposes.

And thus we came to Mexico, which is seven or eight miles [round] about, seated in a great fen, environed with four hills. It hath but two ways of entrance; and is full of creeks, in the which, in their canoes, they pass from place to place and to the islands there within.

In the Indies, ordinarily three times a year, be wonderful earthquakes, which put the people in great fear and danger. During the time of two years that I was in Mexico, I saw them six times. When they come, they throw down trees, houses, and churches.

There is a city, twenty-five leagues from Mexico, called Tlaxcallan, which is inhabited with a 100,000 Indians. They go in white shirts, linen breeches, and long mantles; and the women wear about them a garment much like unto a flannel petticoat.

The King's Palace was the first place that we were brought unto in Mexico; where, without [*on the outside of which*], we were willed to sit down.

Much people, men, women, and children, came wondering about us. Many lamented our misery.

Some of their clergy asked us, "If we were Christians?" We said, "We praised GOD, we were as good Christians as they!"

They asked, "How they might know that?"

We said, "By our confessions."

From thence, we were carried in a canoe to a tanner's house, which standeth a little from the city.

The next morning, two friars and two priests came thither to us, and willed us "to bless ourselves, and say our prayers in the Latin tongue, that they might understand us." Many of our company did so.

Whereupon, they returned to the Viceroy, and told him that "We were good Christians! and that they liked us well."

Then they brought us much relief, with clothes. Our sick men were sent to their hospitals; where many were cured, and many died.

From the tanner's house, we were led to a gentleman's place; where, upon pain of death, we were charged to abide, and not to come into the city. Thither, we had all things necessary brought us. On Sundays and holidays, much people came, and brought us great relief.

The Viceroy practised [*endeavoured*] to hang us, and caused a pair of new gallows to be set up, to have executed us; whereunto the noblemen of the country would not consent, but prayed him to stay until the Ship of Advice brought news from the King of Spain, what should be done with us: for they said, "They could not find anything by us, whereby they might lawfully put us to death."

The Viceroy then commanded us to be sent to an island thereby, and he sent for the Bishop of Mexico: who sent four priests to the island to examine and confess us; who said, "The Viceroy would [*wished to*] burn us."

When we were examined and confessed, according to the laws of the country; they returned to the Bishop, and told him that "We were very good Christians!" The Bishop certified the Viceroy of our examinations and confessions; and said that "We were good Christians! therefore he would not meddle with us."

Then the Viceroy sent for our Master [*i.e., of the* Jesus], R. BARRET; whom he kept prisoner in his Palace until the Fleet was departed for Spain. The rest of us he sent to a town seven leagues from Mexico, called Tescuco, to card wool among the Indian slaves: which drudgery we disdained, and concluded to beat our masters; and so we did. Wherefore they sent to the Viceroy, desiring him "for GOD's sake

and our Lady's! to send for us; for they would not keep us any longer." They said that "We were devils, and no men."

The Viceroy sent for us, and imprisoned us in a house in Mexico. From thence, he sent ANTHONY GODDARD and some others of our company with him, into Spain; with LUÇON, the General [*i.e., Admiral*] that took us [*fought us at San Juan de Ulua*].

The rest of [*bulk of*] us [*i.e., the six men and the boy named on the next page. For the English captives that remained behind, see p.* 284] stayed in Mexico two years after; and then were sent prisoners into Spain, with Don JUAN DE VELASCO DE VARE, Admiral and General of the Spanish Fleet.

He carried with him, in his ship, to be presented to the King of Spain, the anatomy [*skeleton*] of a giant which was sent from China, to the Viceroy Don MARTIN HENRIQUEZ at Mexico, to be sent to the King of Spain. It did appear by the anatomy, that he was of a monstrous size. The skull of his head was near[ly] as big as half a bushel. His neck bones, shoulder plates, arm bones, and all other lineaments of his other parts were huge and monstrous to behold. The shank of his leg, from the ankle to the knee, was as long as from any man's ankle up to his waist; and of bigness accordingly.

At this time, and in this ship, were also sent two chests full of earth with ginger growing in them; which were also sent from China, to be sent to the King of Spain. The ginger runneth in the ground like liquorice. The blades grow out of it in length and proportion like unto the blades of wild garlic; which they cut every fifteen days. They use [*are accustomed*] to water them twice a day, as we do our herbs here in England.

They put the blades in their pottage, and use them in their other meats; whose excellent savour and taste is very delightful, and procureth a good appetite.

When [in 1570] we were shipped in the Port of San Juan de Ulua, the General called our Master, ROBERT BARRET, and us with him, into his cabin, and asked us, "If we would fight against Englishmen, if we met them at the sea?"

We said, "We would not fight against our Crown; but if we met with any others, we would do what we were able."

He said, "If we had said otherwise, he would not have

believed us! and for that, we should be the better used, and have allowance as other men had." And he gave a charge to every one of us, according unto our knowledge. ROBERT BARRET was placed with the Pilot; I was put in the Gunner's room [*i.e., in the office of a Gunner*]; WILLIAM CAWSE with the Boatswain, JOHN BEARE with the Quarter Masters, EDWARD RIDER and GEOFFREY GILES with the ordinary Mariners, RICHARD the Master's boy, attended on him and the Pilot.

Shortly after, we departed from the port of San Juan de Ulua, with all the Fleet of Spain, for the port called Havana. We were twenty-six days sailing thither.

There we came in, anchored, took in fresh water, and stayed sixteen days for the Fleet of Nombre de Dios; which is the Fleet that brings the treasure from Peru. The General [*Admiral*] of that Fleet was called DIEGO FLORES DE VALDEZ.

After his coming, when he had watered his ships, both the Fleets joined in one: and Don JUAN DE VELASCO DE VARRE was, for the first fifteen days, General of both the Fleets.

Turning through the Channel of Bahama, his Pilot had like to have cast away all the Fleet upon the Cape, called Canaveral [*on the West coast of Florida*]: which was prevented by me, JOB HORTOP, and our Master, ROBERT BARRET.

For I, being in the second watch, escried land; and called to ROBERT BARRET, bidding him "to look overboard! for I saw land under the lee bow of the ship." He called to the Boatswain, and bid him let fly the foresail sheet, and lay the helm upon the lee, and cast the ship about.

When we were cast about, we were but in seven fathom water. We shot off a piece, giving advice to the Fleet to cast about [*tack*]: and so they did.

For this, we were beloved of the General, and all the Fleet. The General was in a great rage, and swore, by the King! that he would hang his Pilot. For he said that "twice before, he had almost cast away the admiral [*flagship*]."

When it was day, he commanded a piece to be shot off, to call to Council. The other Admiral in his ship came up to him, and asked, "What the matter was?"

He said, "His Pilot had cast away his ship and all the

Fleet, had it not been for two of the Englishmen; and therefore he would hang him!"

The other Admiral, with many fair words, persuaded him to the contrary.

When we came in the height [*latitude*] of Bermuda, we discovered a monster in the sea, who shewed himself three times unto us, from the middle upwards; in which parts he was proportioned like a man, of the complexion of a Mulatto or tawny Indian. The General did command one of his clerks to put it in writing; and he certified the King and his nobles thereof.

Presently after this, for the space of sixteen days, we had wonderful[ly] foul weather: and then GOD sent us a fair wind, until such time, as we discovered the island called Fayal.

On St. James's day (*25th July*), we made rockets, wheels, and other fireworks, to make pastime that night, as it is the order of the Spaniards.

When we came near the land, our Master, ROBERT BARRET, conferred with us to take the pinnace one night, when we came near the island called Terceira, to free ourselves from the danger and bondage that we were going into: whereunto we agreed. None had any pinnace astern then, but our ship; which gave great courage to our enterprise. We prepared a bag of bread and a *botijo* [jar] of water, which would have served us nine days: and provided ourselves to go.

Our Master borrowed a small compass of the Master Gunner of the ship, who lent it him; but suspected his intent, and closely [*secretly*] made the General privy to it: who, for a time, dissembled the matter.

In the end, seeing our pretense [*design*]; he called ROBERT BARRET, commanding his head to be put in the stocks, and a great pair of iron bolts on his legs: and the rest of us to be put in the stocks by the legs.

Then he willed a piece to be shot off and he sent the pinnace for the other Admiral and all the Captains, Masters, and Pilots of both Fleets to come aboard of him. He commanded the mainyard to be struck down; and to put two pullies, on every yard arm one. The hangman was called,

and we were willed to confess ourselves: for he swore, "by the King! that he would hang us."

When the other Admiral and the rest were come aboard, he called them into his Council chamber; and told them that "he would hang the Master of the Englishmen and all his company."

The Admiral, whose name was DIEGO FLORES DE VALDEZ, asked him, "Wherefore?"

He said, "We had determined to rise in the night with the pinnace, and with a ball of fire work, to set the ship on fire, and go our ways. Therefore," said he, "I will have you, the Captains, Masters, and Pilots to set your hands unto that: for I swear, by the King! that I will hang them!"

DIEGO FLORES DE VALDEZ answered, "Neither I, nor the Captains, Masters, and Pilots will set our hands to that!" for, he said, if he had been prisoner as we were, he would have done the like himself. He counselled him to keep us fast in prison till he came into Spain; and then send us to the Contrataction House in Seville: where, if we had deserved death, the law would pass on us. For he would not have it said that in such a Fleet as that was, six men and a boy should take the pinnace, and go away.

And so he returned to his ship again.

When he was gone, the General came to the mainmast to us, and swore, "by the King! that we should not come out of the stocks till we came into Spain."

Within sixteen days after [*i.e., in August*, 1570], we came over the bars of San Lucar de Barrameda; and came up to the Hurcados. Then he put us into a pinnace, [still] in the stocks; and sent us prisoners to the Contrataction House in Seville.

From thence, after one year [*i.e., in* 1571], we brake prison; on St. Stephen's day [26 *December*, 1571], at night. Seven of our [then English] company escaped.

ROBERT BARRET, I, JOB HORTOP, JOHN EMERIE, HUMPHRY ROBERTS, and JOHN GILBERT were taken, and brought back to the Contrataction House; where we remained in the stocks till Twelftide [6 *January*, 1572] was passed. Then our Keeper put up a petition to the Judge of the Contrataction House, that we "might be sent to the Great Prison House in Seville; for that we had broken prison!"

Whereupon we were presently led thither, where we remained one month [*till February*, 1572]; and then, from thence to the Castle of the Inquisition House in Triana, where we continued one year [*till about February*, 1573].

Which expired, they brought us out in procession, every one of us having a candle in his hand, and a coat with St. Andrew's Cross on our backs.

They brought us up on a high scaffold, that was set up in the Place of St. Francis, which is in the chief street of Seville. There, they set us down on benches, every one in his degree: and against us, on another scaffold, sat all the Judges and the Clergy on their benches.

The people wondered, and gazed on us: some pitying our cases; others said, "Burn those heretics!"

When we had sat there two hours, we had a sermon made to us.

After which, one, called BRESINIA, Secretary to the Inquisition, went up into the pulpit, with the process: and called ROBERT BARRET and JOHN GILBERT, whom two familiars of the Inquisition brought from the scaffold before the Judges; where the Secretary read the sentence, "which was that they should be burnt!" And so they were returned to the scaffold, and were burnt.

Then I, JOB HORTOP, and JOHN BONE were called, and brought to the place, as before: where we heard our sentence, which was that we should go to the galleys and there row at the oar's end, ten years: and then to be brought back to the Inquisition House, to have the coat with St. Andrew's Cross put on our backs; and from thence, to go to the everlasting prison remediless. And so we were returned to the scaffold, from whence we came.

THOMAS MARKS and THOMAS ELLIS were called, and had sentence to serve in the galleys eight years; and HUMPHRY ROBERTS and JOHN EMERIE, to serve five years: and so were returned to the benches on the scaffold, where we sat till four o'clock in the afternoon.

Then we were led again to the Inquisition House, from whence we were brought.

The next day, in the morning, BRESINIA the Treasurer came thither to us; and delivered to every one of us his sentence in writing.

I, with the rest, were sent to the galleys, where we were chained four and four together. Every man's daily allowance was twenty-six ounces of coarse black biscuit and water. Our clothing for the whole year, two shirts, two pair of breeches of coarse canvas, a red coat of coarse cloth soon on and soon off, and a gown of hair with a friar's hood. Our lodging was on the bare boards and banks of the galleys. Our heads and beards were shaven every month.

Hunger, thirst, cold, and stripes, we lacked none! till our several times expired.

After the time of twelve years [1573–1585] (for I served two years above my sentence) I was sent back to the Inquisition House in Seville: and there, having put on the coat with St. Andrew's Cross, I was sent to the everlasting prison remediless; where I wore the coat four years [1585–1589].

Then, upon great suit, I had it taken off for 50 ducats (=£13.15*s.*=*about* £80 *now*); which HERNANDO DE SORIA, Treasurer of the King's Mint, lent me.

Whom I [engaged to serve] as a drudge seven years, and served for it until the month of October last, 1590. [*HORTOP, however, only served a short two years*, 1589–1590.]

Then, I came from Seville to San Lucar de Barameda: where I made means to come away in a Flyboat that was ladened with wines and salt, which were Fleming's goods; the King of Spain's subjects dwelling in Seville, married to Spanish women, and sworn to their King.

In this month of October last, departing from San Lucar, at sea, off the southernmost Cape [*C., St. Vincent*], we met an English ship called the Galleon *Dudley*; which took the Fleming, and me out of it: and brought me to Portsmouth, where they set me on land, the 2nd day of December last past, 1590.

From thence, I was sent by Master MUNS, the Lieutenant of Portsmouth, with letters to the Right Honourable the Earl of SUSSEX; who commanded his Secretary to take my name and examination, how long I had been out of England, and with whom I went; which he did.

And on Christmas Even [24 *December*, 1590], I took my leave of his Honour, and came to Redriffe [*Ratcliffe*].

The Computation of my Imprisonment.

I suffered imprisonment in Mexico, two years [1568–1570]; in the Contrataction House in Seville, one year [1571]; in the Inquisition House, in Triana, one year [1572].

I was in the galleys, twelve years [1573–1585]; in the everlasting prison remediless, with the coat with St. Andrew's Cross, on my back, four years [1585–1589].

And, at liberty, I served as a drudge, HERNANDO DE SORIA, three years [1589–1590].

Which is the full complement of twenty-three years.*

Since my departure from England, until this time of my return; I was five times in great danger of death, besides the many perils I was in, in the galleys.

First, in the port of San Juan de Ulua; where I was on shore [*i.e., on the little island*] with many others of our company: which were all slain, saving I and two others, that by swimming got aboard the *Jesus* of Lubeck [*see p.* 317].

Secondly, when we were robbed by the wild Indians.

Thirdly, after we came to Mexico, the Viceroy would have hanged us.

Fourthly, because he could not have his mind to hang us; he would have burnt us.

Fifthly, the General that brought us into Spain, would have hanged us at sea.

Thus having truly set down unto you, my travels, misery and dangers endured the space of twenty-three years, I end.

* The exact time from the landing near Tampico, on 8th October, 1568, to HORTOP's landing at Portsmouth, on 2nd December, 1590, was a little over Twenty-two years.

V.—Sir John Hawkins's pretented treachery, in the Summer of 1571; carried on with the knowledge and under the sanction of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Burleigh.

Sir John Hawkins.

Letter of 13th May, 1571, to Lord Burghley, to arrange for Fitzwilliams to have access to the Queen of Scots.

[*State Papers. Scotland. MARY, Queen of Scots. Vol. 6. No. 61.*]



Our good Lordship may be advertised, that Fitzwilliams hath been in the country to deliver his tokens, and to have had some speech with the Queen of Scots; which, by no means, he could obtain. Whereupon, he hath devised with me, that I should make some means to obtain him license to have access unto her, for her letter to the King of Spain, for the better obtaining of our men's liberty: which, otherwise, are not to be released; which device I promised him I would follow.

And if it shall seem good unto your Lordship, he may be recommended by such credit as to your Lordship shall seem best: for, unless she be first spoken with, and answer from her sent into Spain, the credit for the treasure cannot be obtained.

If your Lordship think meet that Fitzwilliams shall be recommended to speak with her; if I may know by what sort your Lordship will appoint, there shall [be] all diligence

for his despatch used. And hereof I most humbly pray your good Lordship's speedy resolution.

And thus I rest (13th of May, 1571).

Your Good Lordship's most humbly to command,

JOHN HAWKINS

Addressed—

To the Right Honourable Lord BURGHLEY; give these!

JOHN HAWKINS.

Letter of the 7th June, 1571, to Lord BURGHLEY, desiring that FITZ-WILLIAMS may have license to go to Spain.

[*State Papers. Scotland. MARY, Queen of Scots. Vol. 6. No. 73.*]

YOUR good Lordship may be advertised that FITZ-WILLIAMS is returned, and hath letters from the Queen of Scots to the King of Spain; which are enclosed with others in a packet directed unto your Lordship.

He hath also a book of gold (sent from her, to the Duchess of FERIA) with the Old Service in Latin; and in the end hath written this word, with her own hand, *Absit nobis gloriari, nisi in cruce Domini nostri, JESU CHRISTI. MARIE R.*

I would have brought your Lordship the packet myself; but he would deliver it himself; and requireth to have from me a speedy despatch for his departure into Spain: the which I would gladly your Lordship would determine.

And if the course which I have begun shall be thought good by Her Majesty, that I shall proceed [in]; there is no doubt but three commodities will follow, that is:

1. First, the practices of the enemies will be daily more and more discovered.
2. There will be credit gotten hither for a good sum of money.
3. Thirdly, the same money, as the time shall bring forth cause, shall be employed to their own detriment:

and what ships there shall be appointed (as *they* shall suppose to serve their turn), may do some notable exploit, to their great damage.

I most humbly pray your Lordship to carry this matter, so as FITZWILLIAMS may not have me in suspicion; and as speedy a determination for his despatch as conveniently may be.

And so [I] leave to trouble your good lordship any further.

The 7th of June, 1571.

Your good Lordship's most humbly to command,

JOHN HAWKINS.

Addressed—

To the Right Honourable Lord BURGHLEY, give this!

JOHN HAWKINS

Letter of the 4th September, 1571, announcing the success of the intrigue.

[*State Papers. Domestic Series. ELIZABETH. Vol.* 81. *No.* 7.

MY VERY GOOD LORD.

IT MAY please your Honour to be advertised, that FITZWILLIAMS is returned from the Court of Spain; where his message was acceptably received, both by the King himself, the Duke of FERIA, and others of his Privy Council.

His despatch and answer were with great expedition; and with great countenance and favour of the King [*i.e.*, *PHILLIP II. jumped at the idea of HAWKINS's treachery*].

The *Articles* are sent to the Ambassador [*i.e.*, *of Spain in England, Don GERREAU DESPES*], with order also for money to be paid me by him, for the enterprise to proceed with all diligence.

Their pretence [*design*] is, that my power should join with the Duke of ALVA's power, which he doth secretly provide in Flanders, as well as with the power which cometh with the Duke of MEDINA out of Spain: and so, all together to invade this realm, and set up the Queen of Scots.

They have practised with us for the burning of Her Majesty's ships; therefore there would be some good care had of them: but not as it may appear that anything is discovered, as your Lordship's consideration can well provide.

The King hath sent a ruby of good price to the Queen of Scots, with letters also; which, in my judgement, were good to be delivered. The letters be of no importance: but his message by word is to comfort her, and say that "He hath now none other care, than to place her in her own."

It were good also that the Ambassador did make request unto your Lordship that FITZWILLIAMS may have access to the Queen of Scots, to render thanks for the delivery of our prisoners [*i.e., of such of HAWKINS's Third Voyage men, as had been sent to Spain by this time, July, 1571, and were not in the Inquisition, see p.* 327], which are now at liberty. It will be a very good colour [*pretence*] for your Lordship to confer with him [*i.e., FITZWILLIAM*] more largely.

I have sent your Lordship the [*or rather* a] copy of my *Pardon* from the King of Spain, in the very order and manner I have it. The Duke of MEDINA, and the Duke of ALVA hath, every of them, one of the same *Pardons* more amplified, to present to me; although this be large enough! with very great titles and honours from the King: from which, may GOD deliver me!

I send your Lordship also the copy of my letter from the Duke of FERIA, in the very manner as it was written; with his wife's and son's hands in the end.

Their practices be very mischievous; and they be never idle; but GOD, I hope, will confound them! and turn their devices upon their own necks!

I will put my business in some order, and give mine attendance upon Her Majesty, to do her that service that, by your Lordship, shall be thought most convenient in this case.

I am not tedious with your Lordship, because FITZWILLIAMS cometh himself; and I mind not to be long after him! and thus I trouble your good Lordship no further.

From Plymouth, the 4th day of September, 1571.

Your good Lordship's most faithfully to my power,

JOHN HAWKINS.

Addressed—

To the Right Honourable the LORD BURGHLEY, give this!

Parthenophil and Parthenophe.

Sonnets, Madrigals, Elegies, and Odes.

To the right noble and virtuous gentleman,

M. WILLIAM PERCY, Esq., his dearest friend.



[*The lower part of the Title-page is torn away in the only copy at present known; but there is the following entry in the Stationers' Registers in* 1593.

10 Maij.

JOHN WOLF. Entred for his copies twoo bookes aucthorised by master HARTWELL vnder his hand. th[e]one . . . th[e]other intituled. *PARTHENOPHIL and PARTHENOPE &c.* By B. BARNES xijd S.

Transcript &c. II. 631. *Ed.* 1875.]

[For permission to reprint this text from the unique copy; our grateful thanks are due to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.]

To the Learned Gentlemen Readers, the Printer

GENTLEMEN!

THESE labours following, being come of late into my hands barely, without title or subscription; partly moved by certain of my dear friends, but especially by the worth and excellency of the Work, I thought it well deserving my labour, to participate them to your judicial views: where, both for variety of conceits, and sweet Poesy, you shall doubtless find that which shall be most commendable, and worth your reading.

The Author, though at the first unknown (yet [has been] enforced to accord to certain of his friends' importunacy herein, to publish them, by their means, and for their sakes) [is] unwilling, as it seemeth, to acknowledge them, for their levity; till he have redeemed them, with some more excellent work hereafter. Till when, he requesteth your favourable and indifferent censures of these his over-youthful Poems; submitting them to your friendly patronages.

Farewell! this of May, 1593.



O, BASTARD Orphan! Pack thee hence!
And seek some Stranger for defence!
Now 'gins thy baseness to be known!
Nor dare I take thee for mine own;
Thy levity shall be descried!
But if that any have espied,
And questioned with thee, of thy Sire;
Or Mistress of his vain Desire;
Or ask the Place from whence thou came:
Deny thy Sire! Love! Place! and Name!
And if I chance, un'wares to meet thee,
Neither acknowledge me, nor greet me!
Admit I blush (perchance, I shall),
Pass by! regard me not at all!
Be secret, wise, and circumspect!
And modesty sometimes affect!
Some good man, that shall think thee witty,
Will be thy Patron! and take pity;
And when some men shall call thee base
He, for thy sake, shall them disgrace!
Then, with his countenance backed, thou shalt
Excuse the nature of thy fault.
Then, if some lads, when they go by,
Thee, "Bastard!" call; give them the lie!
So, get thee packing! and take heed!
And, though thou go in beggar's weed,
Hereafter (when I better may)
I'll send relief, some other day!

[SONNETS.]

SONNET I.

MISTRESS! Behold, in this true speaking Glass,
Thy Beauty's graces! of all women rarest
Where thou may'st find how largely they surpass
And stain in glorious loveliness, the fairest.
But read, sweet Mistress! and behold it nearer!
Pond'ring my sorrow's outrage with some pity.
Then shalt thou find no worldly creature dearer,
Than thou to me, thyself, in each Love Ditty!
But, in this Mirror, equally compare
Thy matchless beauty, with mine endless grief!
There, like thyself none can be found so fair;
Of chiefest pains, there, are my pains the chief.
Betwixt these both, this one doubt shalt thou find!
Whether are, here, extremest, in their kind?

SONNET II.

WHILES, with strong chains of hardy tempered steel,
I bound my thoughts, still gadding fast and faster;
When they, through time, the diff'rences did feel,
Betwixt a Mistress' service and a Master.
Keeping in bondage, jealously enthralled,
In prisons of neglect, his nature's mildness;
Him, I with solitary studies walled,
By thraldom, choking his outrageous wildness.
On whom, my careful thoughts I set to watch,
Guarding him closely, lest he should out issue
To seek thee, LAYA! who still wrought to catch
And train my tender boy, that could not miss you
(So you bewitched him once! when he did kiss you),
That, by such slights as never were found out,
To serve your turn, he daily went about.

SONNET III.

HE, WHEN continual vigil moved my Watch
Some deal, by chance, with careful guard to slumber:
The prison's keys from them did slowly snatch;
Which of the five, were only three in number.
The first was Sight, by which he searched the wards;
The next was Hearing, quickly to perceive,
Lest that the Watchmen heard, which were his guards;
Third, Touch, which VULCAN's cunning could deceive.
These (though the springs, wards, bolts, or gimbols were
The miracles of VULCAN's forgery)
Laid open all, for his escape. Now, there,
The watchmen grinned for his impiety.
What crosses bred this contrariety,
That by these keys, my thoughts, in chains be left;
And by these keys, I, of mine heart bereft?

SONNET IV

LAYA, soon sounding out his nature throughly,
Found that he was a lovely virgin Boy.
Causeless, why did thou then deal with him roughly?
Not yet content with him, sometimes, to toy;
But jealously kept, lest he should run from thee!
Whom if thou kindly meant to love, 'twas needless!
Doubtless lest that he should run back to me!
If of him, any deal thou didst stand heedless.

Thou coop'st him in thy closet's secret corners;
And then, thy heart's dear playfellow didst make him!
Whom thou in person guardest! (lest suborners
Should work his freelege, or in secret take him)
And to this instant, never would forsake him!
Since for soft service, slavish bonds be changed!
Why didst thou, from thy jealous master range?

SONNET V.

IT CHANCED, after, that a youthful Squire,
Such as, in courting, could the crafty guise,
Beheld light LAYA. She, with fresh Desire,
Hoping th'achievement of some richer prize,
Drew to the Courtier; who, with tender kiss,
(As are their guileful fashions which dissemble)
First him saluted; then (with forged bliss
Of doubtless hope) sweet words, by pause, did tremble.
So whiles she slightly glosed with her new prey,
My heart's eye (tending his false mistress' train)
Unyoked himself, and closely 'scaped away;
And to PARTHENOPHE did post amain,
For liberal pardon; which she did obtain.
"And judge! PARTHENOPHE! (for thou canst tell!)
That his escape from LAYA pleased me well."

SONNET VI.

HIM when I caught, what chains had I provided!
What fetters had I framed! What locks of Reason!
What Keys of Continence had I devised
(Impatient of the breach) 'gainst any treason!
But fair PARTHENOPHE did urge me still
To liberal pardon, for his former fault;
Which, out alas! prevailèd with my will.
Yet moved I bonds, lest he should make default:
Which willingly She seemed to undertake,
And said, "As I am virgin! I will be
His bail for this offence; and if he make
Another such vagary, take of me
A pawn, for more assurance unto thee!"
"Your love to me," quoth I, "your pawn shall make!
So that, for his default, I forfeit take."

SONNET VII.

HER love to me, She forthwith did impawn,
And was content to set at liberty
My trembling Heart; which straight began to fawn
Upon his Mistress' kindly courtesy.
Not many days were past, when (like a wanton)
He secretly did practise to depart;
And to PARTHENOPHE did send a canton,
Where, with sighs' accents, he did loves impart.
And for because She deigned him that great sign
Of gentle favours, in his kind release;
He did conclude, all duty to resign
To fair PARTHENOPHE: which doth increase
These woes, nor shall my restless Muses cease!
For by her, of mine heart am I deprived;
And by her, my first sorrows' heat revived.

SONNET VIII.

THEN to PARTHENOPHE, with all post haste
(As full assurèd of the pawn fore-pledged),
I made; and, with these words disordered placed,
Smooth (though with fury's sharp outrages edged).
Quoth I, "Fair Mistress! did I set mine Heart
At liberty, and for that, made him free;
That you should arm him for another start,
Whose certain bail you promisèd to be!"
"Tush!" quoth PARTHENOPHE, "before he go,
I'll be his bail at last, and doubt it not!"
"Why then," said I, "that Mortgage must I show
Of your true love, which at your hands I got
Ay me! She was, and is his bail, I wot:
But when the Mortgage should have cured the sore
She passed it off, by Deed of Gift before.

SONNET IX.

SO did PARTHENOPHE release mine Heart!
So did She rob me of mine heart's rich treasure!
Thus shall She be his bail before they part!
Thus in her love She made me such hard measure!
Ay me! nor hope of mutual love by leisure,
Nor any type of my poor Heart's release
Remains to me. How shall I take the seizure
Of her love's forfeiture? which took such peace
Combinèd with a former love. Then cease
To vex with sorrows, and thy griefs increase
'Tis for PARTHENOPHE! thou suffer'st smart.
Wild Nature's wound 's not curable by Art.
Then cease, which choking sighs and heart-swoll'n throbs,
To draw thy breath, broke off with sorrow's sobs!

SONNET X.



ET give me leave, since all my joys be perished,
Heart-less, to moan for my poor Heart's departure!
Nor should I mourn for him, if he were cherished.
Ah, no! She keeps him like a slavish martyr.
Ah, me! Since merciless, she made that charter,
Sealed with the wax of steadfast continence,
Signed with those hands which never can unwrite it,
Writ with that pen, which (by preeminence)
Too sure confirms whats'ever was indightit:
What skills to wear thy girdle, or thy garter;
When other arms shall thy small waist embrace?
How great a waste of mind and body's weal!
Now melts my soul! I, to thine eyes appeal!
If they, thy tyrant champions, owe me grace.

SONNET XI.



HY didst thou, then, in such disfigured guise,
Figure the portrait of mine overthrow?
Why, man-like, didst thou mean to tyrannize?
No man, but woman would have sinnèd so!
Why, then, inhuman, and my secret foe!
Didst thou betray me? yet would be a woman!
From my chief wealth, outweaving me this woe,
Leaving thy love in pawn, till time did come on
When that thy trustless bonds were to be tried!
And when, through thy default, I thee did summon
Into the Court of Steadfast Love, then cried,
"As it was promised, here stands his Heart's bail!
And if in bonds to thee, my love be tied;
Then by those bonds, take Forfeit of the Sale!"

MADRIGAL 1.



POWERS Celestial! with what sophistry
Took She delight, to blank my heart by sorrow!
And in such riddles, act my tragedy:
Making this day, for him; for me, to-morrow!
Where shall I Sonnets borrow?
Where shall I find breasts, sides, and tongue,
Which my great wrongs might to the world dispense?
Where my defence?
My physic, where? For how can I live long,
That have foregone my Heart? I'll steal from hence,
From restless souls, mine hymns! from seas, my tears!
From winds, my sides! from concave rocks and steel
My sides and voice's echo! reeds which feel
Calm blasts still moving, which the shepherd bears
For wailful plaints, my tongue shall be!
The land unknown to rest and comfort me.

MADRIGAL 2.



IGHT not this be for man's more certainty,
By Nature's laws enactit,
That those which do true meaning falsify,
Making such bargains as were precontractit,
Should forfeit freelege of love's tenancy
To th' plaintiff grieved, if he exact it.
Think on my love, thy faith! yet hast thou cracked it.
Nor Nature, Reason, Love, nor Faith can make thee
To pity me! My prisoned heart to pity,
Sighs, no fit incense, nor my plaints can wake thee!
Thy nose, from savour, and thine ears, from sound
Stopped and obdurate, nought could shake thee!
Think on, when thou such pleasure found
To read my lines! and reading, termed them witty!
Whiles lines, for love; and brains, for beauty witless;
I for Thee, fever scorched; yet Thou still fitless!

SONNET XII.

WEXT with th'assaults of thy conceivèd beauty,
I restless, on thy favours meditate!
And though despairful love, sometimes, my suit tie
Unto these faggots (figures of my state),
Which bound with endless line, by leisure wait
That happy moment of your heart's reply!
Yet by those lines I hope to find the gate;
Which, through love's labyrinth, shall guide me right.
Whiles (unacquainted exercise!) I try
Sweet solitude, I shun my life's chief light!
And all because I would forget thee quite.
And (working that) methinks, it's such a sin
(As I take pen and paper for to write)
Thee to forget; that leaving, I begin!

SONNET XIII.

WHEN none of these, my sorrows would allege;
I sought to find the means, how I might hate thee!
Then hateful Curiousness I did in-wedge
Within my thoughts, which ever did await thee!
I framed mine Eyes for an unjust controlment;
And mine unbridled Thoughts (because I dare not
Seek to compel) did pray them, take enrolment
Of Nature's fault in her! and, equal, spare not!
They searched, and found "her eyes were sharp and fiery,
A mole upon her forehead coloured pale,
Her hair disordered, brown, and crispèd wiry,
Her cheeks thin speckled with a summer's male."
This told, men weened it was a pleasing tale
Her to disgrace, and make my follies fade.
And please, it did! but her, more gracious made.

MADRIGAL 3.

ONCE in an arbour was my Mistress sleeping,
With rose and woodbine woven,
Whose person, thousand graces had in keeping,
Where for mine heart, her heart's hard flint was cloven
To keep him safe. Behind, stood, pertly peeping,
Poor CUPID, softly creeping,
And drave small birds out of the myrtle bushes,
Scared with his arrows, who sate cheeping
On every sprig; whom CUPID calls and hushes
From branch to branch: whiles I, poor soul! sate weeping
To see her breathe (not knowing)
Incense into the clouds, and bless with breath
The winds and air; whiles CUPID, underneath,
With birds, with songs, nor any posies throwing,
Could her awake.
Each noise, sweet lullaby was, for her sake!

MADRIGAL 4.

THERE, had my ZEUXIS place and time, to draw
My Mistress' portrait; which, on platane table,
(With Nature, matching colours), as he saw
Her leaning on her elbow; though not able,
He 'gan with vermil, gold, white, and sable
To shadow forth; and with a skilful knuckle
Lively set out my fortunes' fable.
On lips, a rose; on hand, a honeysuckle.
For Nature framed that arbour, in such orders
That roses did with woodbines buckle;
Whose shadow trembling on her lovely face,
He left unshadowed. There Art lost his grace!
And that white lily leaf, with fringèd borders
Of angels' gold, veiled the skies
Of mine heaven's hierarchy, which closed her eyes.

SONNET XIV.

WHEN him controlling, that he left undone,
Her eyes' bright circle thus did answer make;
"Rest's mist, with silver cloud, had closed her sun.
Nor could he draw them, till she were awake."
"Why then," quoth I, "were not these leaves' dark shade
Upon her cheeks, depainted, as you see them?"
"Shape of a shadow cannot well be made!"
Was answered "for shade's shadows, none can eye them!"
This reason proves sure argument for me,
That my grief's image, I can not set out;
Which might with lively colours blazèd be.
Wherefore since nought can bring the means about,
That thou, my sorrow's cause, should view throughout;
Thou wilt not pity me! But this was it!
ZEUXIS had neither skill, nor colours fit.

SONNET XV.

WHERE, or to whom, then, shall I make complaint?
By guileful wiles, of mine heart's guide deprived!
With right's injustice, and unkind constraint:
Barred from her loves, which my deserts achieved!
This though thou sought to choke, far more revived
Within mine restless heart, left almost senseless.
O, make exchange! Surrender thine, for mine!
Lest that my body, void of guide, be fenceless.
So shalt thou pawn to me, sign for a sign
Of thy sweet conscience; when I shall resign
Thy love's large Charter, and thy Bonds again.
O, but I fear mine hopes be void, or menceless!
No course is left, which might thy loves attain,
Whether with sighs I sue, or tears complain!

SONNET XVI.

YEA, that accursed Deed, before unsealed,
Is argument of thy first constancy!
Which if thou hadst to me before revealed;
I had not pleaded in such fervency.
Yet this delights, and makes me triumph much,
That mine Heart, in her body lies imprisoned!
For, 'mongst all bay-crowned conquerors, no such
Can make the slavish captive boast him conquered,
Except PARTHENOPHE; whose fiery gleams
(Like JOVE's swift lightning raging, which rocks pierceth)
Heating them inly with his sudden beams,
And secret golden mines with melting searseth
Eftsoons with cannon, his dread rage rehearseth;
Yet nought seems scorched, in apparent sight.
So first, She secret burnt; then, did affright!

SONNET XVII.

HOw then succeedeth that, amid this woe,
(Where Reason's sense doth from my soul divide)
By these vain lines, my fits be specified;
Which from their endless ocean, daily flow?
Where was it born? Whence, did this humour grow,
Which, long obscured with melancholy's mist,
Inspires my giddy brains unpurified,
So lively, with sound reasons, to persist
In framing tuneful Elegies, and Hymns
For her, whose names my Sonnets note so trims;
That nought but her chaste name so could assist?
And my Muse in first tricking out her limbs,
Found in her lifeless Shadow such delight;
That yet She shadows her, when as I write.

SONNET XVIII.

WRITE! write! help! help, sweet Muse! and never cease!
In endless labours, pens and paper tire!
Until I purchase my long wished Desire.
Brains, with my Reason, never rest in peace!
Waste breathless words! and breathful sighs increase!
Till of my woes, remorseful, you espy her;
Till she with me, be burnt in equal fire.
I never will, from labour, wits release!
My senses never shall in quiet rest;
Till thou be pitiful, and love alike!
And if thou never pity my distresses;
Thy cruelty, with endless force shall strike
Upon my wits, to ceaseless writs addrest!
My cares, in hope of some revenge, this lesses.

SONNET XIX.

IMPERIOUS JOVE, with sweet lipped MERCURY;
Learned MINERVA; PHŒBUS, God of Light;
Vein-swelling BACCHUS; VENUS, Queen of Beauty;
With light-foot PHŒBE, Lamp of silent Night:
These have, with divers deities beside,
Borrowed the shapes of many a mortal creature;
But fair PARTHENOPHE, graced with the pride
Of each of these, sweet Queen of lovely feature!
As though she were, with pearl of all their skill,
By heaven's chief nature garnished. She knits
In wrath, JOVE's forehead; with sweet noting quill,
She matcheth MERCURY, MINERVA's wits;
In goldy locks, bright TITAN; BACCHUS sits
In her hands conduit pipes; sweet VENUS' face;
DIANA's leg, the Tyrian buskins grace.

SONNET XX.

THESE Eyes (thy Beauty's Tenants !) pay due tears
For occupation of mine Heart, thy Freehold,
In Tenure of Love's service ! If thou behold
With what exaction, it is held through fears;
And yet thy Rents, extorted daily, bears.
Thou would not, thus, consume my quiet's gold !
And yet, though covetous thou be, to make
Thy beauty rich, with renting me so roughly,
And at such sums: thou never thought dost take,
But still consumes me ! Then, thou dost misguide all !
Spending in sport, for which I wrought so toughly !
When I had felt all torture, and had tried all;
And spent my Stock, through 'strain of thy extortion;
On that, I had but good hopes, for my portion.

SONNET XXI.

YEA, but uncertain hopes are Anchors feeble,
When such faint-hearted pilots guide my ships,
Of all my fortune's Ballast with hard pebble,
Whose doubtful voyage proves not worth two chips.
If when but one dark cloud shall dim the sky,
The Cables of hope's happiness be cut;
When bark, with thoughts-drowned mariners shall lie,
Prest for the whirlpool of grief's endless glut.
If well thou mean, PARTHENOPHE ! then ravish
Mine heart, with doubtless hope of mutual love !
If otherwise; then let thy tongue run lavish !
For this, or that, am I resolved to prove !
And both, or either ecstasy shall move
Me ! ravished, end with surfeit of relief;
Or senseless, daunted, die with sudden grief.

SONNET XXII.

FROM thine heart's ever burning Vestal fire,
The torchlight of two suns is nourished still;
Which, in mild compass, still surmounting higher,
Their orbs, which circled harmony fulfil;
Whose rolling wheels run on meridian's line,
And turning, they turn back the misty night.
Report of which clear wonder did incline
Mine eyes to gaze upon that uncouth light.
On it till I was sunburnt, did I gaze!
Which with a fervent agony possessed me;
Then did I sweat, and swelt; mine eyes daze
Till that a burning fever had oppressed me:
Which made me faint. No physic hath repressed me;
For I try all! yet, for to make me sound,
Ay, me! no grass, nor physic may be found.

SONNET XXIII.

WHEN, with the Dawning of my first delight,
The Daylight of love's Delicacy moved me;
Then from heaven's disdainful starry light,
The Moonlight of her Chastity reproved me.
Her forehead's threatful clouds from hope removed me,
Till Midnight reared on the mid-noctial line;
Her heart whiles Pity's slight had undershoved me,
Then did I force her downward to decline
Till Dawning daylight cheerfully did shine;
And by such happy revolution drew
Her Morning's blush to joyful smiles incline.
And now Meridian heat dries up my dew;
There rest, fair Planets! Stay, bright orbs of day!
Still smiling at my dial, next eleven!

SONNET XXIV.

THESE, mine heart-eating Eyes do never gaze
Upon thy sun's harmonious marble wheels,
But from these eyes, through force of thy sun's blaze,
Rain tears continual, whiles my faith's true steels,
Tempered on anvil of thine heart's cold Flint,
Strike marrow-melting fire into mine eyes;
The Tinder, whence my Passions do not stint
As Matches to those sparkles which arise.
Which, when the Taper of mine heart is lighted,
Like salamanders, nourish in the flame:
And all the Loves, with my new Torch delighted,
Awhile, like gnats, did flourish in the same;
But burnt their wings, nor any way could frame
To fly from thence, since JOVE's proud bird (that bears
His thunder) viewed my sun; but shed down tears.

SONNET XXV.

THEN count it not disgrace! if any view me,
Sometime to shower down rivers of salt tears,
From tempest of my sigh's despairful fears.
Then scorn me not, alas, sweet friends! but rue me!
Ah, pity! pity me! For if you knew me!
How, with her looks, mine heart amends and wears;
Now calm, now ragious, as my Passion bears:
You would lament with me! and She which slew me,
She which (Ay me!) She which did deadly wound me,
And with her beauty's balm, though dead, keeps lively
My lifeless body; and, by charms, hath bound me,
For thankless meed, to serve her: if she vively
Could see my sorrow's maze, which none can tread;
She would be soft and light, though flint and lead!

SONNET XXVI.

WHEN lovely wrath, my Mistress' heart assaileth,
LOVE's golden darts take aim from her bright eyes;
And PSYCHE, VENUS' rosy couch empaleth,
Placed in her cheeks, with lilies, where she lies!
And when She smiles, from her sweet looks and cheerful,
Like PHŒBUS, when through sudden clouds he starteth
(After stern tempests, showers, and thunder fearful);
So She, my world's delight, with her smiles hearteth!
AURORA, yellow looks, when my Love blushes,
Wearing her hair's bright colour in her face!
And from love's ruby portal lovely rushes,
For every word She speaks, an angel's grace!
If She be silent, every man in place
With silence, wonders her! and if She sleep,
Air doth, with her breath's murmur, music keep!

SONNET XXVII.

WHY do I draw this cool relieving air,
And breathe it out in scalding sighs, as fast?
Since all my hopes die buried in despair;
In which hard soil, mine endless knots be cast.
Where, when I come to walk, be sundry Mazes
With Beauty's skilful finger lined out;
And knots, whose borders set with double daisies,
Doubles my dazed Muse with endless doubt.
How to find easy passage through the time,
With which my Mazes are so long beset,
That I can never pass, but fall and climb
According to my Passions (which forget
The place, where they with Love's Guide should have met):
But when, faint-wearied, all (methinks) is past;
The Maze returning, makes me turn as fast.

SONNET XXVIII.

SO BE my labours endless in their turns.
Turn! turn, PARTHENOPHE! Turn, and relent!
Hard is thine heart, and never will repent!
See how this heart within my body burns!
Thou see'st it not! and therefore thou rejournes
My pleasures! Ill my days been overspent.
When I beg grace, thou mine entreaty spurns;
Mine heart, with hope upheld, with fear returns.
Betwixt these Passions, endless is my fit.
Then if thou be but human, grant some pity!
Or if a Saint? sweet mercies are their meeds!
Fair, lovely, chaste, sweet spoken, learned, witty;
Those make thee Saint-like! and these, Saints befit:
But thine hard heart makes all these graces, weeds!

SONNET XXIX.

BLESS still the myrrh tree, VENUS! for thy meed!
For to the weeping myrrh, my Tears be due.
Contentious winds, which did from TITAN breed!
The shaking Aspine tree belongs to you:
To th' Aspine, I bequeath my ceaseless Tongue!
And PHŒBUS, let thy laurels ever flourish!
To still-green laurel, my Loves do belong.
Let mighty JOVE, his oak's large branches nourish!
For to strong oak, mine Heart is consecrate.
Let dreadful PLUTO bless black heben* tree! [*Ebony.]
To th' Heben, my Despair is dedicate.
And Naiads, let your willows lovèd be!
To them, my Fortunes still removèd be.
So shall my tears, tongue, Passions never cease;
Nor heart decay, nor my despair decrease.

SONNET XXX.

SO THIS continual fountain of my Tears,
From that hard rock of her sweet beauty trickling;
So shall my Tongue on her love's music tickling;
So shall my Passions, fed with hopes and fears;
So shall mine Heart, which wearing, never wears,
But soft, is hardened with her beauty's prickling;
On which, Despair, my vulture seized, stands pickling
Yet never thence his maw full gorgèd bears;
Right so, my Tears, Tongue, Passions, Heart, Despair;
With floods, complaints, sighs, throbs, and endless sorrow;
In seas, in volumes, winds, earthquakes, and hell;
Shall float, chant, breathe, break, and dark mansion borrow!
And, in them, I be blessed for my Fair;
That in these torments, for her sake I dwell.

SONNET XXXI.

I BURN, yet am I cold! I am a cold, yet burn!
In pleasing, discontent! in discontentment, pleased!
Diseased, I am in health! and healthful, am diseased!
In turning back, proceed! proceeding, I return!
In mourning, I rejoice! and in rejoicing, mourn!
In pressing, I step back! in stepping back, I pressed!
In gaining, still I lose! and in my losses, gain!
Grounded, I waver still! and wavering, still am grounded!
Unwounded, yet not sound! and being sound, am wounded!
Slain, yet am I alive! and yet alive, am slain!
Hounded, my heart rests still! still resting, is it hounded!
In pain, I feel no grief! yet void of grief, in pain!
Unmoved, I vex myself! unvexed, yet am I moved!
Beloved, She loves me not; yet is She my beloved!

SONNET XXXII.

SARCE twice seven times had PHŒBUS' waggon wheel
Obliquely wandered through the *Zodiac's* line,
Since Nature first to OPS did me resign,
When in mine youthful vein, I well could feel
A lustful rage, which, Reason's chains of steel
(With headstrong force of Lust) did still untwine.
To wanton Fancies I did then incline;
Whilst mine unbridled PHÆTON did reel
With heedless rage, till that his chariot came
To take, in fold, his resting with the Ram.
But bootless, all! For such was his unrest
That, in no limits, he could be contained!
To lawless sports and pleasures, ever prest;
And his swift wheels, with their sweet oil distained!

SONNET XXXIII.

NEXT, when the boundless fury of my sun
Began in higher climates, to take fire;
And with it, somewhat kindled my Desire.
Then, lest I should have wholly been undone;
(For now mine age have thrice seven winters run)
With studies, and with labours did I tire
Mine itching Fancies! which did still aspire.
Then, from those objects (which their force begun,
Through wandering fury, to possess mine heart),
Mine eyes, their vain seducers, I did fix
On PALLAS, and on MARS! home, and in field!
And armed strongly (lest my better part
To milder objects should itself immix),
I vowed, "I never would, to Beauty yield!"

II

SONNET XXXIV.

BUT when, in May, my world's bright fiery sun
Had past in Zodiac, with his golden team,
To place his beams, which in the Twins begun:
The blazing twin stars of my world's bright beam,
My Mistress' Eyes! mine heaven's bright Sun and Moon!
The Stars by which, poor Shepherd I, am warned
To pin in late, and put my flocks out soon;
My flocks of Fancies, as the signs me learned:
Then did my love's first Spring begin to sprout,
So long as my sun's heat in these signs reigned.
But wandering all the Zodiac throughout,
From her May's twins, my sun such heat constrained:
That where, at first, I little had complained;
From Sign to Sign, in such course he now posteth!
Which, daily, me, with hotter flaming toasteth.

SONNET XXXV.

NEXT, when my sun, by progress, took his hold
In Cancer, of my Mistress' crafty mind;
How retrograde seemed She! when as I told
That "in his claws, such torches I did find;
Which if She did not to my tears lay plain
That they might quenchèd be from their outrage;
My love's hot June should be consumed in pain,
Unless her pity make my grief assuage."
O, how She frowns! and like the Crab, back turns!
When I request her put her beams apart;
Yet with her beams, my soul's delight, She burns!
She pities not to think upon my smart!
Nor from her Cancer's claws can I depart:
For there, the torch of my red-hot Desire
Grieves and relieves me, with continual fire.

SONNET XXXVI.

AND thus continuing with outrageous fire,
My sun, proceeding forward (to my sorrow !),
Took up his Court; but willing to retire
Within the Lion's den, his rage did borrow.
But whiles within that Mansion he remained,
How cruel was PARTHENOPHE to me!
And when of my great sorrows I complained,
She Lion-like, wished "they might tenfold be!"
Then did I rage; and in unkindly Passions,
I rent mine hair, and razed my tender skin;
And raving in such frantic fashions,
That with such cruelty she did begin
To feed the fire which I was burnèd in.
Can woman brook to deal so sore with men?
She, man's woe! learned it in the Lion's den!

SONNET XXXVII.

BUT Pity, which sometimes doth lions move,
Removed my sun from moody Lion's cave;
And into Virgo's bower did next remove
His fiery wheels. But then She answer gave
That "She was all vowed to virginity!"
Yet said, "'Bove all men, She would most affect me!"
Fie, Delian goddess! In thy company
She learned, with honest colour, to neglect me!
And underneath chaste veils of single life,
She shrouds her crafty claws, and lion's heart!
Which, with my senses, now, do mingle strife
'Twixt loves and virtues, which provoke my smart.
Yet from these Passions can I never part,
But still I make my suits importunate
To thee! which makes my case unfortunate.

♎

SONNET XXXVIII.

WHEN thine heart-piercing answers could not hinder
Mine heart's hot hammer on thy steel to batter;
Nor could excuses cold, quench out that cinder
Which in me kindled was: She weighed the matter,
And turning my sun's chariot, him did place
In Libra's equal Mansion, taking pause,
And casting, with deep judgement, to disgrace
My love, with cruel dealing in the cause.
She, busily, with earnest care devised
How She might make her beauty tyrannous,
And I, for ever, to her yoke surprised:
The means found out, with cunning perilous,
She turned the wheels, with force impetuous,
And armed with woman-like contagion
My sun She lodged in the Scorpion.

♏

SONNET XXXIX.

THEN (from her Venus, and bright Mercury,
My heaven's clear planets), did She shoot such blazes
As did infuse, with heat's extremity,
Mine heart, which on despair's bare pasture grazes.
Then, like the Scorpion, did She deadly sting me;
And with a pleasing poison pierced me!
Which, to these utmost sobs of death, did bring me,
And, through my soul's faint sinews, searched me.
Yet might She cure me with the *Scorpion's Oil*!
If that She were so kind as beautiful:
But, in my bale, She joys to see me boil;
Though be my Passions dear and dutiful,
Yet She, remorseless and unmerciful.
But when my thought of her is such a thing
To strike me dead; judge, if herself can sting!

SONNET XL.

BUT, ah, my plague, through time's outrage, increased!
For when my sun his task had finished
Within the Scorpion's Mansion, he not ceased,
Nor yet his heat's extremes diminished,
Till that dead-aiming Archer 'dressed his quiver,
In which he closely couchèd, at the last!
That Archer, which does pierce both heart and liver,
With hot gold-pointed shafts, which rankle fast!
That proud, commanding, and swift-shooting Archer;
Far-shooting PHŒBUS, which doth overshoot!
And, more than PHŒBUS, is an inward parcher!
That with thy notes harmonious and songs soot
Allured my sun, to fire mine heart's soft root!
And with thine ever-wounding golden arrow,
First pricked my soul, then pierced my body's marrow!

SONNET XLI.

WHEN my sun, CUPID, took his next abiding
'Mongst craggy rocks and mountains, with the Goat;
Ah then, on beauty did my senses doat!
Then, had each Fair regard, my fancies guiding!
Then, more than blessed was I, if one tiding
Of female favour set mine heart afloat!
Then, to mine eyes each Maid was made a moat!
My fickle thoughts, with divers fancies sliding,
With wanton rage of lust, so me did tickle!
Mine heart, each Beauty's captived vassal!
Nor vanquished then (as now) but with love's prickle!
Not deeply moved (till love's beams did discover
That lovely Nymph, PARTHENOPHE!), no lover!
Stop there, for fear! Love's privilege doth pass all!

SONNET XLII.

PAss all! Ah, no! No jot will be omitted,
Now though my sun within the water rest;
Yet doth his scalding fury still infest
Into this sign. While that my PHŒBUS flitted,
Thou moved these streams; whose courses thou committed
To me, thy Water-man bound! and addrest
To pour out endless drops upon that soil
Which withers most, when it is watered best!
Cease, floods! and to your channels, make recoil!
Strange floods, which on my fire burn like oil!
Thus whiles mine endless furies higher ran,
Thou! thou, PARTHENOPHE! my rage begun;
Sending thy beams, to heat my fiery sun:
Thus am I Water-man, and Fire-man!

SONNET XLIII.

NOw in my *Zodiac*'s last extremest sign,
My luckless sun, his hapless Mansion made;
And in the water, willing more to wade,
To Pisces did his chariot wheels incline:
For me (poor Fish!) he, with his golden line
Baited with beauties, all the river lade,
(For who, of such sweet baits would stand afraid?)
There nibbling for such food as made me pine,
LOVE's Golden Hook, on me took sudden hold;
And I down swallowed that impoisoned gold.
Since then, devise what any wisher can,
Of fiercest torments! since, all joys devise!
Worse griefs, more joys did my true heart comprise!
Such, were LOVE's baits! my crafty Fisherman.

MADRIGAL 5.

SUCH strange effects wrought by thought-wounding CUPID,
In changing me to fish, his baits to swallow;
With poison choking me, unless that you bid
Him to my stomach give some antidote!
Fly, little god, with wings of swallow!
Or if thy feathers fast float,
That antidote from my heart's Empress bring!
My feeble senses to revive:
Lest (if thou wave it with an eagle's wing)
Too late thou come, and find me not alive!

MADRIGAL 6.

WHY loved I? For love, to purchase hatred!
Or wherefore hates She? but that I should love her!
Why were these cheeks with tears bewatered?
Because my tears might quench those sparks
Which with heat's pity move her!
Her cloudy frown, with mist her beauty darks,
To make it seem obscurèd at my smiles.
In dark, true diamonds will shine!
Her hate, my love; her heat, my tears beguiles!
Fear makes her doubtful; yet her heart is mine!

MADRIGAL 7.

YOUTH's wanton Spring, when in the raging Bull
My sun was lodged, gave store of flowers,
With leaves of pleasure, stalks of hours; [full
Which soon shaked off the leaves, when they were
Of pleasures, beauty dewed, with April showers.
My Summer love, whose buds were beautiful,
Youthful desires, with heats unmerciful,
Parched; whose seeds, when harvest time was come,
Were cares, against my suits obdurate.
With sheaves of scorn bound up, which did benumb
Mine heart with grief; yet made her heart indurate.
O chaste desires, which held her heart immurate
In walls of adamant unfoiled!
My Winter spent in showers of sorrow's tears!
Hailstones of hatred! frosts of fears!
My branches bared of pleasure, and despoiled!

MADRIGAL 8.

WHY am I thus in mind and body wounded?
O mind, and body mortal, and divine!
On what sure rock is your fort grounded?
On death? Ah, no! For at it, you repine!
Nay, both entombed in her beauty's shrine
Will live, though shadow-like; that men astounded
At their anatomies, when they shall view it,
May pitifully rue it.
Yea, but her murdering beauty doth so shine,
(O yet much merciless!)
That heart desires to live with her, that slew it!
And though She still rest pitiless,
Yet, at her beauty, will I wonder!
Though sweet graces (past repeat)
Never appear, but when they threat;
Firing my secret heart, with dart and thunder.

SONNET XLIV.



DART and thunder! whose fierce violence
Surmounting Rhetoric's dart and thunder bolts,
Can never be set out in eloquence!
Whose might all metals' mass asunder moults!
Where be the famous Prophets of old Greece?
Those ancient Roman poets of account?
MUSÆUS, who went for the Golden Fleece
With JASON, and did HERO's love recount!
And thou, sweet NASO, with thy golden verse;
Whose lovely spirit ravished CÆSAR's daughter!
And that sweet Tuscan, PETRARCH, which did pierce
His LAURA with Love Sonnets, when he sought her!
Where be all these? That all these might have taught her,
That Saints divine, are known Saints by their mercy!
And Saint-like beauty should not rage with pierce eye!

SONNET XLV.



WEET Beauty's rose! in whose fair purple leaves,
LOVE's Queen, in richest ornament doth lie;
Whose graces, were they not too sweet and high,
Might here be seen, but since their sight bereaves
All senses; he (that endless bottom weaves,
Which did PENELOPE) who that shall try,
Then wonder, and in admiration die
At Nature-passing Nature's holy frame!
Her beauty, thee revives! Thy Muse upheaves
To draw celestial spirit from the skies!
To praise the Work and Worker whence it came!
This spirit, drawn from heaven of thy fair eyes!
Whose gilded cognizance, left in mine heart,
Shews me thy faithful servant, to my smart!

SONNET XLVI.

AH, PIERCE-EYE piercing eye, and blazing light!
Of thunder, thunder blazes burning up!
O sun, sun melting! blind, and dazing sight!
Ah, heart! down-driving heart, and turning up!
O matchless beauty, Beauty's beauty staining!
Sweet damask rosebud! VENUS' rose of roses!
Ah, front imperious, duty's duty gaining!
Yet threatful clouds did still inclose and closes.
O lily leaves, when JUNO lily's leaves
In wond'ring at her colours' grain distained!
Voice, which rock's voice and mountain's hilly cleaves
In sunder, at my loves with pain complained!
Eye, lightning sun! Heart, beauty's bane unfeigned!
O damask rose! proud forehead! lily! voice!
Ah, partial fortune! sore chance! silly choice!

SONNET XLVII.

GIVE me my Heart! For no man liveth heartless!
And now deprived of heart, I am but dead,
(And since thou hast it; in his tables read!
Whether he rest at ease, in joys and smartless?
Whether beholding him, thine eyes were dartless?
Or to what bondage, his enthralment leads?)
Return, dear Heart! and me, to mine restore!
Ah, let me thee possess! Return to me!
I find no means, devoid of skill and artless.
Thither return, where thou triumphed before!
Let me of him but repossessor be!
And when thou gives to me mine heart again;
Thyself, thou dost bestow! For thou art She,
Whom I call Heart! and of whom, I complain.

SONNET XLVIII.

I WISH no rich refined Arabian gold!
Nor orient Indian pearl, rare Nature's wonder!
No diamonds, th' Egyptian surges under!
No rubies of America, dear sold!
Nor saphires, which rich Afric sands enfold!
(Treasures far distant, from this isle asunder)
Barbarian ivories, in contempt I hold!
But only this; this only, VENUS, grant!
That I, my sweet PARTHENOPHE may get!
Her hairs, no grace of golden wires want;
Pure pearls, with perfect rubines are inset;
True diamonds, in eyes; saphires, in veins:
Nor can I, that soft ivory skin forget!
England, in one small subject, such contains!

SONNET XLIX.

COOL! cool in waves, thy beams intolerable,
O sun! No son, but most unkind stepfather!
By law, nor Nature, Sire; but rebel rather!
Fool! fool! these labours are inextricable;
A burden whose weight is importable;
A Siren which, within thy breast, doth bathe her;
A Fiend which doth, in Graces' garments grath her;
A fortress, whose force is impregnable;
From my love's 'lembic, still 'stilled tears. O tears!
Quench! quench mine heat! or, with your sovereigntv,
Like NIOBE, convert mine heart to marble!
Or with fast-flowing pine, my body dry,
And rid me from Despair's chilled fears! O fears,
Which on mine heben harp's heartstrings do warble!

SONNET L.

SO WARBLE out your tragic notes of sorrow,
Black harp of liver-pining Melancholy!
Black Humour, patron of my Fancy's folly!
Mere follies, which from Fancy's fire, borrow
Hot fire; which burns day, night, midnight, and morrow.
Long morning which prolongs my sorrows solely,
And ever overrules my Passions wholly:
So that my fortune, where it first made sorrow,
Shall there remain, and ever shall it plow
The bowels of mine heart; mine heart's hot bowels!
And in their furrows, sow the Seeds of Love;
Which thou didst sow, and newly spring up now
And make me write vain words: no words, but Vowels!
For nought to me, good Consonant would prove.

SONNET LI.

LAME Consonants, of member-Vowels robbed!
What perfect sounding words can you compose,
Wherein you might my sorrow's flame disclose?
Can you frame maimed words, as you had throbbed?
Can you with sighs, make signs of Passions sobbed?
Or can your Characters, make Sorrow's shows?
Can Liquids make them? I, with tears make those!
But for my tears, with taunts and frumps are bobbed.
Could Mutes procure good words, mute would I be!
But then who should my Sorrow's Image paint?
No Consonants, or Mutes, or Liquids will
Set out my sorrows; though, with grief I faint.
If with no letter, but one Vowel should be;
An A, with H, my Sonnet would fulfil.

SONNET LII.

METHOUGHT, CALLIOPE did from heaven descend
To sing, fair Mistress! thy sweet beauty's praise.
Thy sweet enchanting voice did ORPHEUS raise;
Who, with his harp (which down the gods did send)
Celestial concord to the voice did lend.
His music, all wild beasts so did amaze
That they, submissive to thy looks did bend.
Hills, trees, towns, bridges, from their places wend.
Hopping and dancing. All the winds be still
And listen; whiles the nightingales fulfil,
With larks and thrushes, all defects of pleasure.
Springs sang thy praises, in a murmur shrill.
Whiles I, enraged by music, out of trance,
Like BACCHUS's priest, did, in thy presence dance.

MADRIGAL 9.

FOR glory, pleasure, and fair flourishing;
Sweet singing, courtly dancing, curious love,
A rich remembrance; virtue's nourishing;
For sacred care of heavenly things;
For voice's sweetness, music's notes above,
When she divinely speaks or sings:
CLIO, dismount! EUTERPE, silent be!
THALIA, for thy purple, put on sackcloth!
Sing hoarse, MELPOMENE! with JOVE's Harpies three!
TERPSICHORE, break off thy galliard dances!
Leave, ERATO, thy daliance! court in black cloth!
Thy praises, POLYHYMNIA! She enhances.
For heavenly zeal, URANIA, She outreacheth.
Plead not, CALLIOPE! Sing not to thy lute!
JOVE and MNEMOSINE, both, be mute!
While my PARTHENOPHE, your daughters teacheth.

MADRIGAL 10.

[*See Vol. I. pp.* 74, 128, 460, 651.]

THOU scaled my fort, blind Captain of Conceit!
But you, sweet Mistress! entered at the breach!
There, you made havoc of my heart!
There, you to triumph, did my tyrant teach!
Beware! He knows to win you by deceit!
Those ivory Walls cannot endure his dart!
That Turret, framed with heaven's rare art,
Immured with whitest porphyry, and inset
With roses, checking Nature's pride of ruby!
Those two true diamonds which their Windows fret,
Arched with pure gold, yet mourn in sable shade!
Warn not these, that in danger you be?
Vanquish her, little tyrant! I will true be!
And though She will not yield to me;
Yet none could thrall my heart, but She!

MADRIGAL 11.

THINE Eyes, mine heaven! (which harbour lovely rest,
And with their beams all creatures cheer)
Stole from mine eyes their clear;
And made mine eyes dim mirrolds of unrest.
And from her lily Forehead, smooth and plain,
My front, his withered furrows took;
And through her grace, his grace forsook.
From soft Cheeks, rosy red,
My cheeks their leanness, and this pallid stain.
The Golden Pen of Nature's book,
(For her Tongue, that task undertook!)
Which to the Graces' Secretory led,
And sweetest Muses, with sweet music fed,
Inforced my Muse, in tragic tunes to sing:
But from her heart's hard frozen string,
Mine heart his tenderness and heat possest.

MADRIGAL 12.

LIKE to the Mountains, are mine high desires;
Level to thy love's highest point:
Grounded on faith, which thy sweet grace requires.
For Springs, tears rise in endless source.
For Summer's flowers, Love's fancies I appoint.
The Trees, with storms tossed out of course,
Figure my thoughts, still blasted with Despair.
Thunder, lightning, and hail
Make his trees mourn: thy frowns make me bewail!
This only difference! Here, fire; there, snows are!

SONNET LIII.

WHY do I draw my breath, vain sighs to feed;
Since all my sighs be breathed out in vain?
Why be these eyes the conduits, whence proceed
These ceaseless tears, which, for your sake! do rain?
Why do I write my woes! and writing, grieve
To think upon them, and their sweet contriver;
Begging some comfort, which might me relieve,
When the remembrance is my cares' reviver?
Why do I sue to kiss; and kiss, to love;
And love, to be tormented; not beloved?
Can neither sighs, nor tears, my sorrows move
By lines, or words? nor will they be removed?
Then tire not, Tyrant! but on mine heart tire!
That unconsumed, I burn, in my Desire.

SONNET LIV.

WHEN I was young, indued with Nature's graces;
I stole blind LOVE's strong bow and golden arrows,
To shoot at redbreasts, goldfinches, and sparrows;
At shrewd girls; and at boys, in other places.
I shot, when I was vexèd with disgraces.
I pierced no skin, but melted up their marrows.
How many boys and girls wished mine embraces!
How many praised my favour, 'bove all faces!
But, once, PARTHENOPHE! by thy sweet side sitting,
LOVE had espied me, in a place most fitting:
Betrayed by thine eyes' beams (which make blind see)
He shot at me; and said, "for thine eyes' light;
This daring boy (that durst usurp my right)
Take him! a wounded slave to LOVE and Thee!"

SONNET LV.

NYMPHS, which in beauty mortal creatures stain,
And Satyrs, which none but fair Nymphs behold;
They, to the Nymphs; and Nymphs to them, complain:
And each, in spite, my Mistress' beauty told.
Till soundly sleeping in a myrtle grove,
A wanton Satyr had espied her there;
Who deeming she was dead, in all haste strove
To fetch the Nymphs; which in the forests were.
They flocking fast, in triumph of her death,
Lightly beheld: and, deeming she was dead,
Nymphs sang, and Satyrs dancèd out of breath.
Whilst Satyrs, with the Nymphs *La Voltas* led;
My Mistress did awake! Then, they which came
To scorn her beauty, ran away for shame!

SONNET LVI.

THE Dial! love, which shews how my days spend.
The leaden Plummets sliding to the ground!
My thoughts, which to dark melancholy bend.
The rolling Wheels, which turn swift hours round!
Thine eyes, PARTHENOPHE! my Fancy's guide.
The Watch, continually which keeps his stroke!
By whose oft turning, every hour doth slide;
Figure the sighs, which from my liver smoke,
Whose oft invasions finish my life's date.
The Watchman, which, each quarter, strikes the bell!
Thy love, which doth each part exanimate;
And in each quarter, strikes his forces fell.
That Hammer and great Bell, which end each hour!
Death, my life's victor, sent by thy love's power.

SONNET LVII.

THY beauty is the Sun, which guides my day,
And with his beams, to my world's life gives light;
With whose sweet favour, all my fancies play,
And as birds singing, still enchant my sight.
But when I seek to get my love's chief pleasure,
Her frowns are like the night led by the Lamp
Of PHŒBE's chaste desires; whilst, without leisure,
Graces like Stars, through all her face encamp.
Then all my Fancy's birds lie whisht, for fear;
Soon as her frowns procure their shady sorrow:
Saving my heart, which secret shot doth bear,
And nature from the nightingale doth borrow;
Which from laments, because he will not rest,
Hath love's thorn-prickle pointed at his breast.

SONNET LVIII.

FAIR CLYTIE doth flourish with the Spring;
And, eftsoons, withered like thy golden Hair!
And Io's violets grow flourishing, [bear!
But soon defaced; which thine Eyes semblance
Anemone with hyacinth, Spring's pride,
(Like to thy Beauty!) lose their lovely gloss:
So will thy Cheeks, with graces beautified,
Return to wrinkles, and to Nature's dross!
Roses, as from thy lips, sweet odours send,
Which herbs (in them whilst juice and virtues rest)
From some diseases' rigour, life defend:
These (as Thyself!) once withered, men detest!
Then love betimes! These withered flowers of yore
Revive! Thy beauty lost, returns no more!

SONNET LIX.

AH ME! sweet beauty lost, returns no more.
And how I fear mine heart fraught with disdain!
Despair of her disdain, casts doubt before;
And makes me thus of mine heart's hope
complain.
Ah, me! nor mine heart's hope, nor help. Despair!
Avoid my Fancy! Fancy's utter bane!
My woes' chief worker! Cause of all my care!
Avoid my thoughts! that Hope may me restore
To mine heart's heaven, and happiness again!
Ah, wilt thou not? but still depress my thought!
Ah, Mistress! if thy beauty, this hath wrought,
That proud disdainfulness shall in thee reign:
Yet, think! when in thy forehead wrinkles be;
Men will disdain thee, then, as thou dost me!

SONNET LX.

WHILST some, the Trojan wars in verse recount,
And all the Grecian conquerors in fight;
Some, valiant Roman wars 'bove stars do mount,
With all their warlike leaders, men of might:
Whilst some, of British ARTHUR's valour sing,
And register the praise of CHARLEMAGNE;
And some, of doughty GODFREY tidings bring,
And some, the German broils, and wars of Spain:
In none of those, myself I wounded find,
Neither with horseman, nor with man on foot;
But from a clear bright eye, one Captain blind
(Whose puissance to resist, did nothing boot)
With men in golden arms, and darts of gold,
Wounded my heart, and all which did behold!

SONNET LXI.

TO NONE but to PROMETHEUS, me compare!
From sacred heaven, he stole that holy fire.
I, from thine eyes, stole fire! My judgements are
For to be bound, with chains of strong Desire,
To that hard rock of thy thrice cruel heart!
The ceaseless waves, which on the rocks do dash
Yet never pierce, but forcèd, backward start;
Those be these endless tears, my cheeks which wash!
The vulture, which is, by my goddess' doom,
Assigned to feed upon mine endless liver;
Despair, by thee procured! which leaves no room
For JOCULUS to jest with CUPID's quiver.
This swallows worlds of livers, spending few;
But not content—O god! shall this be true?

SONNET LXII.

"FIE! fie, fierce Tyrant! Quench this furious rage!
O quench this rageous fury, little god!
Nay, mighty god! my fury's heat assuage!
Nor are thine, little darts, nor brittle rod!
Ah, that thou hadst a sweet recuring dart!
Or such a rod, as into health might whip me!
With this, to level at my troubled heart;
To warn with scourge, that no bright eye might trip me!"
Vain words, which vanish with the clouds, why speak I!
And bootless options, buildèd with void air!
How oft, enraged in hopeless Passions, break I!
How oft, in false vain hope, and blank despair!
How oft, left lifeless at thy cloudy frown!
How oft, in Passion mounted, and plucked down!

MADRIGAL 13.

SOFT, lovely, rose-like lips, conjoined with mine!
Breathing out precious incense such!
(Such as, at Paphos, smoke to VENUS' shrine)
Making my lips immortal, with their touch!
My cheeks, with touch of thy soft cheeks divine;
Thy soft warm cheeks, which VENUS favours much!
Those arms, such arms! which me embraced,
Me, with immortal cincture girding round
Of everlasting bliss! then bound
With her enfolded thighs in mine entangled;
And both in one self-soul placed,
Made a hermaphrodite, with pleasures ravished!
There, heat for heat's, soul for soul's empire wrangled!
Why died not I, with love so largely lavished?
For 'wake (not finding truth of dreams before)
It secret vexeth ten times more!

MADRIDGAL 14.

AH, TEN times worse tormented than before!
Ten times more pity shouldst thou take of me!
I have endured; then, Sweet! restore
That pleasure, which procured this pain!
Thou scorn'st my lines! (a Saint, which make of thee!)
Where true desires of thine hard heart complain,
There thou, 'bove STELLA placed;
'Bove LAURA; with ten thousand more installed:
And now, proud, thinks me graced,
That am to thee (though merciless!) enthralled.

SONNET LXIII.

JOVE for EUROPA's love, took shape of Bull;
And for CALISTO, played DIANA's part:
And in a golden shower, he filled full
The lap of DANAE, with celestial art.
Would I were changed but to my Mistress' gloves,
That those white lovely fingers I might hide!
That I might kiss those hands, which mine heart loves!
Or else that chain of pearl (her neck's vain pride)
Made proud with her neck's veins, that I might fold
About that lovely neck, and her paps tickle!
Or her to compass, like a belt of gold!
Or that sweet wine, which down her throat doth trickle,
To kiss her lips, and lie next at her heart,
Run through her veins, and pass by Pleasure's part!

SONNET LXIV.

IF ALL the Loves were lost, and should be found;
And all the Graces' glories were decayed:
In thee, the Graces' ornaments abound!
In me, the Loves, by thy sweet Graces laid!
And if the Muses had their voice foregone;
And VENUS' husband's forge had lost his fire:
The Muses' voice should, by thy voice, be known!
And VULCAN's heat be found in my Desire!
I will accuse thee to the gods, of theft!
For PALLAS' eye, and VENUS' rosy cheek,
And PHŒBE's forehead; which thou hast bereft!
Complain of me, to CUPID! Let him seek
In vain, for me, each where, and in all parts'
For, 'gainst my will, I stole one of his darts.

SONNET LXV.

O THAT I had no heart! as I have none.
(For thou, mine heart's full spirit hast possessed!)
Then should mine Argument be not of moan!
Then under Love's yoke, should I not be pressed!
O that without mine eyes I had been born!
Then had I not my Mistress' beauty viewed!
Then had I never been so far forlorn!
Then had I never wept! Then, never rued!
O that I never had been born at all!
Or being, had been born of shepherds' brood!
Then should I not in such mischances fall!
Quiet, my water; and Content, my food!
But now disquieted, and still tormented;
With adverse fate, preforce, must rest contented!

SONNET LXVI.

AH, SWEET Content! where is thy mild abode?
Is it with Shepherds, and light-hearted Swains,
Which sing upon the downs, and pipe abroad,
Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains?
Ah, sweet Content! where dost thou safely rest?
In heaven, with angels? which the praises sing
Of Him that made, and rules at His behest,
The minds and hearts of every living thing.
Ah, sweet Content! where doth thine harbour hold?
Is it in churches, with Religious Men,
Which please the gods with prayers manifold;
And in their studies meditate it then?
Whether thou dost in heaven, or earth appear;
Be where thou wilt! Thou wilt not harbour here!

SONNET LXVII.

IF CUPID keep his quiver in thine eye,
And shoot at over-daring gazers' hearts!
Alas, why be not men afraid! and fly
As from MEDUSA's, doubting after smarts?
Ah, when he draws his string, none sees his bow!
Nor hears his golden-feathered arrows sing!
Ay me! till it be shot, no man doth know;
Until his heart be prickèd with the sting.
Like semblance bears the musket in the field:
It hits, and kills unseen! till unawares,
To death, the wounded man his body yield.
And thus a peasant, CÆSAR's glory dares.
This difference left 'twixt MARS his field, and LOVE's;
That CUPID's soldier shot, more torture proves!

SONNET LXVIII.

WOULD GOD (when I beheld thy beauteous face,
And golden tresses rich with pearl and stone)!
MEDUSA's visage had appeared in place,
With snaky locks, looking on me alone!
Then had her dreadful charming looks me changed
Into a senseless stone. O, were I senseless!
Then rage, through rash regard, had never ranged:
Whereas to Love, I stood disarmed and fenceless.
Yea, but that divers object of thy face
In me contrarious operations wrought.
A moving spirit pricked with Beauty's grace.
No pity's grace in thee! which I have sought:
Which makes me deem, thou did'st MEDUSA see!
And should thyself, a moving marble be.

SONNET LXIX.

THE leafless branches of the lifeless boughs,
Carve Winter's outrage in their withered barks:
The withered wrinkles in my careful brows,
Figure from whence they drew those crooked marks!
Down from the Thracian mountains, oaks of might
And lofty firs, into the valley fall:
Sure sign where BOREAS hath usurped his right;
And that, long there, no Sylvans dally shall.
Fields, with prodigious inundations drowned;
For NEPTUNE's rage, with AMPHITRITE weep.
My looks and Passions likewise shew my wound;
And how some fair regard did strike it deep.
These branches, blasted trees, and fields so wat'red;
For wrinkles, sighs, and tears, foreshew thine hatred!

SONNET LXX.

WHAT can these wrinkles and vain tears portend,
But thine hard favour, and indurate heart?
What shew these sighs, which from my soul I send,
But endless smoke, raised from a fiery smart?
Canst thou not pity my deep wounded breast?
Canst thou not frame those eyes to cast a smile?
Wilt thou, with no sweet sentence make me blest?
To make amends, wilt thou not sport a while?
Shall we not, once, with our opposed ey'n,
In interchange, send golden darts rebated?
With short reflexion, 'twixt thy brows and mine;
Whilst love with thee, of my griefs hath debated?
Those eyes of love were made for love to see!
And cast regards on others, not on me!

SONNET LXXI.

THOSE hairs of angels' gold, thy nature's treasure.
(For thou, by Nature, angel-like art framed!)
Those lovely brows, broad bridges of sweet pleasure,
Arch two clear springs of Graces gracious named;
There Graces infinite do bathe and sport!
Under, on both sides, those two precious hills,
Where PHŒBE and VENUS have a several fort.
Her couch, with snowy lilies, PHŒBE fills,
But VENUS, with red roses, hers adorneth;
There, they, with silent tokens, do dispute
Whilst PHŒBE, VENUS; VENUS, PHŒBE scorneth!
And all the Graces, judgers there sit mute
To give their verdict; till great JOVE said this,
"DIANA's arrows wound not, like thy kiss!"

SONNET LXXII.

MY MISTRESS' beauty matched with the Graces'
'Twixt PHŒB' and JUNO should be judgèd there:
Where She, with mask, had veiled the lovely places;
And Graces, in like sort, i-maskèd were.
But when their lovely beauties were disclosed;
"This Nymph," quoth JUNO, "all the Graces passeth!
For beauteous favours, in her face disposed,
Love's goddess, in love's graces she surpasseth!"
"She doth not pass the Graces!" PHŒBE said,
"Though in her cheeks the Graces richly sit;
For they be subjects to her beauty made.
The glory for this fair Nymph is most fit!
There, in her cheeks, the Graces blush for shame!
That in her cheeks to strive, the subjects came."

SONNET LXXIII.

WHY did rich Nature, Graces grant to thee?
Since Thou art such a niggard of thy grace!
Or how can Graces in thy body be?
Where neither they, nor pity find a place!
Ah, they be Handmaids to thy Beauty's Fury!
Making thy face to tyrannize on men.
Condemned before thy Beauty, by Love's Jury;
And by thy frowns, adjudged to Sorrow's Den:
Grant me some grace! for Thou, with grace art wealthy;
And kindly may'st afford some gracious thing.
Mine hopes all, as my mind, weak and unhealthy;
All her looks gracious, yet no grace do bring
To me, poor wretch! Yet be the Graces there!
But I, the Furies in my breast do bear!

SONNET LXXIV.

CEASE, over-tired Muses! to complain!
In vain, thou pours out words! in vain, thy tears!
In vain, thou writes thy verses! all in vain!
For to the rocks and wall, which never hears,
Thou speakes! and sendes complaints, which find no grace!
But why compare I thee to rocks, and walls?
Yes, thou descendes from stones and rocks, by race!
But rocks will answer to the latter calls.
Yea, rocks will speak each sentence's last word,
And in each syllable of that word agree;
But thou, nor last, nor first, wilt me afford!
Hath Pride, or Nature, bred this fault in thee?
Nature and Pride have wrought in thee these evils:
For women are, by Nature, proud as devils!

SONNET LXXV.

LOVE is a name too lovely for the god!
He naked goes, red coloured in his skin,
And bare, all as a boy fit for a rod.
Hence into Afric! There, seek out thy kin
Amongst the Moors! and swarthy men of Ind!
Me, thou, of joys and sweet content hast hindered!
Hast thou consumed me! and art of my kind?
Hast thou enraged me! yet art of my kindred?
Nay, Ismarus, or Rhodope thy father!
Or craggy Caucasus, thy crabbed sire!
Vesuvius, else? or was it Etna rather?
For thou, how many dost consume with fire!
Fierce tigers, wolves, and panthers gave thee suck!
For lovely VENUS had not such evil luck!

SONNET LXXVI.

BE BLIND, mine Eyes! which saw that stormy frown.
Wither, long-watering Lips! which may not kiss.
Pine, Arms! which wished-for sweet embraces miss.
And upright parts of pleasure! fall you down.
Waste, wanton tender Thighs! Consume for this;
To her thigh-elms, that you were not made vines!
And my long pleasure in her body grafted.
But, at my pleasure, her sweet thought repines.
My heart, with her fair colours, should be wafted
Throughout this ocean of my deep despair:
Why do I longer live? but me prepare
My life, together with my joys, to finish!
And, long ere this, had I died, with my care;
But hope of joys to come, did all diminish.

SONNET LXXVII.

HOw can I live in mind's or body's health,
When all four Elements, my griefs conspire?
Of all heart's joys depriving me, by stealth,
All yielding poisons to my long Desire.
The Fire, with heat's extremes mine heart enraging.
Water, in tears, from Despair's fountain flowing.
My soul in sighs, Air to Love's soul engaging.
My Fancy's coals, Earth's melancholy blowing.
Thus these, by Nature, made for my relief;
Through that bold charge of thine imperious eye!
Turn all their graces into bitter grief.
As I were dead, should any of them die!
And they, my body's substance, all be sick;
It follows, then, I cannot long be quick!

SONNET LXXVIII.

THE proudest Planet in his highest sphere,
Saturn, enthronist in thy frowning brows!
Next awful Jove, thy majesty doth bear!
And unto dreadful Mars, thy courage bows!
Drawn from thy noble grandfathers of might.
Amongst the laurel-crowned Poets sweet,
And sweet Musicians, take the place by right!
For Phœbus, with thy graces thought it meet.
Venus doth sit upon thy lips, and chin!
And Hermes hath enriched thy wits divine!
Phœbe with chaste desires, thine heart did win!
The Planets thus to thee, their powers resign!
Whom Planets honour thus, is any such?
My Muse, then, cannot honour her too much!

SONNET LXXIX.

COVETOUS Eyes! What did you late behold?
My Rival gracèd with a sun-bright smile!
Where he, with secret signs, was sweetly told
Her thoughts; with winks, which all men might beguile!
Audacious, did I see him kiss that hand
Which holds the reins of my unbridled heart!
And, softly wringing it, did closely stand
Courting with love terms, and in lover's art!
Next (with his fingers kissed) he touched her middle!
Then saucy, (with presumption uncontrolled)
To hers, from his eyes, sent regards by riddle!
At length, he kissed her cheek! Ah me! so bold!
To bandy with bel-guards in interchange.
Blind mine eyes, Envy! that they may not range!

SONNET LXXX.

LONG-wished for Death! sent by my Mistress' doom;
Hold! Take thy prisoner, full resolved to die!
But first as chief, and in the highest room,
My Soul, to heaven I do bequeath on high;
Now ready to be severed from Thy love!
My Sighs, to air! to crystal springs, my Tears!
My sad Complaints (which Thee could never move!
To mountains desolate and deaf! My Fears,
To lambs beset with lions! My Despair,
To night, and irksome dungeons full of dread!
Then shalt Thou find (when I am past this care)
My torments, which thy cruelties have bred,
In heavens, clouds, springs, hard mountains, lambs, and night:
Here, once united; then, dissevered quite.

SONNET LXXXI.

O KINGLY Jealousy! which canst admit
No thought of compeers in thine high Desire!
Love's bastard daughter, for true-loves unfit,
Scalding men's hearts with force of secret fire!
Thou poisoned Canker of much beauteous Love!
Fostered with Envy's paps, with wrathful rage!
Thou (which dost still thine own destruction move)
With eagle's eyes, which secret watch doth wage!
With peacock's feet, to steal in unawares!
With PROGNE's wings, to false suspect which flies!
Which virtues hold in durance, rashly dares!
Provoker and maintainer of vain lies!
Who, with rich virtues and fair love possessed,
Causeless! hast All, to thine heart's hell addressed!

SONNET LXXXII.

THE Chariot, with the Steed is drawn along.
Ships, winged with Winds, swift hover on the waves.
The stubborn Ploughs are hauled with Oxen strong.
Hard Adamant, the strongest Iron craves.
But I am with thy beauty strongly forced;
Which, full of courage, draws me like the Steed.
Those Winds, thy spirit; whence cannot be divorced.
My heart the Ship, from danger never freed.
That strong conceit on thy sweet beauty lade;
The strong-necked Ox which draws my Fancy's Plow,
Thine heart that Adamant, whose force hath made
My strong desires stand subject unto you!
Would I were Horse, Ox, Adamant, or Wind!
Then had I never cared for Womankind.

SONNET LXXXIII.

DARK Night! Black Image of my foul Despair!
With grievous fancies, cease to vex my soul!
With pain, sore smart, hot fires, cold fears, long care!
(Too much, alas, this ceaseless stone to roll).
My days be spent in penning thy sweet praises!
In pleading to thy beauty, never matched!
In looking on thy face! whose sight amazes
My Sense; and thus my long days be despatched.
But Night (forth from the misty region rising),
Fancies, with Fear, and sad Despair, doth send!
Mine heart, with horror, and vain thoughts agrising.
And thus the fearful tedious nights I spend!
Wishing the noon, to me were silent night;
And shades nocturnal, turnèd to daylight.

SONNET LXXXIV.

MY SWEET PARTHENOPHE! within thy face,
My Passions' Calendar may plain be read!
The Golden Number told upon thine head!
The Sun days (which in card, I holy place,
And which divinely bless me with their grace)
Thy cheerful Smiles, which can recall the dead!
My Working days, thy Frowns, from favours fled!
Which set a work the furies in my breast.
These days are six to one more than the rest.
My Leap Year is (O when is that Leap Year?)
When all my cares I overleap, and feast
With her, fruition! whom I hold most dear.
And if some Calendars, the truth tell me;
Once in few years, that happy Leap shall be!

SONNET LXXXV.

FROM East's bed rosy, whence AURORA riseth;
Be thy cheeks figured, which their beams display
In smiles! whose sight mine heart with joy surpriseth;
And which my Fancy's flowers do fair array,
Cleared with the gracious dews of her regard.
The West, whence evening comes; her frowning brow,
Where Discontentment ploughs his furrows hard!
(There doth She bury her affections now!)
The North, whence storms with mists and frosts proceed;
My black Despair! long Sorrows! and cold Fear!
The South, whence showers, in great abundance breed,
And where hot sun doth to meridian rear;
My Eyes, whose object nought but tears require!
And my soft Heart, consumed with rage of fire!

SONNET LXXXVI.



FIERY Rage! when wilt thou be consumed?
Thou, that hast me consumed, in such sort
As never was, poor wretch! (which so presumed)
But for surveying of that beauteous Fort!
Kept in continual durance, and enchained
With hot desires, which have my body pined;
My mind, from pleasures and content restrained;
My thoughts, to Care, and Sorrow's Ward assigned:
There, with continual melancholy placed,
In dismal horror, and continual fear,
I pass these irksome hours! scorned and disgraced
Of her; whose cruelty no breast can bear!
No thought endure! no tortures can outmatch!
Then burn on, Rage of Fire! but me despatch!

SONNET LXXXVII.



URN on, sweet Fire! For I live by that fuel,
Whose smoke is as an incense to my soul!
Each sigh prolongs my smart. Be fierce and cruel,
My fair PARTHENOPHE! Frown and control!
Vex! torture! scald! disgrace me! Do thy will!
Stop up thine ears! With flint, immure thine heart!
And kill me with thy looks, if they would kill!
Thine eyes (those crystal phials which impart
The perfect balm to my dead-wounded breast!)
Thine eyes, the quivers, whence those darts were drawn,
Which me, to thy love's bondage have addresst.
Thy smile, and frown! night star, and daylight's dawn!
Burn on! Frown on! Vex! Stop thine ears! Torment me!
More, for thy beauty borne! would not repent me.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

WITHIN thine eyes, mine heart takes all his rest!
In which, still sleeping, all my sense is drowned.
The dreams, with which my senses are opprest,
Be thousand lovely fancies turning round
The restless wheel of my much busy brain.
The morning; which from resting doth awake me,
Thy beauty! banished from my sight again,
When I to long melancholy betake me.
Then full of errors, all my dreams I find!
And in their kinds contrarious, till the day
(Which is her beauty) set on work my mind;
Which never will cease labour! never stay!
And thus my pleasures are but dreams with me;
Whilst mine hot fevers, pains quotidian be.

SONNET LXXXIX.

WHAT be those hairs dyed like the marigold?
ECHO, Gold!
What is that brow, whose frown make any moan?
ECHO, Anemone!
What were her eyes, when the great lords controlled?
ECHO, Rolled!
What be they, when from them, be loves thrown?
ECHO, LOVE's throne!
What were her cheeks (when blushes rose) like?
ECHO, Rose-like!
What are those lips, which 'bove pearls' rew be?
ECHO, Ruby!
Her ivory shoulders, what be those like?
ECHO, Those like!

What saints are like her? speak, if you be!
ECHO, Few be!
Thou dwell'st in rocks, hart-like! somewhat then?
ECHO, What then?
And rocks dwell in her heart! is 'tis true?
ECHO, Tis true!
Whom she loves best? know this, cannot men!
ECHO, Not men!
Pass him, she loathes! Then I dismiss you!
ECHO, Miss you!
What sex to whom, men sue so vain much?
ECHO, Vain much!
Furies there fires, and I complain such?
ECHO, Plain such!

SONNET XC.

MY MISTRESS' Arms, are these; fair, clear, and bright.
Argent in midst, where is an Ogress set,
Within an azure ann'let, placèd right.
The Crest, two golden bows, almost near met:
And by this Crest, her power abroad is known.
These Arms, She beareth in the Field of Love,
By bloody colours, where LOVE's wrath is shown:
But in kind Passion, milder than the dove,
Her goodly silver ensign, She displays,
Semi de roses: at whose lovely sight,
All lovers are subdued; and vanquished, praise
Those glorious colours, under which they fight.
I, by these Arms, her captive thrall was made!
And to those Colours, in that Field, betrayed!

SONNET XCI.

THESE bitter gusts, which vex my troubled seas,
And move with force, my sorrow's floods to flow;
My Fancy's ship tost here and there by these,
Still floats in danger, ranging to and fro.
How fears my Thoughts' swift pinnace, thine hard rock!
Thine heart's hard rock, least thou mine Heart (his pilot)
Together with himself, should rashly knock
And being quite dead-stricken, then should cry late,
"Ah me!" too late to thy remorseless self.
Now when thy mercies all been banished,
And blown upon thine hard rock's ruthless shelf;
My soul in sighs is spent and vanished.
Be pitiful, alas! and take remorse!
Thy beauty too much practiseth his force!

SONNET XCII.

WILT thou know wonders, by thy beauty wrought?
Behold (not seen) an endless burning fire
Of Fancy's fuel! kindled with a thought!
Without a flame, yet still inflamèd higher!
No flames' appearance, yet continual smoke!
Drawn cool, to kindle; breathed out hot again!
Two diamonds, which this secret fire provoke;
Making two crystals, with their heat, to rain!
A skin, where beauteous Graces rest at ease!
A tongue, whose sweetness mazes all the Muses!
And yet, a heart of marble matched with these!
A tongue, besides, which sweet replies refuses!
These wonders, by thy beauty wrought alone,
Through thy proud eye, which made thine heart a stone.

SONNET XCIII.

BEGS LOVE! which whilom was a deity?
I list no such proud beggars at my gate!
For alms, he, 'mongst cold Arctic folk doth wait;
And sunburnt Moors, in contrariety:
Yet sweats, nor freezes more! Then is it piety
To be remorseful at his bare estate!
His reach, he racketh at a higher rate.
He joins with proudest in society!
His eyes are blind, forsooth! and men must pity
A naked poor boy, which doth no man harm!
He is not blind! Such beggar boys be witty!
For he marks, hits, and wounds hearts with his arm;
Nor coldest North can stop his naked race;
For where he comes, he warmeth every place!

SONNET XCIV.

FORTH from mine eyes, with full tide, flows a river;
And in thine eyes, two sparkling chrysolites.
Mine eye, still covet to behold those lights.
Thine eye, still filled with arrows, is LOVE'S Quiver!
Through mine eye, thine eyes' fire inflames my liver.
Mine eyes, in heart, thine eyes' clear fancies write;
Thus is thine eye to me, my fancies giver!
Which from thine eyes, to mine eyes take their flight.
Then pierce the secret centre of my heart;
And feed my fancies with inflamèd fuel!
This only grieves! Mine eyes had not that art
Thine to transpierce · thy nature was so cruel!
But eyes and fancies, in this, triumph make;
That they were blind and raging, for her sake!

SONNET XCV.

THOU bright beam-spreading LOVE's thrice happy Star!
Th' Arcadian Shepherd's ASTROPHEL's clear guide!
Thou that, on swift-winged Pegasus, dost ride,
AURORA's harbinger! Surpassing, far!
AURORA carried in her rosy car.
Bright Planet! Teller of clear evening-tide!
Star of all stars! Fair favoured night's chief pride!
Which day, from night; and night, from day dost bar!
Thou that hast worlds of hearts, with thine eye's glance,
To thy love's pleasing bondage, taken thrall!
Behold (where Graces, in love's circles dance!)
Of two clear stars, outsparkling Planets all!
For stars, her beauty's arrow-bearers be!
Then be the subjects; and superior, She!

SONNET XCVI.

THE Sun in Pisces; VENUS did intend
To seek sick FLORA; whose soil (since by Kind
TITAN to th'Antipodes, his beams resigned)
No pleasant flowers, to welcome her did send.
To whom, for need, PARTHENOPHE did lend
At Nature's suit, rich Heliochrise, which shined
In her fair hair; white lilies which combined
With her high-smoothed brows, which bent, love bend.
Violets from eyes, sweet blushing eglantine
From her clear cheeks, and from her lips, sweet roses.
Thus VENUS' Paradise was made divine
Which such, as Nature in my Lady closes.
Then, since with her, LOVE's Queen was glorified!
Why was not my sweet Lady deified?

SONNET XCVII.

WHY should Envy, with sweet Love consort?
But that, with Love's excess, Seven Sins unite!
Pride, that, in high respect of my delight,
I scorn all others! Lust, that with disport
In thought of her, I sometimes take comfort!
Wrath, that, with those, in secret heart I fight,
Which smile on her! and Envy, that, I spite
Such meats and wines, as to her lips resort
And touch that tongue, which I can never kiss!
Sloth, that, secure in too much love, I 'sleep;
And nuzzled so, am to be freed remiss!
And Covetous, I never mean can keep
In craving, wishing, and in working this;
Though still I kiss and touch, still touch and kiss!

SONNET XCVIII.

THE Sun, my Lady's Beauty represents!
Whose fiery-pointed beams each creature heats:
Such force her grace, on whom it counterbeats,
Doth practice; which the patient still torments.
And to her virtues, the bright Moon assents;
With whose pure Chastity, my love she threats!
Whose thought itself in her cool circle seats.
And as the Moon, her bright habiliments,
Of her bright brother PHŒBUS, borroweth;
So from her beauty, doth her chaste desire,
Her brightness draw. For which, none dare aspire
To tempt so rare a beauty. Yet forgive!
He that, for thy sake! so long sorroweth,
Cannot but longer love, if longer live!

SONNET XCIX.

THIS careful head, with divers thoughts distressed,
My Fancy's Chronicler! my Sorrow's Muse!
These watchful eyes, whose heedless aim I curse,
Love's Sentinels! and Fountains of Unrest!
This tongue still trembling, Herald fit addressed
To my Love's grief! (than any torment worse!)
This heart, true Fortress of my spotless love,
And rageous Furnace of my long desire!
Of these, by Nature, am I not possessed
(Though Nature, their first means in me did move)
But thou, dear Sweet! with thy love's holy fire,
My head, Grief's Anvil made! with cares oppressed;
Mine eyes, a Spring! my tongue, a Leaf wind-shaken!
My heart, a wasteful Wilderness forsaken!

SONNET C.

PLEADING for pity to my Mistress' eyes;
Urging on duty favours as deserts;
Complaining mine hid flames, and secret smarts:
She, with disdainful grace, in jest, replies,
"Her eyes were never made man's enemies!"
Then me with my conceit she overthwarts,
Urging my Fancy (which vain thoughts imparts)
To be the causer of mine injuries,
Saying, "I am not vexed, as I complained!
How Melancholy bred this light conceit!"
Hard-hearted Mistress! Canst thou think I feigned?
That I, with fancies vain, vain woe repeat?
Ah, no! For though thine eyes none else offend;
Yet by thine Eyes and "Noes!" my woes want end!

SONNET CI.

HAD I been banished from the native soil,
Where, with my life, I first receivèd light!
For my first cradles, had my tomb been dight!
Or changed my pleasure for a ceaseless toil!
Had I for nurse, been left to lion's spoil!
Had I for freedom, dwelt in shady night,
Cooped up in loathsome dungeons from men's sight!
These first desires, which in my breast did boil,
From which, thy loves (Unkind!) thou banishèd!
Had not been such an exile to my bliss.
If life, with my love's infancy, were vanishèd;
It had not been so sore a death as this,
If lionesses were, instead of nurses;
Or night, for day! Thine hate deserves more curses!

SONNET CII.

VAIN gallants! whose much longing spirits tickle;
Whose brains swell with abundance of much wit,
And would be touched fain with an amorous fit:
O lend your eyes, and bend your fancies fickle!
You, whom Affection's dart did never prickle!
You, which hold lovers, fools; and argue it!
Gaze on my Sun! and if tears do not trickle
From your much mastered eyes (where Fancies sit):
Then, Eagles! will I term you, for your eyes;
But Bears! or Tigers! for your savage hearts!
But, if it chance, such fountains should arise,
And you made like partakers of my smarts;
Her, for her piercing eyes, an Eagle, name!
But, for her heart, a Tiger, never tame!

MADRIGAL 15.

NATURE's pride, Love's pearl, Virtue's perfection,
In sweetness, beauty, grace,
Of body, face, affection
Hath glory, brightness, place
In rosy cheeks, clear eyes, and heavenly mind;
All which, with wonder, honour, praise, take race
To charm, to shine, to fly, with Fame's protection.
Mine heart the first, mine eyes next, third my thought
Did wound, did blind, did bind;
Which grieved, obscured, and wrought
Heart, eyes, and senses with such imperfection,
That in their former comfort, sight, and kind
They moved, gazed, and sought,
Yet found not, in what order, sort, and case
Of tears, plaints, sighs, with seas, with murmur, wind
To find, to get, t' embrace
Nature's pride, Love's pearl, Virtue's perfection.

MADRIGAL 16.

SLEEP PHŒBUS still, in glaucy THETIS' lap!
JOVE's eagle's piercing eyes, be blind.
Soft things whose touch is tickle to the mind,
Give no like touch, all joys in one to wrap.
All instruments, all birds and voices
Make no such heavenly music in their kind.
No fruits have such sweet sap,
No root such juices,
No balm so much rejoices.
O breath, exceeding every rich perfume!

For love, all pleasures in a Kiss did lap.
Her eyes did give bright glances.
Sight is no sight, all light with that consume.
She touched my cheek! at which touch, mine heart dances.
Mine eyes, in privy combat, did presume,
Charging my hands, to charge her middle;
Whilst they threw wounding darts, and healing lances.
She kissed and spoke, at once, a riddle,
But such sweet meaning in dark sense,
As shewed the drift of her dear sweet pretence,
More pleasing than the chord of harp or lute.
On heavenly cherries then I feed,
Whose sap deliciouser than angels' food,
Whose breath more sweet than gum, herb, flower, or bood.
O kiss! that did all sense exceed!
No man can speak those joys! Then, Muse, be mute!
But say! for sight, smell, hearing, taste, and touch;
In any one thing, was there ever such?

MADRIGAL 17.

ENvious air, all Nature's public nurse,
Lend to my life, no spirit!
Not that I prosper worse
Than erst of yore; for I, the state inherit,
Which gods in Paradise, 'bove man demerit:
But for I highly scorn
Thy common vapour should
With her sweet breath immix! I cannot bear it!
Cold air's infusion cannot be foreborn;
O kiss! O soul, which could

All wailings have outworn!
Angel of Bliss! which cheers me night and morn!
Sweet Cloud! which now, with my soul dost enfold!
Salve to my Soul! once sick.
Let men in Inde iborn
Cease boasting of rich drugs, and sweet perfume!
Egyptian gums, and odours Arabic,
I loath! and wood, dear sold,
From myrrh and cypress torn!
Tarry, sweet kiss! Do not in clouds consume!
Yet can I feel thy spirit moving quick.
O why should air presume
To be her spirit's rival?
What do I speak? Nor am I lunatic!
I cannot live; else would I not assume
Cold air, to contrive all
My sorrows, with immixion.
Then die! whilst this sweet spirit thee doth prick!
Whilst thy sweet comfort's kisses are alive all!
And love's sweet jurisdiction
Will make thee die possessed
Of all heaven's joys; which, for most comfort, strive all!
Lest Death, to Pleasure should give interdiction,
Ah let my lips be pressed!
And, with continual kisses,
Pour everlasting spirit to my life.
So, shall I always live! so, still be blessed!
Kiss still! and make no misses!
Double! redouble kisses!
Murmur affections! War in pleasing strife!
Press lips! Lips, rest oppressed!
This Passion is no fiction.

MADRIGAL 18.



FTER AURORA's blush, the sun arose
And spread his beams!
With whose clear gleams
My prickless rosebud veils his purple leaves!
In whose sweet folds, Morning did pearls enclose,
Where sun his beams, in orb-like circle weaves,
And then t'enrich, stole those
Nature's beauty, PHŒBUS' virtue, Love's incense;
Whose favour, sap, and savour, my sense 'reaves.
My Muse had these for themes:
They, to my Muse; my Muse, to them, defence.
PHŒBUS, sometimes, LOVE's Oracles sends thence.
Thus by my sun, a rose,
(Though a sweet rose prickless!)
Prickles arose; dear prickle!
Which me diseaseth much, though I be sickless.
Nought me of joy bereaves;
Save favour, sap, and favour, all be fickle.
Blush not for shame that thy sun spread his wings!
My soul in sunder cleaves!
After AURORA's blush, the sun arose!

MADRIGAL 19.



HY love's conceits are wound about mine heart!
Thy love itself within mine heart, a wound!
Thy torches all a row stick,
Which thy sweet grace about mine heart hath bound!
There, gleaming arrows stick in every part,
Which unto my marrow prick.
Thy beauty's fancy to mine heart is thrall;
Mine heart, thy beauty's thrall is found!

And thou mine heart a Bulwark art!
Conquered by Beauty! battered to the ground!
And yet though conquered will not yield at all.
For in that conflict, though I fall,
Yet I myself a conqueror repute
In fight continual, like victorious mart
Yet ever yield, as ever overthrown.
To be, still, prisoner! is my suit.
I will be, still, thy captive known!
Such pleasing Servitude
Victorious Conquest is, and Fortitude!

MADRIGAL 20.

MY LOVE, alas, is sick! Fie, envious Sickness!
That, at her breast (where rest all joys and ease),
Thou shouldst take such despite, her to displease,
In whom, all virtue's health hath quickness!
Thou durst not come in living likeness!
For hadst thou come, thou couldst not her disease!
Her beauty would not let thee press!
Sweet graces, which continually attend her,
At her short breath, breathe short! and sigh so deep!
Which Sickness's sharp furies might appease:
Both Loves and Graces strive to mend her.
O never let me rest; but sigh and weep!
Never but weep and sigh! "Sick is my Love;
And I love-sick! Yet physic may befriend her!
But what shall my disease remove?"

SONNET CIII.

I SLEPT, when (underneath a laurel shade,
My face upreared aloft unto the heaven)
Methought I heard this spoken in a sweaven,
"Nature, on earth, Love's miracle hath made!"
With this, methought, upon a bank was laid
An earthly body which was framed in heaven,
To whom, such graces (by the Graces given)
Sweet music in their several organs played.
In chief, the silent music of her eye
Softly recorded, with heaven's harmony,
Drew down URANIA from celestial sphere;
Who mazed, at mazy turning of her ey'n,
(To make Divine perfection) glazed there
Those eyes, with clearest substance crystalline.

MADRIGAL 21.

WHEN this celestial goddess had indued
Her eyes with spheric revolution,
VESTA, with the next gift ensued,
And lent to Nature that twice sacred fire,
To which, once, JAPHET's offspring did aspire.
Which made a dissolution
Of a strange ore, engendered by the sun,
In grace, and worth more pure than gold,
Which ('gainst the Cyprian triumphs should be done)
Gilded those wheels, which CUPID's chariot rolled.

MADRIGAL 22.

IN CENTRE of these Stars of Love,
('Bove all conceits in man's capacity,)
An orient jet which did not move,
To CUPID's chariot wheel, made for the naffe,

Was fixed; which could, with mild rapacity,
Of lighter lovers, draw the lighter chaff.
This, shadow gives to clearer light,
In which, as in a mirrold, there was framed
For those (which love's conditions treat upon)
A glass which should give semblance right
Of all their physiognomies impassionate.
Those hearts, which tyrant Love doth beat upon,
May here behold, what CUPID works!
Yielding in it, that figure fashionate
Which in the jetty mirror lurks.

MADRIGAL 23.

PHŒBUS, rich father of eternal light!
And in his hand, a wreath of Heliochrise
He brought, to beautify those tresses,
Whose train, whose softness, and whose gloss more bright,
APOLLO's locks did overprize.
Thus, with this garland, whiles her brows he blesses
The golden shadow, with his tincture,
Coloured her locks, I gilded with the cincture.

MADRIGAL 24.

THUS, as She was, 'bove human glory graced,
The Saint, methought, departed;
And suddenly upon her feet, she started.
JUNO beheld, and fain would have defaced
That female miracle! proud Nature's wonder!
Least JOVE, through heaven's clear windows, should espy her;
And (for her beauty) JUNO's love neglect!
Down she descends; and as she walkèd by her,
A branch of Lilies, JUNO tears in sunder.

Then, from her sphere, did VENUS down reflect,
Lest MARS, by chance, her beauty should affect.
And with a branch of Roses
She beat upon her face! Then JUNO closes!
And with white lilies, did her beauty chasten.
But lovely Graces, in memorial,
Let both the Rose and Lily's colour fall
Within her cheeks, which, to be foremost hasten.

MADRIGAL 25.

WHILES these two wrathful goddesses did rage,
The little god of might
(Such as might fitter seem with cranes to fight,
Than, with his bow, to vanquish gods and kings)
In a cherry tree sat smiling;
And lightly waving, with his motley wings,
(Fair wings, in beauty! boys and girls beguiling!)
And cherry garlands, with his hands compiling:
Laughing, he leaped light
Unto the Nymph, to try which way best might
Her cheer; and, with a cherry branch, he bobbed!
But her soft lovely lips,
The cherries, of their ruddy ruby robbed!
Eftsoons, he, to his quiver skips
And brings those bottles, whence his mother sips
Her Nectar of Delight;
Which in her bosom, claimèd place by right.

MADRIGAL 26.

I DARE not speak of that thrice holy hill,
Which, spread with silver lilies, lies;
Nor of those violets which void veins full fill,
Nor of that maze on love's hill-top:

These secrets must not be surveyed with eyes!
No creature may those flowers crop!
Nor bathe in that clear fountain,
Where none but PHŒBE with chaste virgins wash!
In bottom of that sacred mountain—
But, whither, now? Thy verses overlash!

SESTINE 1.

WHEN I waked out of dreaming,
Looking all about the garden,
Sweet PARTHENOPHE was walking:
O what fortune brought her hither!
She much fairer than that Nymph,
Which was beat with rose and lilies.

Her cheeks exceed the rose and lilies.
I was fortunate in dreaming
Of so beautiful a Nymph.
To this happy blessèd garden,
Come, you Nymphs! come, Fairies! hither.
Wonder Nature's Wonder walking!

So She seemèd, in her walking,
As she would make rose and lilies
Ever flourish. O, but hither
Hark! (for I beheld it dreaming)
Lilies blushed within the garden,
Stainèd with beauties of that Nymph.

The Rose for anger at that Nymph
Was pale! and, as She went on walking,
When She gathered in the garden,
Tears came from the Rose and Lilies!
As they sighed, their breath, in dreaming
I could well perceive hither.

When PARTHENOPHE came hither,
At the presence of that Nymph,
(That hill was heaven! where I lay dreaming)
But when I had espied her walking,
And in hand her Rose and Lilies
As sacrifice given by that garden;

(To Love, stood sacred that fair garden!)
I dared the Nymphs to hasten hither.
Make homage to the Rose and Lilies!
Which are sacred to my Nymph.
Wonder, when you see her walking!
(Might I see her, but in dreaming!)
Even the fancy of that Nymph
Would make me, night and day, come hither,
To sleep in this thrice happy garden.

SONNET CIV.

HOLD! matchless Mirror of all Womankind!
These Pens and Sonnets, servants of thy praise!
Placed in a world of graces, which amaze
All young beholders, through Desire blind.
Thou, to whom conquered CUPID hath resigned
His bow and darts, during thy sunny days!
Through thine eyes' force enfeebled by the rays
Which wonderers, to their cost, in thine eyes find!
That there, with beauty's excellence unable,
To write, or bear, my pens, and books refuse;
Thine endless graces are so amiable!
Passing the spirit of mine humble Muse.
So that the more I write, more graces rise!
Which mine astonished Muse cannot comprise.

FINIS.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

WHY did the milk, which first ALCIDES nourished,
Ingend'ring with CYBELE, breed the lily?
Th' Assyrian hunter's blood, why hath it flourished
The rose with red? Why did the daffadilly
Spring from NARCISSUS' self-conceited love?
Why did great JOVE, for the Pœneian cow,
Devise the marble coloured violet?
Or what for PHŒBUS' love, from mountains hilly
Did hyacinth to rosy blushes move?
Since my sweet Mistress, under PHŒBUS' brow,
JUNO's and fair ADONIS' flowers hath set,
Adown her neck, NARCISSUS's gold doth bow,
Io's grey violets in her crystal lights
Th'Œbalian boy's complexion still alights
Upon her hyacinthine lips, like ruby.
And with love's purest sanguine, CUPID writes

The praise of beauty, through her veins which blue be
Conducted through love's sluice, to thy face rosy,
Where doves and redbreasts sit for VENUS' rights.
In sign that I to Thee, will ever true be;
The rose and lilies shall adorn my posy!
The violets and hyacinths shall knit
With daffodil, which shall embellish it!
Such heavenly flowers, in earthly posies few be!

ELEGY II.

O THAT, some time, thou saw mine endless fits;
When I have somewhat of thy beauty pondered!
Thou could not be persuaded that my wits
Could once retire so far from Sense asundered!
Furies, themselves, have at my Passions wondered!
Yet thou, PARTHENOPHE! well pleasèd, sits,
Whilst in me, so thy moisture's heat hath thundered,
And thine eyes' darts, at every Colon, hits
My soul with double pricks, which mine heart splits:
Whose fainting breath, with sighing Commas broken,
Draws on the sentence of my death, by pauses;
Ever prolonging out mine endless clauses
With "Ifs" Parenthesis, yet find no token
When with my grief, I should stand even or odd.
My life still making preparations,
Through thy love's darts, to bear the Period;
Yet stumbleth on Interrogations!

These are those scholar-like vexations
Which grieve me, when those studies I apply.
I miss my lesson still! but, with love's rod,
For each small accent sounded but awry,
Am I tormented! Yet, I cannot die!

ELEGY III.

SWEET thraldom, by LOVE's sweet impression wrought.
LOVE! in that bondage ever let me live!
For LOVE hath brought me bondslave, with a thought!
And to my thoughts, LOVE did me bondman give!
Ah me, my thoughts' poor prisoner, shall I rest?
And shall my thoughts make triumph over me?
First, to fierce famished lions stand addrest!
Or let huge rocks and mountains cover thee!
Behold one, to his fancies made a prey!
A poor ACTÆON, with his hounds devoured!
An oak, with his green ivy worn away!
A wretch consumed with plenties great down poured!
A garment with his moth despoiled, and rotten!
A thorn, with his bred caterpillar cankered!
A buried CÆSAR, with his fame forgotten!
A friend betrayed by those on whom he anchored!
Behold a fire consumed with his own heat!
An iron worn away with his own rust!

But were mine heart of oak, this rage would eat,
Still fresh as ivy, mine hard oak to dust!
And were my pleasures durable as steel,
Despair would force they should Time's canker feel!

ELEGY IV.

THIS day, sweet Mistress! you to me, did write
(When for so many lines, I begged replyal),
That "From all hope, you would not bar me quite!
Nor grant plain *Placet*! nor give dead denial!"
But in my chamber window, while I read it,
A waspish bee flew round about me buzzing
With full-filled flanks, when my Time's flower had fed it,
(Which there lay strewed); and in my neck, with huzzing,
She fixed her sting! Then did I take her out;
And in my window left her, where she died.
My neck still smarts, and swelleth round about;
By which her wrath's dear ransom may be tried.
A mirror to thee, Lady! which I send
In this small schoede, with commendations tied;
Who, though the sting and anguish stay with me,
Yet for revenge, saw his unlucky end.
Then note th' example of this hapless bee!
And when to me, thou dost thy sting intend;
Fear some such punishment should chance to thee!

ELEGY V.

TO PARTHENOPHIL.

ARE you so waspish that, from time to time,
You nourish bees! and to so good an end,
That having sucked your honey, they must climb
Into your bosom, to bethank their friend!
And for a sign, that they come to defend,
Reward you with such weapons as they have!
Nor was it more than your deserts did crave!
Not much unlike unto the viper's youngling,
Who (nourished with the breeder's dearest blood)
Snarls with his teeth, nor can endure the bongling
Within the viper's belly, but makes food
Of her! Thus Nature worketh in her brood.
So you, forsooth! (nor was it much amiss!)
Feed snakes, which thankfully both sting and hiss!
But if that any of our sex did sting you,
Know this, moreover! Though you bear the prick;
And though their frowns, to Melancholy bring you:
Yet are we, seldom, or else never, sick!
Nor do we die, like bees! but still be quick!
And soon recovering what we lost before,
We sting apace! yet still keep stings in store!

ELEGY VI.

BEHOLD these tears, my love's true tribute payment!
These plaintive Elegies, my griefs' bewrayers;
Accoutered, as is meet, in mournful raiment!
My red-swollen eyen, which were mine heart's betrayers!
And yet, my rebel eye, excuse prepares,
That he was never worker of my wayment,
Plaining my thoughts, that my confusion they meant.
Which thoughts, with sighs (for incense), make dumb prayers
T'appease the furies of my martyred breast;
Which witness my true loves, in long lament.
And with what agonies I am possesst!
Ah me, poor man! where shall I find some rest?
Not in thine eyes, which promise fearful hope!
Thine heart hath vowed, I shall be still distresst!
To rest within thine heart, there is no scope!
All other places made for body's ease,
As bed, field, forest, and a quiet chamber;
There, ever am I, with sad cares oppresst!
Each pleasant spectacle doth me displease!
Grief and Despair so sore on me did seize,
That day, with tediousness, doth me molest!
And PHŒBE, carried in her couch of amber,
Cannot close up the fountains of my woe!

Thus days from nights, my chargèd heart doth not know;
Nor nights, from days! All hours, to sorrows go!
Then punish Fancy! cause of thy disease!

ELEGY VII.

YOUTH, full of error! whither dost thou hail me?
Down to the dungeon of mine own conceit!
Let me, before, take some divine receipt;
For well I know, my Gaoler will not bail me!
Then, if thou favour not, all helps will fail me!
That fearful dungeon, poisoned with Despair,
Affords no casement to receive sweet air;
There, ugly visions ever will appall me,
Vain Youth misguideth soon, with Love's deceit!
Deeming false paintèd looks most firmly fair.
Now to remorseless judges must I sue
For gracious pardon; whiles they do repeat
Your bold presumption! threatening me, with you!
Yet am I innocent, though none bewail me!
Ah, pardon! pardon! Childish Youth did view
Those two forbidden apples, which they wished for!
And children long for that, which once they rue.
Suffice, he found Repentance! which he fished for,
With great expense of baits and golden hooks.
Those living apples do the suit pursue!
And are you Judges? See their angry looks!

Where, underneath that wrathful canopy,
They use to open their condemning books!
Expect now, nothing but extremity!
Since they be Judges, and in their own cause
Their sights are fixed on nought but cruelty:
Ruling with rigour, as they list! their laws.
O grant some pity! (placed in Pity's Hall!)
Since our Forefather (for the like offence)
With us, received sufficient recompense
For two fair apples, which secured his fall.

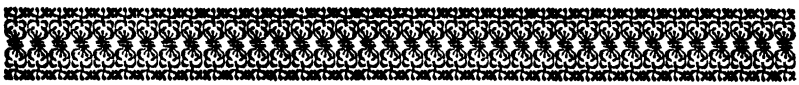
ELEGY VIII.

"CEASE, Sorrow! Cease, O cease thy rage a little!
Ah, Little Ease! O, grant some little ease!
O Fortune, ever constant, never brittle!
For as thou 'gan, so dost thou still displease.
Ah, ceaseless Sorrow! take a truce with me!
Remorseless tyrants, sometimes, will take peace
Upon conditions; and I'll take of thee
Conditions; so thou wilt, thy fury cease!
And dear conditions! for to forfeit life,
So thou wilt end thy plagues, and vex no more!"
But, out alas! he will not cease his strife!
Lest he should lose his privilege before!
For were I dead, my Sorrow's rule were nought,

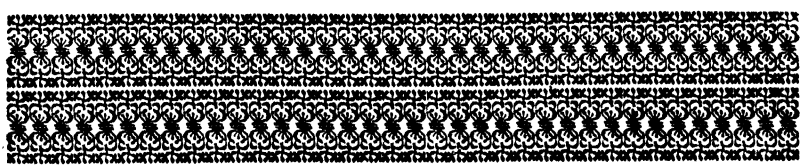
And, whiles I live, he, like a tyrant rageth!
"Ah, rage, fierce Tyrant! for this grief is wrought
By Love, thy counsel; which my mind engageth
To thy fierce thraldom, while he spoils mine heart!"
So be my mind and heart imprisoned fast
To two fierce Tyrants, which this empire part.
"O milder Goddess! Shall this, for ever, last?
If that I have these bitter plagues deserved;
Yet let Repentance (which my soul doth melt)
Obtain some favour, if you be not swerved
From laws of mercy!" Know what plagues I felt!
Yea, but I doubt enchantment in my breast!
For never man, so much aggrieved as I,
Could live with ceaseless Sorrow's weight opprest,
But twenty thousand times, perforce, should die!
And with eyes, She did bewitch mine heart;
Which lets it live, but feel an endless smart.

ELEGY IX.

WITH humble suit, upon my bended knee,
(Though absent far from hence, not to be seen;
Yet, in thy power, still present, as gods be)
I speak these words (whose bleeding wounds be green)



To thee, dread CUPID! and thy mother Queen!
" If it, at any time, hath lawful been
Men mortal to speak with a deity;
O you great guiders of young Springing Age;
Whose power immortal ever was, I ween,
As mighty as your spacious monarchy!
O spare me! spare my tedious pilgrimage!
Take hence the least brand of your extreme fires!
Do not, 'gainst those which yield, fierce battle wage!
I know by this, you will allay your rage!
That you give life unto my long desires:
Which still persuades me, you will pity take.
Life is far more than my vexed soul desires.
O take my life! and, after death, torment me!
Then, though in absence of my chief delight,
I shall lament alone! My soul requires
And longs to visit the Elizian fields!
Then, that I loved, it never shall repent me!
There (till those days of Jubilee shall come),
Would I walk pensive, pleased, alone, and dumb!
Grant this petition, sweet love's Queen! (which wields
The heart of forelorn lovers evermore!)
Or else Zanclæan CHARBID' me devour!
And through his waters, sent to Stygian power!
Or patient, let me burn in Etna's flame!
Or fling myself, in fury, from the shore,
Into the deep waves of the Leucadian god!



Rather than bear this tumult and uproar;
And, through your means, be scourged with mine own rod!
O let me die, and not endure the same!
The suit I make, is to be punished still;
Nor would I wish not to be wretched there,
But that I might remain in hope and fear!
Sweet lovely Saints! Let my suit like your will!"

ELEGY X.

IN QUIET silence of the shady night,
All places free from noise of men and dogs,
When PHŒBE, carried in her chariot bright,
Had cleared the misty vapours, and night fogs:
Then (when no care the quiet shepherd clogs,
Having his flock safe foddered in the fold)
A lively Vision, to my Fancy's sight
Appeared; which, methought, wake I did behold.
A fiery boy, outmatching the moonlight,
Who, softly whispering in mine ear, had told
"There, thou, thy fair PARTHENOPHE may see!"
I quickly turning, in a hebene bed
With sable covering, and black curtains spread
With many little LOVES in black, by thee!
Thee! thee, PARTHENOPHE! left almost dead!
Pale cold with fear I did behold. Ay me!

Ah me! left almost senseless in my bed,
My groans perceived by those which near me lay;
By them, with much ado recovered.
Which fearful vision so did me affray
That, in a fury set beside my wit,
Sick as before, methought, I saw thee yet
VENUS, thy face, there covered with a veil;
(Mine heart with horror chills, to think on it!)
The Graces kissed thy lips, and went away.
Then I, with furious raging, did assail
To kiss thee! lest thou should depart before!
And then (in sight of those, which there did stand),
Thinking that I should never see thee more,
Mistaking thee, I kissed a firebrand!
Burnt with the fire, my senses (which did fail)
Freshly recalled into their wits again;
I found it was a dream! But, Sweet! expound it!
For that strange dream, with tears renews my pain;
And I shall never rest, till I have found it.

ELEGY XI.

WAs it decreed by Fate's too certain doom
That under Cancer's Tropic (where the Sun
Still doth his race, in hottest circuit run)
My mind should dwell (and in none other room),

Where comforts all be burnt before the bloom?
Was it concluded by remorseless Fate
That underneath th' Erymanthian Bear,
Beneath the Lycaonian axletree
(Where ceaseless snows, and frost's extremity
Hold jurisdiction) should remain my Fear;
Where all mine hopes be nipt before the Bear?
Was it thus ordered that, till my death's date,
When PHŒBUS runs on our meridian line,
When mists fall down beneath our hemisphere,
And CYNTHIA, with dark antipodes doth shine,
That my Despair should hold his Mansion there?
Where did the fatal Sisters this assign?
Even when this judgement to them was awarded;
The silent Sentence issued from her eyne,
Which neither pity, nor my cares regarded.

ELEGY XII.

NEVER can I see that sunny light!
That bright contriver of my fiery rage!
Those precious Golden Apples shining bright:
But, out alas! methinks, some fearful sight
Should battle, with the dear beholders wage.

I fear such precious things should have some force
Them to preserve, lest some beholders might
Procure those precious apples by their slight.
Then cruel ATLAS, banished from remorse,
Enters my thoughts, and how he feared away
The poor inhabitants which dwelt about;
Lest some, of his rich fruit should make a prey:
Although the Orchard, circummured throughout
With walls of steel was; and a vigil stout
Of watchful dragons guarded everywhere,
Which bold attempters vexed with hot pursuit,
So that none durst approach his fruit for fear.
Thus, ATLAS like, thine heart hath dragons set
Tyrannous Hatred, and a Proud Disdain,
Which in that Orchard cruelly did reign,
And with much rigour rule thy lovely eyes!
Immured in steelly walls of chaste Desire,
Which entrance to poor passengers denies,
And death's high danger to them that require.
And even as ATLAS (through fierce cruelty,
And breach to laws of hospitality;
When lodging to a stranger he denied)
Was turnèd to a stony mountain straight;
Which on his shoulders, now, supports heaven's weight:
(A just revenge for cruelty and pride!)
Even so, thine heart (for inhumanity,
And wrath to those, that thine eyes' apples love!

And that it will not lodge a lovely guest)
Is turned to rock, and doth the burden bear
Of thousand zealous lovers' dear complaints;
Whom thou, with thy fierce cruelty, didst tear!
A huge hard rock, which none can ever move;
And of whose fruit, no man can be possesst.
Thy golden smiles make none attempts too dear:
But when attempted once those apples be,
The vain Attempter, after, feels the smart;
Who, by thy dragons, Hatred and Disdain,
Are torn in sunder with extremity!
For having entered, no man can get forth
(So those enchanting apples hinder thee),
Of such dear prize be things of such rare worth;
But even as PERSEUS, JOVE's thrice valiant son,
(Begot of DANAE in a golden shower)
Huge ATLAS conquered, when he first begun;
Then killed the dragons with his matchless power:
At length, the beauteous Golden Apples won.
So right is he born in a golden hour
(And for his fortune, may from JOVE descend),
Who first thine heart (an ATLAS!) hath subdued;
Next, Hatred and Disdain brought to their end;
Fierce dragons, which Attempters all pursued,
And which, before, none ever have eschewed.
At length, who shall these golden apples gain,
He shall, alone, be PERSEUS, for his pain!

ELEGY XIII.

SWIFT ATALANTA (when she lost the prize
By gathering golden apples in her race)
Shews how, by th'apples of thine heavenly eyes,
(Which Fortune did, before my passage place,
When for mine heart's contentment, I did run)
How, I was hindered, and my wager lost!
When others did the wager's worth surprise;
I viewed thine eyes! Thus eyes viewed to my cost!
Nor could I them enjoy, when all was done!
But seeming (as they did) bright as the sun,
My course I stayed to view their fiery grace;
Whose sweet possession I could not comprise.
Th'Idæan Shepherd, when the strife begun
Amongst three goddesses, as Judge decreed,
The golden apple to VENUS did award
(Cause of the waste and downfall of proud Troy).
But when the Graces had a sweet regard,
How fair PARTHENOPHE did her exceed;
And VENUS, now, was from the world debarred:
One so much fairer far, as too much coy,
PARTHENOPHE, they chose in VENUS stead.
And since her beauty VENUS' did outgo,
Two golden apples were to her assigned!
Which apples, the outrageous tumults breed
That are heaped up in my distressèd mind:
Whose figure, in inflamed Troy I find;
The chief occasion of mine endless woe.

ELEGY XIV.

WHEN I remember that accursèd night,
When my dear Beauty said "She must depart!
And the next morning, leave the City's sight,"
Ah, then! Even then, black Sorrow shewed his might!
And placed his empire in my vanquished heart:
Mine heart still vanquished, yet assaulted still,
Burnt with Love's outrage; from whose clear torchlight,
Fierce Sorrow finds a way to spoil and kill.
Ah, Sorrow! Sorrow! never satisfied!
And if not satisfied, work on thy will!
O dear departure of mine only bliss!
When willing, from the City thou did ride;
And I made offer (though then wounded wide)
To go with thee; thou, rashly, didst refuse
With me distressed, to be accompanied!
And binding words (imperious) didst use!
Commanding me another way to choose.
Ah then! even then, in spirit crucified,
Mine eyes, with tears; mine heart, with sighs and throbs;
Those, almost blind! that, hard swollen, almost burst!
My brains abjuring harbour to my Muse
Did leave me choked almost, with strait sobs.
Ah! be that hour and day, for ever curst;
Which me, of my life's liberty did rob!
For, since that time, I never saw my Love!

Long can we not be severed! I will follow
Through woods, through mountains, waves, and caves made hollow!
O Grief! of grief's extremity the worst!
Still, will I follow! till I find thee out!
And, if my wish, with travel, shall not prove;
Yet shall my sorrows travel round about
In wailful Elegies, and mournful Verse,
Until they find! and Thee, with pity pierce!
Meanwhile, to see Thee more, standing in doubt;
I'll sing my Plain Song with the turtle dove;
And Prick Song, with the nightingale rehearse!

ELEGY XV.

O DEAR remembrance of my Lady's eyes,
In mind whose revolutions I revolve!
To you, mine heart's bright guide stars! my Soul cries
Upon some happy Sentence to resolve.
A Sentence either of my life or death!
So bail me from the dungeon of Despair!
On you! I cry, with interrupted breath,
On you! and none but you! to cross my care.
My care to cross, least I be crucified,
Above the patience of a human soul!
Do this! ah this! and still be glorified!
Do this! and let eternities enrol

Thy fame and name! Let them enrol for ever
In lasting records of still lasting steel!
Do this! ah this! and famous still persèver!
Which in another Age, thy ghost shall feel.
Yet, howsoever, thou, with me shall deal;
Thy beauty shall persèver in my Verse!
And thine eyes' wound, which thine heart would not heal!
And my complaints, which could not thine heart pierce!
And thine hard heart, thy beauty's shameful stain!
And that foul stain, thine endless infamy!
So, though Thou still in record do remain,
The records reckon but thine obloquy!
When on the paper, which my Passion bears,
Relenting readers, for my sake! shed tears.

ELEGY XVI.

AH, WERE my tears, as many writers' be,
Mere drops of ink proceeding from my pen!
Then in these sable weeds, you should not see
Me severed from society of men!
Ah me! all colours do mine eyes displease,
Save those two colours of pure white, and red!
And yet I dare not flourish it in these,
Because I cannot! For my colour's dead.
Those colours flourish round about each where,
But chiefly with my Mistress, in their kind:

And fain I would her lovely colours wear;
So that it might be pleasing to her mind!
But nought will please her over-cruel eye,
But black and pale, on body, and in face;
Then She triumphs in beauty's tyranny,
When she sees Beauty, Beauty can disgrace!
When her sweet smiling eyes dry VESTA's throne!
Can blubbered blear-eyes, drown in seas of tears!
And laughs to hear poor lovers, how they moan!
Joys in the paper, which her praises bears!
And, for his sake than sent, that schedule tears!
What but pale Envy doth her heart assail?
When She would be still fair, and laugh alone;
And, for her sake, all others mourn and pale!

ELEGY XVII.

DEAR Mistress! than my soul, to me much dearer!
Wonder not that another writes my letter;
For Sorrow, still, mine heart oppresseth nearer,
And extreme sickness doth my sinews fetter.
Of my dear life, to thy love am I debtor!
Thine is my soul! Than soul, what can be meerer?
Thine, my chief best! Than that, what can be better?
Absented far and (that which is far worse)
Unable either for to go or ride;
Here am I, in perpetual bondage tied!

Than if with savage Sauromates, far worse!
This air is loathsome; and this air, I curse;
Because, with thy sweet breath it is not blest!
Though hot; cool waters I cannot abide,
Since the which thy clear eyes as all the rest.
Be not, as they sometimes were, purified!
The ground I tread, my footing doth infest;
Because it is not hallowed with thy feet!
I loathe all meat; for all meat is unmeet,
Which is not eaten, where thy sweet self feedest!
Nothing is pleasant, lovely, rich, or sweet;
Which doth not with his grace, thy beauty meet!
Ah, too dear absence! which this sickness breedest
Of thy dear Sweet, which cannot be too dear!
Yet, if thou will vouchsafe my life to save,
Write but one line! One line, my life will cheer!
The ransom of my life, thy name will pay!
And I be freed from my much doubtful fear.

ELEGY XVIII.

IF NEITHER Love, nor Pity can procure
Thy ruthless heart subscribe to my content;
But if thou vow that I shall still endure
This doubtful fear, which ever doth torment!
If to thine eyes, thine heart can lend a fire,

Whiles cold disdain, upon them sets a lock
To bar forth Pity, which kind hearts desire,
Whiles the distressèd make prayers to a rock!
If that thine eyes send out a sunny smile
From underneath a cloudy frown of hate!
Plain love with counterfeasance, to beguile;
Which, at thy windows, for some grace await!
If thou, thine ears can open to thy praise,
And them, with that report delighted, cherish.
And shut them, when the Passionate assays
To plead for pity, then about to perish!
If thou canst cherish graces in thy cheek,
For men to wonder at, which thee behold!
And they find furies, when thine heart they seek,
And yet prove such as are extremely cold!
Now as I find no thought to man's conceit;
Then must I swear, to woman's, no deceit!

ELEGY XIX.

DEAR Sorrow! Give me leave to breathe a while!
A little leave, to take a longer breath!
Whose easy passage, still, thou dost beguile,
Choked up with sighs, proclaimers of my death.
O let the tears of ever-thirsty eyes
Return back to the channels of mine heart!

They, to my sight be vowèd enemies
And made a traitorous league not to depart;
Under the colour of tormenting those
Which were first causers of mine heart's distress.
And closely with mine heart, by guile, did close
Through blinding them, to make my torment less;
O let those fearful thoughts, which still oppress me,
Turn to the dungeon of my troubled brain!
Despair t' accompany! which doth possess me,
And with his venom poisoneth every vein.
Ugly Despair! who, with black force, assaults
Me vanquished with conceit, and makes me dwell
With Horror, matched in Melancholy's vaults!
Where I lie burning in my Fancies' Hell.
O thou, dread Ruler of my sorrows' rage!
Of thee! and none but thee, I beg remorse!
With thy sweet breath, thou may my sighs assuage!
And make my sorrows' fountains stay their course,
And banish black Despair! Then help me, now!
Or know, Death can do this, as well as thou!

ELEGY XX.

O DEAR vexation of my troubled soul!
My life, with grief, when wilt thou consumate?
The dear remembrance of my passing soul;
Mine heart, with some rests, hope doth animate.

How many have those conquering eyes subdued!
How many vanquished captives to thine heart!
Head iron-hearted Captains (when they viewed)
Were drawn, till they were wounded with thy dart!
O when, I, their haired bodies have beheld,
Their martial stomachs, and oft-wounded face;
Which bitter tumults and garboils foretelled;
In which, it seemed they found no coward's place:
Then, I recalled how far Love's power exceeds,
Above the bloody menace of rough war!,
Where every wounded heart close inward bleeds;
And sudden pierced, with the twinkling of a star!
Then (when such iron-hearted Captains be,
To thine heart's Bulwark, forcèd for to try
Which way to win that Fort by battery;
And how all Conquerors, there conquered lie!)
Methinks, thine heart, or else thine eyes be made
(Because they can such iron objects force)
Of hardest adamant! that men (which laid
Continual siege) be thralled, without remorse.
Thine heart, of adamant! because it takes
The hardest hearts, drawn prisoners unto thine.
Thine eye! because it, wounded many makes.
Yet no transpiercing beams can pierce those eyne!
Thine heart of adamant, which none can wound!
Thine eye of adamant, unpiercèd found!

ELEGY XXI.

HAPPY! depart with speed! Than me, more fortunate ever!
Poor Letter, go thy ways! unto my sweet Lady's hands!
She shall look on thee! and then, with her beautiful eyes bless!
Smiling eyes (perhaps, thee to delight with a glance)
She shall cast on a line; if a line, there, pleaseth her humour!
But if a line displease; then shall appear a frown!
How much she dislikes thy loves, and saucy salutings!
O my life's sweet Light! know that a frown of thine eye
Can transpierce to my soul, more swift than a Parthian arrow;
And more deeply wound than any lance, or a spear!
But thy sweet Smiles can procure such contrary motions;
Which can, alone, that heal, wound afore by thine eyes!
Like to the lance's rust, which healed whilom warlike ACHILLES
With right hand valiant, doughtily wounded afore.
Not unlike to the men, whose grief the scorpion helpeth
(Whom he, before, did sting), ready to die through pain:
Thou, that Beauty procures to be thy Chastity's handmaid,
With Virtue's regiment glorious, ordered alone!
Thou, that those smooth brows, like plates of ivory planèd,

(When any look on them) canst make appear like a cloud!
Thou, that those clear eyes, whose light surpasseth a star's light,
Canst make Love's flames shoot, with cruel anger, abroad!
Thou, that those fair cheeks, when a man thy beauty beholdeth,
(Deeply to wound), canst make sweetly to blush like a rose!
Make thy brows (to delight mine heart!) smooth! Shadow thy clear eyes!
(Whose, smile is to my soul, like to the sun from a cloud,
When he shines to the world in most pride, after a tempest;
And with his heat provokes all the delights of the ground)
Grant me, sweet Lady! this! This, grant! kind Pity requesteth!
Tears and sighs make a suit! Pity me! pity my suit!
Thus to thy sweet graces, will I leave my dreary bewailings!
And to thy gracious heart, I recommend my laments!
Thrice blessed! go thy way, to my Dear! Go, thrice speedy Letter!
And for me, kiss them! since I may not kiss her hands.

CANZON 1.

ALL beauty's far perfections rest in thee!
And sweetest grace of graces
Decks thy face, 'bove faces!
All virtue takes her glory from thy mind!
The Muses in thy wits have their places!
And in thy thoughts all mercies be!
Thine heart from all hardness free!
An holy place in thy thoughts, holiness doth find!
In favourable speech, kind!
A sacred tongue and eloquent!
Action sweet and excellent!
Music itself, in joints of her fair fingers is!
She, Chantress of singers is!
Her plighted faith is firm and permanent!
O now! now, help! Wilt thou take some compassion?
She thinks I flatter, writing on this fashion!

Thy beauty past, with misorder stainèd is!
In thee, no graces find rest!
In thee, who sought it, saw least!
And all thy thoughts be vain and vicious!
Thy brains with dulness are oppresst!
Of thee, no mercy gainèd is!

Thine heart, hard and feignèd is !
A mind profane, and of the worst suspicious !
In speech not delicious !
A tongue tied, which cannot utter !
Gesture lame, like words which stutter !
Thy hands and mind, unapt in music to rejoice !
For songs unfit, an hoarse voice !
Thy faith unconstant, whatsoe'er thou mutter !
Be gracious ! No ! She thinks my words be bitter !
Through my misfortunes, they for myself be fitter !

O how long ! how long shall I be distresst !
How long in vain shall I moan !
How long in pain shall I groan !
How long shall I bathe in continual tears !
How long shall I sit sad, and sigh alone !
How long shall fear discomfort give !
How long shall hopes let me live !
How long shall I lie bound in despairs and fears !
With sorrow still my heart wears !
My sundry fancies subdue me !
Thine eyes kill me, when they view me !
When thou speaks with my soul ; thy voice music maketh
And souls from silence waketh !
Thy brow's smiles quicken me ; whose frowns slew me !
Then fair Sweet ! behold ! See me, poor wretch ! in tormer
Thou perceivest well ! but thine heart will not relent.

Mine Eyes and Sleep be fierce professèd foes !
Much care and tears did make it :
Nor yet will they forsake it ;
But they will vex my brains, and troubled eyes !
If any sorrow sleep, they will wake it !

Still, sighing mine heart overthrows!
Yet art Thou cause of these woes!
But what avails! if I make to the deaf, such horrible outcries?
She hears not my miseries!
O Sorrow! Sorrow, cease a while!
Let her but look on me and smile!
And from me, for a time, thou shalt be banished!
My comforts are vanished!
Nor hope, nor time, my sorrows can beguile!
Yet cease I not to cry for mercy! vexèd thus;
But thou wilt not relieve us, which perplexèd us!

Ah, would Thou set some limits to my woes!
That, after such a time set
(As penance to some crime set),
Forbearance, through sweet hope, I might endure!
But as bird (caught in the fowler's lime set)
No means for his liberty knows;
Me such despair overgoes,
That I can find no comfortable hope of cure!
Then since nothing can procure
My sweet comfort, by thy kindness;
(Armed in peace, to bear this blindness)
I voluntarily submit to this sorrow,
As erst, each even and morrow.
Can women's hearts harbour such unkindness?
O, relent! Relent, and change thy behaviour!
Foul is the name of Tyrant; sweet, of Saviour!

Long to the rocks, have I made my complaints!
And to the woods desolate,
My plaints went early and late!
To the forsaken mountains and rivers!

Yet comfortless, and still disconsolate;
Mine heart, as it was wonted, faints!
Such small help comes from such Saints!
Why should men which in such pain live, be called, Livers?
Such arrows bear love's quivers.
Now, since rocks and woods will not hear;
Nor hills and floods, my sorrows bear:
In sounding echoes and swift waves, the world about,
These papers report it out!
Whose lasting Chronicles shall Time outwear!
Then, take remorse, dear Love! and to these, united
Shall be thy mercies! with matchless prayers recited.

You hapless winds! with my sighs infected
Whose fumes, you never let rise
To please her with sacrifice!
But evermore, in gross clouds them choked;
So that my Dear could never them comprise!
O you (that never detected
My plaints, but them neglected!
Which in your murmurs brought, might have her provoked!
When them in clouds you cloaked!)
Know that a prouder spirit flies,
Bearing them to posterities!
And lays them open wide, that the world may view them;
That all which read, may rue them;
When they shall pierce thine ears, though not thine eyes!
Then, sweet Fair! pity my long service and duty!
Lest thine hard heart be more famous than thy beauty!
Then do no longer despise,
But, with kind pity, relent thee!
Cease to vex and torment me!
If Shame's fear move not (which all discovers),
Fear plague of remorseless lovers!

The First Eidillion of MOSCHUS describing Love.

[Compare with Vol. II. *p.* 107.]

VENUS aloud, for her son CUPID cried,
"If any spy LOVE gadding in the street,
It is my rogue! He that shall him betray,
For hire, of VENUS shall have kisses sweet!
But thou that brings him, shall have more beside,
Thou shalt not only kiss, but as guest stay!
By many marks, the Boy thou mayst bewray!
'Mongst twenty such beside, thou shalt perceive him!
Not of a pale complexion, but like fire!
Quick rolling eyes, and flaming in their gyre!
False heart! Sweet words, which quickly will deceive him,
To whom he speaks! Sweet speech, at your desire;
But vex him! then, as any wasp he stingeth!
Lying, and false! if you receive him;
A crafty lad! and cruel pastimes bringeth!

A fair curled head, and a right waggish face!
His hands are small; yet he shoots far away!
For even so far as Acheron, he shooteth!
And to the Infernal Monarch, his darts stray.
Clothesless, he, naked goes in every place!
And yet to know his thoughts, it no man booteth!

Swift, as a bird, he flies! and quickly footeth,
Now to these men! and women, now to those!
But yet he fits within their very marrow
A little bow, and in that bow, an arrow!
A small flight-shaft, but still to heavenward goes!
About his neck, a golden dart-barrow!
In which, he placeth every bitter dart;
Which, often, even at me! he throws!
All full of cruelty! all full of smart!
And yet this thing more wondrous! A small brand
That even the very sun itself doth burn!

If him thou take; pitiless, lead him, bound!
And, if thou chance to see him weep, return!
Then (lest he thee deceive), his tears withstand!
And if he laugh, draw him along the ground!
If he would kiss, refuse! His lips confound!
For those alone be poisoned evermore!
But if he say, 'Take! these I give to thee!
All those my weapons which belong to me!'
Touch them not, when he lays them, thee before!
Those gifts of his, all false and fiery be!"

FINIS.

ODES PASTORAL.

SESTINE 2.

IN SWEETEST pride of youthful May,
Where my poor flocks were wont to stay
About the valleys and high hills,
Which FLORA with her glory fills;
PARTHENOPHIL, the gentle Swain,
Perplexèd with a pleasing pain,

Despairing how to slack his pain;
To woods and floods, these words did say,
"PARTHENOPHE, mine heart's Soverain!
Why dost thou, my delights delay?
And with thy cross unkindness kills,
Mine heart, bound martyr to thy wills!"

But women will have their own wills,
Alas, why then should I complain?
Since what She lists, her heart fulfils.
I sigh! I weep! I kneel! I pray!
When I should kiss, She runs away!
Sighs! knees! tears! prayers! spent in vain!

My verses do not please her vain,
Mine heart wears with continual thrills
His Epilogue about to play!
My Sense, unsound; my Wits, in wane;
I still expect a happy day!
Whilst harvest grows, my winter spills!

PARTHENOPHE mine harvest spills!
She robs my storehouse of his grain!
Alas, sweet Wench! thy rage allay!
Behold, what fountain still distils;
Whiles thine heat's rage in me doth rain!
Yet moisture will not his flame stay.

PARTHENOPHE! thy fury stay!
Take hence! the occasion of these ills
Thou art the cause! but come again!
Return! and FLORA's pride disdain!
Her lilies, rose, and daffodils!
Thy cheeks and forehead disarray

The roses and lilies of their grain;
What swans can yield so many quills
As all her glories can display?

ODE 1.

WHEN I walk forth into the Woods,
With heavy Passion to complain
I view the trees with blushing buds
Ashamed, or grieved at my pain!
There amaranthe, with rosy stain
(Me pitying) doth his leaves ingrain!

When I pass pensive to the Shore,
The water birds about me fly,
As if they mourned! when rivers roar,
Chiding thy wrathful cruelty;
Halcion watcheth warily
To chide thee, when thou comest by!

If to the City, I repair
Mine eyes thy cruelty betray!
And those which view me, find my care:
Swoll'n eyes and sorrows it betray!
Whose figures in my forehead are,
These curse the cause of mine ill fare!

When I go forth to feed my Flocks
As I, so they hang down their heads!
If I complain to ruthless Rocks,
(For that it seems, hard rocks her bred)
Rocks' ruth, in rivers may be read!
Which from those rocks down tricklèd.

When shepherds would know how I fare,
And ask, "How doth PARTHENOPHIL?"
"Ill," ECHO answers, in void air;
And with these news, each place doth fill!
Poor herdgrooms, from each cottage, will
Sing my complaints, on every hill!

ODE 2.

SPEAK, ECHO! tell
With lilies, columbines, and roses,
What their PARTHENOPHE composes? ECHO, Posies!
O sacred smell!
For those, which in her lap she closes,
The gods like well!

Speak, ECHO! tell
With daffodillies, what she doth plet
Which in such order, she doth set
For LOVE to dwell?
As She should FLORA's chapel let? ECHO, Chaplet!
This LOVE likes well!

Speak, ECHO! tell
Why lilies and red roses like her? ECHO, Like her!
No pity with remorse will strike her!
Did Nature well,
Which did, from fairest Graces, pike her
To be mine hell?

Speak, ECHO! tell
Why, columbines she entertains?
Because the proverb "Watchet" feigns,
"True loves like well!"
And do these therefore like her veins? ECHO Her veins!
There CUPIDS dwell!

Speak, ECHO, tell
Wherefore her chaplets yellow were like,
When others here, were more her like? ECHO, Hair-like!
Yet, I know well!
Her heart is tiger-like, or bear-like,
To rocks itsell.

CANZON 2.

SING! sing, PARTHENOPHIL! sing! pipe! and play!
This feast is kept upon this plain,
Amongst th' Arcadian shepherds everywhere,
For ASTROPHEL's birthday! Sweet ASTROPHEL!
Arcadia's honour! mighty PAN's chief pride!
Where be the Nymphs? The Nymphs all gathered be
To sing sweet ASTROPHEL's sweet praise!

ECHO! record what feasts be kept to-day
Amongst th'Arcadian shepherd swains!
What keep they, whiles they do the Muses cheer?
ECHO, Cheer!

He cheered the Muses with celestial skill!
All Shepherds' praise died with him, when he died!
He left no peer! Then, what deservèd he,
At whose pipe's sound, the lambkin bays?
ECHO, Bays!

The bullocks leap! the fawns dance in array!
Kids skip! the Satyrs friskins fain!
Here stand a herd of Swains! Fair Nymphs stand there!
Swains dance! while Nymphs with flowers their baskets fill!
What was he to those Nymphs with garlands tied?
ECHO, Tied!

What tied him? Hath he to tell there bound t'ee?
ECHO, Bounty!
How! To report his martial days?
ECHO, All days!
Thrice happy man! that found this happy way!
His praise all Shepherds' glory stains!
What doth PARTHENOPHE, my purchase dear?
ECHO, Chase dear!
What saith She, to her PARTHENOPHIL?
ECHO, O fill!

Shepherds! I fill sweet wines repurified,
And to his blessed Soul, this health have we!
Singing sweet Odes and Roundelays!

Let every man drink round besides this bay!
Where are the Nymphs and Fairy train?
STELLA, three garlands in her hand doth bear;
And those, for his sweet sake! she proffer will,
Unto th'Elizian souls! And I have spied
PARTHENOPHE, with spoil returns to me,
Of three great hearts. Sing Virelays!

Those golden darts fly never void of prey,
And STELLA sits (as if some Chain
Of Fancies bound her!) by that motley bier!
Where, with sweet eglantine and daffodil,
She, chaplets makes, with gold and scarlet dyed.
Here, COLIN sits, beneath that oaken tree!
ELIZA singing in his Lays!

Blest is Arcadia's Queen! Kneel Swains, and say
That "She (which here chief Nymph doth reign)
May blessèd live! to see th'extremest year!"
For sacrifice, then, lambs and kidlings kill!
And be, by them, ELIZA glorified!
The Flower of Loves, and pure Virginity!
This Delian Nymph doth amaze!

The fairest deers, which in the forests stay!
Those harts (which proudest herds disdain;
And range the forests as without compeer!)
Submissive, yield themselves! that if She will,
She, them may wound! or on their swift backs ride!
Lions and bears, with beauty tameth She!
Shepherds! for Her! your voices raise!

ECHO! this favour, if I purchase may!
Do not herdgrooms there feign?
ECHO, They're fain!
What want they? Speak! now, they be blest, if e'er!
ECHO, Fear!
What be the confines? Rebels they be still!
ECHO, They be still!
What is She, that so many Swains doth there guide?
ECHO, Their guide!
None but herself hath that ability
To rule so many ways!
Her thoughts, sure grounded on Divinity;
For this sweet Nymph, each Shepherd prays!

ODE 3.

UPON a holy Saintès Eve
As I took my pilgrimage,
Wand'ring through the forest wary,
Blest be that holy Saint!
I met the lovely Virgin, MARY!
And kneelèd, with long travel faint,
Performing my due homage.
My tears foretold my heart did grieve,
Yet MARY would not me relieve!

Her I did promise, every year,
The firstling female of my flock;
That in my love she would me further.
(I curst the days of my first love,
My comfort's spoils, my pleasures' murder.)
She, She, alas, did me reprove!
My suits, as to a stony rock,
Were made; for she would not give ear:
Ah love! dear love! love bought too dear!

MARY, my Saint chaste and mild!
Pity, ah, pity my suit!
Thou art a virgin, pity me!
Shine eyes, though pity wanting;
That she, by them, my grief may see!
And look on mine heart panting!
But her deaf ears, and tongue mute,
Shews her hard heart unreconciled!
Hard heart, from all remorse exiled!

ODE 4.

BACCHUS! Father of all sport!
Worker of Love's comfort!
VENUS' best beloved brother!
(Like beloved is none other!)
Greater Father of Felicity!
Fill full, with thy divinity,
These thirsty and these empty veins!
Thence, fuming up into my brains,
Exceed APOLLO, through thy might!
And make me, by thy motion light,
That, with alacrity, I may
Write pleasing Odes! and still display
PARTHENOPHE, with such high praises,
(Whose beauty, Shepherds all amazes)
And, by those means, her loves obtain!
Then, having filled up every vein,
I shall be set in perfect state
The rights of love to celebrate!
Then, each year, fat from my sheepcot,
Thy sacrifice, a tydie goat!
And *Ἰώ ἐνοῖ* shall be
Loud chanted, everywhere, to thee!

ODE 5.

PARTHENOPHE! See what is sent!
By me (fair Nymph!) these Saints salute thee.
Whose presents in this basket here,
Faithful PARTHENOPHIL doth bear!
Nor will I prove ingrate! nor mute be!
If my power were,
Such gifts as these
(If they would please)
Here willingly I would present!

And these, those presents present be!
First, JUNO sent to thee, these lilies!
In whose stead chaste Affection moves.
VENUS hath sent two turtle doves!
NARCISSUS gives thee daffodillies!
For doves, true loves!
For daffodillies
My golden wills!
Which countervails what here is sent thee!

FLORA doth greet thee, with sweet roses!
THETIS, with rich pearls orient!
LEUCOTHOE, with frankincense!
For roses, my love's chaste pretence!
For pearls, those tears which I have spent!
My sighs' incense,
For sweet perfume!
Thus I presume,
Poor Shepherd! to present these posies!

Though I be rude, as shepherds are,
Lilies, I know, do stand for whiteness!
And daffodillies, thy golden hair!
And doves, thy meekness! figures bear.
Red roses, for a blushing brightness!
Thy teeth, pearls were!
That incense showed
Thy breath that blowed,
A sacrifice! for which gods care.

Blest is that Shepherd, nine times nine!
Which shall, in bosom, these flowers keep
Bound in one posy; whose sweet smell,
In Paradise may make him dwell!
And sleep a ten times happy sleep!
I dare not mell!
Else with good will
PARTHENOPHIL
Would to thy lips, one kiss assign!

ODE 6.

FAIR sweet glove!
Divine token
Of her sweet love,
Sweetly broken!
By words, sweet loves She durst not move!
These gifts, her love to me do prove!
Though never spoken.

On her fair hand,
This glove once was
None in this land
Did ever 'pass

Her hands' fair white! Come Loves! here stand!
Let Graces' with yours, match her hand!
Hide! hide, alas!

Graces would smile
If you should match!
Hers, yours beguile!
Hers, garlands catch
From all the Nymphs! which blush the while
To see their white outmatched a mile!
Which praise did watch.

This glove, I kiss!
And, for thy sake,
I will not miss,
But ballads make!
And every shepherd shall know this;
PARTHENOPHIL in such grace is!
Muses, awake!

For I will sing
Thy matchless praises!
And my pipes bring,
Which floods amazes!
Wild Satyrs, friskins shall outfling!
The rocks shall this day's glory ring!
Whiles Nymphs bring daisies.

Some, woodbines bear!
Some, damask roses!
The Muses were
A-binding posies.
My goddess' glove to herrye here
Great PAN comes in, with flowers sear,
And crowns composes!

I note this day
Once every year!
An holiday
For Her kept dear!
A hundred Swains, on pipes shall play!
And for the Glove, masque in array
With jolly cheer!

A Glove of Gold,
I will bring in!
For which Swains bold,
Shall strife begin!
And he, which loves can best unfold;
And hath in Songs, his mind best told;
The Glove shall win!

Nymphs shall resort!
And they, with flowers,
Shall deck a Fort
For paramours,
Which for this Glove, shall there contend!
Impartial Nymphs shall judgement end!
And in those bowers,

Pronounce who best
Deserved, of all!
Then by the rest
A Coronal
Of Roses, freshly shall be dresst!
And he, with that rich Glove possesst,
As Principal!

ODE 7.



HEN I did think to write of war,
And martial chiefdens of the field,
DIANA did enforce to yield
My Muse to praise the Western Star!
But PALLAS did my purpose bar,
My Muse as too weak, it to wield!

ELIZA's praises were too high!
Divinest Wits have done their best!
And yet the most have provèd least;
Such was her Sacred Majesty!
Love's Pride! Grace to Virginity!
O could my Muse, in her praise rest!

VENUS directed me to write
The praise of peerless Beauty's Wonder!
A theme more fit for voice of thunder!
PARTHENOPHE, from whose eyes bright,
Ten thousand Graces dared my might,
And willed me, five degrees write under!

But yet her Fancy wrought so much,
That my Muse did, her praise adventure!
Wherein, of yore, it durst not enter.
And now her beauty gives that touch
Unto my Muse, in number such;
Which makes me more and more repent her!

ODE 8.

IN A shady grove of myrtle,
Where birds musical resorted,
With FLORA's painted flowers fert'le,
Which men with sight and scent comforted,
Whilst turtles equally disported,
Where each Nymph looses
Bunches of posies,
Which into chaplets sweet they sorted!

There, seated in that lovely shade,
With LAYA beautiful, there sate
A gentle Shepherd, which had made,
'Gainst evening twilight, somewhat late,
An arbour built in sylvan state,
Where, in exchange,
Their eyes did range,
Giving each other, the checkmate.

He said, "Sweet comfort of my Life!
Come and embrace PARTHENOPHIL!"
"Met we," said She, "to fall at strife!
I will be gone! Ay, that I will!"
"I loved you long!" "Why, do so still!"
"I cannot choose,
If you refuse!
But shall myself, with sorrow kill."

With that, he sighed, and would have kissed!
And viewed her with a fearful smile:
She turned, and said, "Your aim missed!"
With sighs redoubled, the meanwhile,

The Shepherd sate, but did compile
Green-knotted rushings;
Then roundelays sings!
And pleasant doth twilight beguile!

At length, he somewhat nearer presst,
And, with a glance, the Nymph deceiving,
He kissed her! She said, "Be at rest!"
Willing displeased, in the receiving!
Thence, from his purpose, never leaving,
He pressed her further!
She would cry "Murder!"
But somewhat was, her breath bereaving!

At length, he doth possess her whole!
Her lips! and all he would desire!
And would have breathed in her, his soul!
If that his soul he could inspire:
Eft that chanced, which he did require,
A live soul possesst
Her matron breast—
Then waking, I found Sleep a liar!

ODE 9.

BEHOLD, out walking in these valleys,
When fair PARTHENOPHE doth tread,
How joysome FLORA, with her dallies!
And, at her steps, sweet flowers bred!
Narcissus yellow,
And Amaranthus ever red,
Which all her footsteps overspread;
With Hyacinth that finds no fellow.

Behold, within that shady thick,
Where my PARTHENOPHE doth walk,
Her beauty makes trees moving quick,
Which, of her grace, in murmur talk!
The Poplar trees shed tears;
The blossomed Hawthorn, white as chalk;
And Aspen trembling on his stalk;
The tree which sweet frankincense bears;

The barren Hebene coaly black;
Green Ivy, with his strange embraces;
Daphne, which scorns JOVE's thundercrack;
Sweet Cypress, set in sundry places;
And singing Atis tells
Unto the rest, my Mistress's graces!
From them, the wind, her glory chases
Throughout the West; where it excels.

ODE 10.

WHY doth heaven bear a sun
To give the world a heat?
Why, there, have stars a seat?
On earth, when all is done!
PARTHENOPHE's bright sun
Doth give a greater heat!

And in her heaven there be
Such fair bright blazing stars;
Which still make open wars
With those in heaven's degree.
These stars far brighter be
Than brightest of heaven's stars!

Why doth earth bring forth roses,
Violets, or lilies,
Or bright daffodillies?
In her clear cheeks, she closes
Sweet damask roses!
In her neck, white lilies!

Violets in her veins!
Why do men sacrifice
Incense to deities?
Her breath more favour gives,
And pleaseth heavenly veins
More than rich sacrifice!

ODE 11.

LOVELY MAYA! HERMES' mother,
Of fair FLORA much befriended,
To whom this sweet month is commended,
This month more sweet than any other,
By thy sweet sovereignty defended.

Daisies, cowslips, and primroses,
Fragrant violets, and sweet mynthe,
Matched with purple hyacinth:
Of these, each where, Nymphs make trim posies,
Praising their mother BERYCINTH.

Behold, a herd of jolly Swains
Go flocking up and down the mead!
A troup of lovely Nymphs do tread!
And dearnly dancing on yon plains:
Each doth, in course, her hornpipe lead!

Before the grooms, plays PEERS the Piper,
They bring in hawthorn and sweet briar:
And damask roses, they would bear;
But them, they leave till they be riper.
The rest, round Morrises dance there!

With frisking gambols, and such glee,
Unto the lovely Nymphs they haste!
Who, there, in decent order placed,
Expect who shall Queen FLORA be;
And with the May Crown, chiefly graced?

The Shepherds poopen in their pipe,
One leads his wench a Country Round;
Another sits upon the ground;
And doth his beard from drivel wipe,
Because he would be handsome found.

To see the frisking, and the scouping!
To hear the herdgrooms wooing speeches!
Whiles one to dance, his girl beseeches.
The lead-heeled lazy luskins louping,
Fling out, in their new motley breeches!

This done, with jolly cheer and game,
The batch'lor Swains, and young Nymphs met;
Where, in an arbour, they were set.
Thither, to choose a Queen, they came,
And soon concluded her to fet.

There, with a garland, they did crown
PARTHENOPHE, my true sweet Love!
Whose beauty all the Nymphs above,
Did put the lovely Graces down.
The Swains, with shouts, rocks' echoes move!

To see the Rounds, the Morris Dances,
The leaden galliards, for her sake!
To hear those songs, the Shepherds make!
One with his hobby horse still prances!
Whiles some, with flowers, an highway make!

There in a mantle of light green,
(Reserved, by custom, for that day)
PARTHENOPHE, they did array!
And did create her, Summer's Queen!
And Ruler of their merry May!

SESTINE 3.

YOu loathed fields and forests,
Infected with my vain sighs!
You stony rocks, and deaf hills,
With my complaints, to speak taught!
You sandy shores, with my tears,
Which learn to wash your dry face!

Behold, and learn in my face,
The state of blasted forests!
If you would learn to shed tears,
Or melt away with oft sighs;
You shall, of me, be this taught,
As I sit under these hills,

Beating mine arms on these hills,
Laid grovelling on my lean face!
My sheep, of me to bleat taught;
And to wander through the forests!
The sudden winds learn my sighs!
AURORA's flowers, my tears!

But She that should see my tears,
Swift scuddeth by the high hills,
And sees me spent with long sighs,
And views my blubbered lean face;
Yet leaves me to the forests,
Whose solitary paths taught

My woes, all comforts untaught.
These sorrows, sighs, and salt tears
Fit solitary forests!
These outcries meet for deaf hills!
These tears, best fitting this face!
This air, most meet for these sighs!

Consume! consume, with these sighs!
Such sorrows, they to die taught!
Which printed are in thy face,
Whose furrows made with much tears!
You stony rocks! and high hills!
You sandy shores! and forests!

Report my seas of salt tears!
You! whom I nothing else taught,
But groanings! tears! and sad sighs!

ODE 12.

ONE night, I did attend my sheep,
Which I, with watchful ward, did keep
For fear of wolves assaulting:
For, many times, they broke my sleep,
And would into the cottage creep,
Till I sent them out halting!

At length, methought, about midnight,
(What time clear CYNTHIA shineth bright)
Beneath, I heard a rumbling!
At first, the noise did me affright;
But nought appeared in my sight,
Yet still heard something tumbling.

At length, good heart I took to rise,
And then myself crossed three times thrice;
Hence, a sharp sheephook raught
I feared the wolf had got a prize;
Yet how he might, could not devise!
I, for his entrance sought.

At length, by moonlight, could I espy
A little boy did naked lie
Frettished, amongst the flock:
I, him approached somewhat nigh.
He groaned, as he were like to die;
But falsely did me mock!

For pity, he cried, "Well a day!
Good master, help me, if you may!
For I am almost starved!"
I pitied him, when he did pray;
And brought him to my couch of hay.
But guess as I was served!

He bare about him a long dart,
Well gilded with fine painter's art;
And had a pile of steel.
On it I looked every part:
Said I, "Will this pile wound a heart?"
"Touch it!" quoth he, "and feel!"

With that, I touched the javelin's point!
Eftsoons it pierced to the joint!
And rageth now so fierce,
That all the balms which it anoint
Cannot prevail with it, a point;
But it mine heart will pierce.

ODE 13.

ON THE plains,
Fairy trains
Were a treading measures,
Satyrs played,
Fairies stayed
At the stops' set leisure.

Nymphs begin
To come in
Quickly, thick, and threefold!
Now the dance!
Now the prance,
Present there to behold!

On her breast
That did best
A jewel rich was placed!
FLORA chose
Which of those
Best the measures graced.

When he had
Measures lad
PARTHENOPHE did get it!
Nymphs did chide
When they tried,
Where the judgement set it

Thus they said
"This fair Maid,
Whom you gave the jewel,
Takes no pleasure
To keep measure;
But it is too too cruel!"

ODE 14.

HARK! all you lovely Nymphs forlorn!
With VENUS, chaste DIANA meets!
And one another friendly greets!
Did you not hear her wind a horn?
Then cease, fair Ladies! Do not mourn!

Virgins, whom VENUS made offend,
Resort into the wood at even;
And every one shall be forgiven!
There shall all controversies end!
DIANA shall be VENUS' friend!

Hark, Nymphs forlorn! what is decreed!
Spotless DIANA must not fail,
But be addressed with VENUS' veil;
VENUS must wear DIANA's weed.
This veil will shadow, when you need!

If any think a virgin light;
DIAN' in VENUS veil excuseth,
And her Nymph PHŒBE's habit useth.
These quaint attires befit you right,
For each a diverse garment chooseth.

ODE 15.

VULCAN, in Lemnos Isle,
Did golden shafts compile
For CUPID's bow.
Then VENUS did, with honey sweet,
To make it please, anoint the pile.
CUPID below
Dipped it in gall, and made it meet
Poor wounded creatures to beguile.

When MARS returned from war,
Shaking his spear afar;
CUPID beheld!
At him, in jest, MARS shaked his spear!
Which CUPID, with his dart did bar
(Which millions quelled).
Then, MARS desired his dart to bear:
But soon the weight, his force did mar!

Then MARS subdued, desired
(Since he was with it tired)
CUPID to take it.
"Nay, you shall keep it!" CUPID said;
"For first to feel it you required.
Wound I will make it
As deep as yours! You me did fear;
And for that, you shall be fired!"

CANZON 3.

SWEET is the golden Cowslip bright and fair!
Ten times more sweet, more golden, fair, and bright,
Thy Tresses! in rich trammelled knots, resembling.
VENUS' swan's back is lovely, smooth, and white!
More lovely, smooth, and white his feathers are,
The silver lustre of thy Brows dissembling!

Bright are the Sunbeams, on the water trembling!
Much brighter, shining like love's holy fire,
On well watered diamonds of those eyes,
Whose heat's reflection, Love's Affection tries!
Sweet is the Censer, whose fume doth aspire
Appeasing LOVE, when for revenge he flies!
More sweet the Censer, like thy seemly Nose!
Whose beauty (than Invention's wonder higher!)
Nine times nine Muses never could disclose.

Sweet Eglantine, I cannot but commend
Thy modest rosy blush! pure, white, and red!
Yet I thy white and red praise more and more
In my sweet Lady's Cheeks since they be shed.
When Grapes to full maturity do tend,
So round, so red, so sweet, all joy before
Continually I long for them therefore
To suck their sweet, and with my lips to touch!
Not so much for the Muses' nectar sake,
But that they from thy Lips their purpose take.
Sweet! pardon, though I thee compare to such.
Proud Nature, which so white LOVE's doves did make,
And framed their lovely heads, so white and round.
How white and round! It doth exceed so much,
That nature nothing like thy Chin hath found!

Fair Pearls, which garnish my sweet Lady's neck:
Fair orient pearls! O, how much I admire you!
Not for your orient gloss, or virtue's rareness,
But that you touch her Neck, I much desire you!
Whose whiteness so much doth your lustre check,
As whitest lilies the Primrose in fairness;
A neck most gorgeous, even in Nature's bareness.
Divine Rosebuds, which, when Spring doth surrender
His crown to Summer, he last trophy reareth;
By which he, from all seasons, the palm beareth!
Fair purple crisped folds sweet-dewed and tender;

Whose sweetness never wears, though moisture weareth,
Sweet ripe red Strawberries, whose heavenly sap
I would desire to suck; but Loves ingender
A nectar more divine in thy sweet Pap!

O lovely tender paps! but who shall press them?
Whose heavenly nectar, and ambrosial juice
Proceed from Violets sweet, and asier-like,
And from the matchless purple *Fleur de luce.*
Round rising hills, white hills (sweet VENUS bless them!)
Nature's rich trophies, not those hills unlike,
Which that great monarch, CHARLES, whose power did strike
From th' Arctic to the Antarctic, dignified
With proud *Plus ultra*: which *Cerography*
In unknown Characters of Victory,
Nature hath set; by which she signified
Her conquests' miracle reared up on high!
Soft ivory balls! with which, whom she lets play,
Above all mortal men is magnified,
And wagers 'bove all price shall bear away!

O Love's soft hills! how much I wonder you!
Between whose lovely valleys, smooth and straight,
That glassy moisture lies, that slippery dew!
Whose courage touched, could dead men animate!
Old NESTOR (if between, or under you!
He should but touch) his young years might renew!
And with all youthful joys himself indue!
O smooth white satin, matchless, soft, and bright!
More smooth than oil! more white than lily is!
As hard to match, as Love's Mount hilly is!
As soft as down! clear, as on glass sunlight!
To praise your white, my tongue too much silly is!
How much, at your smooth soft, my sense amazed is!
Which charms the feeling, and enchants the sight: is!
But yet her bright, smooth, white, soft Skin more praisèd

How oft have I, the silver Swan commended
For that even chesse of feather in her wing!
So white! and in such decent order placed!
When she, the doly Dirge of Death did sing,
With her young mournful cygnets' train attended!
Yet, not because the milk-white wings her graced,
But when I think on my Lady's Waist,
Whose ivory sides, a snowy shadow gives
Of her well-ordered ribs, which rise in falling!
How oft, the swan I pitied, her death calling,
With dreary notes! Not that she so short lives,
And 'mongst the Muses sings for her installing;
But that so clear a white should be disdained
With one that for Love's sugared torment lives!
And makes that white a plague to lovers pained.

O, how oft! how oft did I chide and curse
The brethren Winds, in their power disagreeing!
East, for unwholesome vapour! South, for rain!
North, for, by snows and whirlwinds, bitter being!
I loved the West, because it was the Nurse
Of FLORA's gardens, and to CERES' grain!
Yet, ten times more than these, I did curse again!
Because they are inconstant and unstable
In drought! in moisture! frosty cold! and heat!
Here, with a sunny smile! there, stormy threat!
Much like my Lady's fancies variable!
How oft with feet, did I the marble beat;
Harming my feet, yet never hurt the stone!
Because, like her, it was inpenetrable,
And her heart's nature with it, was all one?

O that my ceaseless sighs and tears were able
To counter charm her heart! to stone converted.
I might work miracles to change again
The hard to soft! that it might rue my pain.

But of herself she is so straitly skirted
(Falsely reputing True Love, Honour's Stain)
That I shall never move, and never die,
So many ways her mind I have experted!
Yet shall I live, through virtue of her eye!

ODE 16.

BEFORE bright TITAN raised his team
Or lovely Morn with rosy cheek,
With scarlet dyed the Eastern stream,
On PHŒBUS' day, first of the week;
Early, my goddess did arise,
With breath to bless the morning air.
O heavens, which made divine mine eyes!
Glancing on such a Nymph! so fair!
Whose Hair, downspread in curled tresses,
PHŒBUS his glitter and beams withstood:
Much like him, when, through cypresses,
He danceth on the silver flood;
Or like the golden purlèd down,
Broached upon the palmed-flowered willows,
Which downward scattered from her crown,
Loosely dishevelled on love's pillows.
Covering her swan-like back below
Like ivory matched with purest gold;
Like PHŒBE when on whitest snow
Her gilded shadow taketh hold.
Her Forehead was like to the rose
Before ADONIS pricked his feet!
Or like the path to heaven which goes,
Where all the lovely Graces meet!
CUPID's rich Chariot stood under!
Moist pearl about the wheels was set!
Grey agate spokes, not much asunder!

The axletree of purest jet!
Her seemly Nose, the rest which graced,
For CUPID's Trophy was upreared!
Th' imperial Thrones, where LOVE was placed
When, of the world, he would be feared.
Where CUPID, with sweet VENUS sate
Her cheeks with rose and lilies decked,
Nature upon the coach did wait,
And all in order did direct.
Her Cheeks to damask roses sweet,
In scent and colour were so like;
That honey bees in swarms would meet
To suck; and, sometimes, She would strike
With dainty plume, the bees to fear!
And being beaten, they would sting!
They found such heavenly honey there;
CUPID, which there sate triumphing,
When he perceived the bee did sting her
Would swell for grief, and curse that bee,
More than the bee that stinged his finger!
Yet still about her they would flee!
Then LOVE to VENUS would complain
Of Nature, which his chariot drest!
Nature would it excuse again,
Saying, "She then shewed her skill best!"
When she drank wine, upon her face,
BACCHUS would dance! and spring to kiss!
And shadow, with a blushing grace,
Her cheeks, where lovers build their bliss:
Who, when she drank, would blush for shame
That wanton BACCHUS she should use;
Who, VENUS' brother, might defame
Her, that should such acquaintance choose!
What gloss the scarlet curtains cast
On a bedstead of ivory.
Such like, but such as much surpasst

All gloss, her cheeks did beautify.
Her roseate Lips, soft lovely swelling,
And full of pleasure as a cherry;
Her Breath of divine spices smelling,
Which, with tongue broken, would make merry
Th' infernal souls; and, with her voice,
Set heaven gates open, hell gates shut,
Move melancholy to rejoice,
And thralled in Paradise might put.
Her Voice, not human, when she speaketh
I think some angel or goddess,
Into celestial tunes which breaketh,
Speaks like her, with such cheerfulness.
All birds and instruments may take
Their notes divine and excellent,
Melodious harmony to make,
From her sweet voices' least accent.
This we Love's Sanctuary call!
Whence Sacred Sentences proceed,
Rolled up in sounds angelical;
Whose place, sweet Nature hath decreed,
Just under CUPID's Trophy fixed,
Where music hath its excellence
And such sweets, with Love's spirit mixed,
As please far more than frankincense,
Thence, issue forth Love's Oracles
Of Happiness, and luckless Teen!
So strange be Love's rare miracles
In her, as like have never been!
Her Neck that curious axletree,
Pure ivory like, which doth support
The Globe of my Cosmography:
Where, to my Planets I resort
To take judicial signs of skill,
When tempests to mine heart will turn?
When showers shall my fountains fill?

And extreme droughts mine heart shall burn?
There, in that Globe, shall I perceive
When I shall find clear Element;
There, gloomy mists shall I conceive,
Which shall offend the Firmament!
On this, my studies still be bent,
Where even as rivers from the seas
In branches through the land be sent,
And into crooked sinews press,
Throughout the globe such wise the veins
Clear crystalline throughout her neck
Like sinuous, in their crooked trains,
Wildly the swelling waves did check.
Thence, rise her humble seemly Shoulders,
Like two smooth polished ivory tops;
Of Love's chief Frame, the chief upholders,
Whiter than that was of PELOPS!
Thence, CUPID's five-grained mace out brancheth;
Which fivefold, the five Senses woundeth.
Whose sight the mind of lookers lanceth.
Whose force, all other force astoundeth.
Thence, to that bed, where LOVE's proud Queen,
In silent majesty, sweet sleepeth;
Where her soft lovely pillows been,
Where CUPID, through love's conduits creepeth.
Pillows of VENUS' turtles' down!
Pillows, than VENUS' turtles softer!
Pillows, the more where LOVE lies down
More covets to lie down and ofter!
Pillows, on which two sweet Rosebuds,
Dewed with ambrosial nectar lie;
Where Love's Milk-Way, by springs and floods,
Through violet paths, smooth slideth by.
But now, with fears and tears, proceed
LOVE's Place of Torture to declare!
Which such calamity doth breed

To those which there imprisoned are;
Which, once in chains, are never free!
Which still for want of succour pine!
Dry sighs, salt-wat'ry tears, which be
For dainty cakes and pleasant wine!
Immured with pure white ivory,
Fetters of adamant to draw,
Even steel itself, if it be nigh!
A bondage without right or law!
With poor ACTEON overthrown
But for a look! and with an eye
In his clear arms, LOVE's Sergeant known,
Arrests each lover that goes by.
This is her Heart! Love's Prison called!
Whose conquest is impregnable.
Whence, who so chance to be enthralled,
To come forth after, are unable.
Further to pass than I have seen,
Or more to shew than may be told;
Were too much impudence! I ween:
Here, therefore, take mine anchor hold!
And with the Roman Poet, deem
Parts unrevealed to be most sweet;
Which here described, might evil beseem
And for a modest Muse unmeet.
Such blessed mornings seldom be!
Such sights too rare when men go by!
Would I but once the like might see;
Then I might die, before I die!

SESTINE 4.

ECHO! What shall I do to my Nymph, when I go to behold her? ECHO, Hold her!
So dare I not! lest She should think that I make her a prey then! ECHO, Pray then!

Yea, but at me, She will take scorn, proceeded of honour!
ECHO, On her!
Me bear will She (with her, to deal so saucily) never!
ECHO, Ever!
Yea, but I greatly fear She will have pure thoughts to refuse such.
ECHO, Few such!
Then will I venture again more bold, if you warn me to do so!
ECHO, Do so!

I must write with tears and sighs, before that I do so!
ECHO, Do so!
But what if my tears and sighs be too weak to remove her?
ECHO, Move her!
So shall ye move huge Alps with tears and sighs, if you may such!
ECHO, You may such!
If any that, shall affirm for a truth; I shall hold that they lie then!
ECHO, Lie then!
If I study to death, in kind, shall I lie never!
ECHO, Ever!
O! what is it to lie? Is't not dishonour?
ECHO, 'Tis honour!

Then to flatter a while her, is't not dishonour?
ECHO, Honour!
Then will I wrest out sighs, and wring forth tears when I do so?
ECHO, Do so!
Lest She find my craft, with her I may toy never?
ECHO, Ever!
Then, if you jest in kind with her, you win her?
ECHO, You win her!
Then, what time She laughs from her heart, shall I smile then?
ECHO, Ey, smile then!
They that like my toys! is it harm, if I kiss such?
ECHO, Ey, kiss such!

Yea, but most Ladies have disdainful minds, to refuse such!
ECHO, Few such!
In what space, shall I know, whether her love resteth in honour?
ECHO, In one hour!
O for such a sweet hour! My life of hours will I pray then!
ECHO, Ay then!
Then if I find, as I would; more bold to urge her, I may be so?
ECHO, Be so!
But if she do refuse! then, woe to th'Attempter!
ECHO, Attempt her!
She will proudly refuse! She speaks in jest never!
ECHO, Ever!

So though still She refuse, She speaks in jest ever!
ECHO, Ever!
Then such as these, be the true best signs to seek out such?
ECHO, Seek out such!
Such will I seek! But what shall I do, when I first shall attempt her!
ECHO, Tempt her!
How shall I tempt her, ere She stand on terms of her honour?
ECHO, On her!
O might I come to that! I think 'tis even so.
ECHO, 'Tis even so!
Strongly to tempt and move, at first, is surely the best then?
ECHO. The best then!

What, when they do repugn, yet cry not forth! will they do then?
ECHO, Do then!
With such a blunt Proem, Ladies, shall I move never?
ECHO, Ever!
I must wait, on an inch, on such Nymphs whom I regard so;
ECHO, Guard so!
Those whom, in heart, I love; my faith doth firmly deserve such.
ECHO, Serve such!
Then to become their slaves, is no great dishonour?
ECHO, Honour!
But to the Muses, first, I will recommend her!
ECHO, Commend her!

They that pity lovers; is't good, if I praise such?
ECHO, Ey, praise such!
If that I write their praise; by my verse, shall they live never?
ECHO, Ever!
If thy words be true; with thanks, take adieu then.
ECHO, Adieu then!

CARMEN ANACREONTIUM.

ODE 17.

REVEAL, sweet Muse! this secret!
Wherein the lively Senses
Do most triumph in glory?
Where others talk of eagles,
Searching the sun with quick sight;
With eyes, in brightness piersant,
PARTHENOPHE, my sweet Nymph,
With Sight more quick than eagle's,
With eyes more clear and piersant,
(And, which exceeds all eagles,
Whose influence gives more heat
Than sun in Cancer's Tropic)
With proud imperious glances
Subduing all beholders,
Which gaze upon their brightness,
Shall triumph over that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret!
Wherein the lively Senses
Do most triumph in glory?
Where some of heavenly nectar
The Taste's chief comfort talk of
For pleasure and sweet relish;
Where some, celestial syrups

And sweet Barbarian spices,
For pleasantness, commend most:
PARTHENOPHE, my sweet Nymph,
With Lips more sweet than nectar,
Containing much more comfort
Than all celestial syrups;
And which exceeds all spices,
On which none can take surfeit,
Shall triumph over that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret!
Wherein the lively Senses
Do most triumph in glory?
When some Panchaian incense,
And rich Arabian odours,
And waters sweet distilled,
Where some of herbs and flowers
Of Ambergrease and sweet roots,
For heavenly spirit, praise most:
PARTHENOPHE, my sweet Nymph,
With Breath more sweet than incense,
Panchaian or Arabic,
Or any sorts of sweet things.
And which exceeds all odours;
Whose spirit is Love's godhead,
Shall triumph over that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret!
Wherein the lively Senses
Do most triumph in glory?
Where Music rests in voices,
As SOCRATES supposed;
In voice and bodies moving,
As though ARISTOXINUS;
In mind, as THEOPHRASTUS:

Her Voice exceeds all music,
Her body's comely carriage,
Her gesture, and divine grace
Doth ravish all beholders.
Her mind, it is much heavenly,
And which exceeds all judgement;
But such sweet looks, sweet thoughts tell
And makes her conquer that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret!
Wherein the lively Senses
Do most triumph in glory?
Where some of sacred hands talk,
Whose blessing makes things prosper;
Where some of well skilled fingers,
Which makes such heavenly music
With wood and touch of sinews:
PARTHENOPHE's divine Hands,
Let them but touch my pale cheeks!
Let them but any part touch,
My sorrow shall assuage soon!
Let her check the little string!
The sound to heaven shall charm me.
Thus She, the Senses conquers.

ODE 18.



THAT I could make her, whom I love best,
Find in a face, with misery wrinkled;
Find in a heart, with sighs over ill-pined,
Her cruel hatred!
O that I could make her, whom I love best,
Find by my tears, what malady vexeth;
Find by my throbs, how forcibly love's dart,
Wounds my decayed heart!

O that I could make her, whom I love best,
Tell with a sweet smile, that she respecteth
All my lamentings; and that, in her heart,
Mournfully she rues!
For my deserts were worthy the favours
Of such a fair Nymph, might she be fairer!
O then a firm faith, what may be richer?
Then to my love yield!
Then will I leave these tears to the waste rocks!
Then will I leave these sighs to the rough winds!
O that I could make her, whom I love best,
Pity my long smart!

ODE 19.

WHY should I weep in vain, poor and remedyless?
Why should I make complaint to the deaf wilderness?
Why should I sigh for ease? Sighs, they breed malady!
Why should I groan in heart? Groans, they bring misery!
Why should tears, plaints, and sighs, mingled with heavy groans,
Practise their cruelty, whiles I complain to stones?
O what a cruel heart, with such a tyranny,
Hardly she practiseth, in grief's extremity?
Such to make conquered whom she would have depressed,
Such a man to disease, whom she would have oppressed.
O but, PARTHENOPHE! turn, and be pitiful!
Cruelty, beauty stains! Thou, Sweet! art beautiful!
If that I made offence, my love is all the fault
Which thou can charge me with, then do not make assault
With such extremities, for my kind hearty love!
But for love's pity sake, from me, thy frowns remove!

So shalt thou make me blest! So shall my sorrows cease!
So shall I live at ease! So shall my joys acrease!
So shall tears, plaints, and sighs, mingled with heavy groans,
Weary the rocks no more! nor lament to the stones!

ODE 20.

ASCLEPIAD.



SWEET, pitiless eye, beautiful orient
(Since my faith is a rock, durable everywhere),
Smile! and shine with a glance, heartily me to joy!
Beauty taketh a place! Pity regards it not!
Virtue findeth a throne, settled in every part!
Pity found none at all, banished everywhere!
Since then, Beauty triumphs (Chastity's enemy),
And Virtue cleped is, much to be pitiful;
And since that thy delight is ever virtuous:
My tears, PARTHENOPHE! pity! Be pitiful!
So shall men Thee repute great! as a holy Saint!
So shall Beauty remain, mightily glorified!
So thy fame shall abound, durably chronicled!
Then, sweet PARTHENOPHE! pity! Be merciful!

SONNET CV.



H ME! How many ways have I assayed,
To win my Mistress to my ceaseless suit!
What endless means and prayers have I made
To thy fair graces! ever deaf and mute.
At thy long absence, like an errand page,
With sighs and tears, long journeys did I make
Through paths unknown, in tedious pilgrimage;
And never slept, but always did awake.

And having found Thee ruthless and unkind;
Soft skinned, hard hearted; sweet looks, void of pity;
Ten thousand furies ragèd in my mind,
Changing the tenour of my lovely Ditty;
By whose enchanting Saws and magic Spell,
Thine hard, indurate heart, I must compel.

SESTINE 5.

THEN, first, with locks dishevelled and bare,
Strait girded, in a cheerful calmy night,
Having a fire made of green cypress wood,
And with male frankincense on altar kindled;
I call on threefold HECATE with tears!
And here, with loud voice, invocate the Furies!

For their assistance to me, with their furies;
Whilst snowy steeds in coach, bright PHŒBE bare.
Ay me! PARTHENOPHE smiles at my tears!
I neither take my rest by day or night;
Her cruel loves in me such heat have kindled.
Hence, goat! and bring her to me raging wood!

HECATE tell, which way she comes through the wood!
This wine about this altar, to the Furies
I sprinkle! whiles the cypress boughs be kindled.
This brimstone, earth within her bowels bare!
And this blue incense, sacred to the night!
This hand, perforce, from this bay his branch tears!

So be She brought! which pitied not my tears!
And as it burneth with the cypress wood,
So burn She with desire, by day and night!
You gods of vengeance! and avengeful Furies!
Revenge, to whom I bend on my knees bare.
Hence, goat! and bring her, with love's outrage kindled!

HECATE! make signs, if She with love come kindled!
Think on my Passions! HECATE! and my tears!
This Rosemarine (whose branch She chiefly bare,
And lovèd best) I cut, both bark and wood:
Broke with this brazen axe, and, in love's furies,
I tread on it, rejoicing in this night,

And saying, "Let her feel such wounds this night!"
About this altar, and rich incense kindled,
This lace and vervine (to love's bitter furies!)
I bind, and strew; and, with sad sighs and tears,
About, I bear her Image, raging wood.
Hence, goat! and bring her from her bedding bare!

HECATE! reveal if She like Passions bare!
I knit three true-lovers-knots (this is Love's night!)
Of three discoloured silks, to make her wood;
But She scorns VENUS, till her loves be kindled,
And till She find the grief of sighs and tears.
"Sweet Queen of Loves! For mine unpitied furies,

Alike torment her, with such scalding fires!
And this Turtle, when the loss she bare
Of her dear Make, in her kind, did shed tears
And mourning; did seek him, all day and night:
Let such lament in her, for me be kindled!
And mourn she still! till she run raging wood

Hence, goat! and bring her to me raging wood!
These letters, and these verses to the Furies,
Which She did write, all in this flame be kindled.
Me, with these papers, in vain hope She bare,
That She, to day would turn mine hopeless night,
These, as I rent and burn, so fury tears.

Her hardened heart, which pitied not my tears.
The wind-shaked trees make murmur in the wood,
The waters roar at this thrice sacred night,
The winds come whisking shrill to note her furies;
Trees, woods, and winds, a part in my plaints bare,
And knew my woes; now joy to see her kindled!

See! whence She comes, with loves enraged and kindled!
The pitchy clouds, in drops, send down their tears!
Owls screech! Dogs bark to see her carried bare!
Wolves yowle and cry! Bulls bellow through the wood!
Ravens croape! Now, now! I feel love's fiercest furies!
Seest thou, that black goat! brought, this silent night,

Through empty clouds, by th' Daughters of the Night!
See how on him, She sits! with love rage kindled!
Hither, perforce, brought with avengeful Furies!
Now, I wax drowsy! Now, cease all my tears;
Whilst I take rest, and slumber near this wood!
Ah me! PARTHENOPHE naked and bare!

Come, blessed goat, that my sweet Lady bare!
Where hast thou been, PARTHENOPHE! this night?
What, cold! Sleep by this fire of cypress wood,
Which I, much longing for thy sake, have kindled!
Weep not! Come Loves and wipe away her tears!
At length yet, wilt Thou take away my furies?

Ay me! Embrace me! See those ugly Furies!
Come to my bed! lest they behold thee bare;
And bear thee hence! They will not pity tears!
And these still dwell in everlasting night!
Ah, Loves, (sweet love!) sweet fires for us hath kindled!
But not inflamed with frankincense or wood.

The Furies, they shall hence into the wood!
Whiles CUPID shall make calmer his hot furies,
And stand appeased at our fires kindled.
Join! join PARTHENOPHE! Thyself unbare!
None can perceive us in the silent night!
Now will I cease from sighs, laments, and tears!

And cease, PARTHENOPHE! Sweet! cease thy tears!
Bear golden apples, thorns in every wood!
Join heavens! for we conjoin this heavenly night!
Let alder trees bear apricots! (Die Furies!)
And thistles, pears! which prickles lately bare!
Now both in one, with equal flame be kindled!

Die magic boughs! now die, which late were kindled!
Here is mine heaven! Loves drop, instead of tears!
It joins! it joins! Ah, both embracing bare!
Let nettles bring forth roses in each wood!
Last ever verdant woods! Hence, former Furies!
O die! live! joy! What? Last continual, night!

Sleep PHŒBUS still with THETIS! Rule still, night!
I melt in love! Love's marrow-flame is kindled!
Here will I be consumed in Love's sweet furies!
I melt! I melt! Watch CUPID, my love tears!
If these be Furies, O let me be wood!
If all the fiery element I bare;

'Tis now acquitted! Cease your former tears!
For as She once, with rage my body kindled;
So in hers, am I buried this night!

FINIS.

[DEDICATORY SONNETS.]

To the Right Noble Lord HENRY, Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND.



EIGN, mighty Lord! these verses to peruse,
Which my black mournful Muse presenteth here!
Blushing, at her first entrance, in for fear;
Where of herself, her self She doth accuse,
And seeking Patronage, bold means doth use
To shew that duty, which in heart I bear
To your thrice noble House! which shall outwear
Devouring Time itself, if my poor Muse
Divine aright: whose virtuous excellence
She craves, her ruder style to patronise.
Vouchsafe, then, noble Lord! to give defence:
Who, when her brighter glory shall arise,
Shall fly to fetch Fame, from her Fort of Brass;
Which, with your virtues, through the world shall pass!

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, MOST RENOWNED AND VALIANT ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX AND EWE.

VOUCHSAFE, thrice valiant Lord! this Verse to read,
When time from cares of more import, permits;
The too dear charge of my unchargèd wits!
And that I do my lighter Muses lead
To kiss your sacred hands! I mildly plead
For pardon; where all gracious virtue sits.
Since time of yore, their Lord's firstfruits admits;
My bashful Muse (which lost her maidenhead
In too dear travail of my restless Love)
To you, my Lord! her first-born babe presents!
Unworthy such a patron! for her lightness.
Yet deign her zeal! though not the light contents;
Till, from your virtues (registered above),
To make her Love more known, she borrow brightness.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS LORD, HENRY, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

RECEIVE, sweet Lord! with thy thrice sacred hand,
(Which sacred Muses make their instrument)
These worthless leaves! which I, to thee present!
(Sprung from a rude and unmanured land)
That with your countenance graced, they may withstand
Hundred-eyed Envy's rough encounterment;
Whose Patronage can give encouragement
To scorn back-wounding ZOILUS his band.
Vouchsafe, right virtuous Lord! with gracious eyes,
(Those heavenly lamps which give the Muses light,

Which give and take, in course, that holy fire)
To view my Muse with your judicial sight;
Whom, when time shall have taught, by flight, to rise
Shall to thy virtues, of much worth, aspire.

TO THE MOST VIRTUOUS, LEARNED AND BEAUTIFUL LADY, MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE



RIDE of our English Ladies! never matched!
Great Favourer of PHŒBUS' offspring!
In whom, even PHŒBUS is most flourishing!
Muse's chief comfort! Of the Muses, hatched!
On whom, URANIA hath so long time watched
In Fame's rich Fort, with crown triumphing
Of laurel, ever green in lusty Spring,
After thy mortal pilgrimage, despatched
Unto those planets, where thou shalt have place
With thy late sainted Brother, to give light!
And with harmonious spheres to turn in race.
Vouchsafe, sweet Lady! with a forehead bright,
To shine on this poor Muse; whose first-born fruit,
That you (of right) would take, she maketh suit!

TO THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND MOST BEAUTIFUL LADY, THE LADY STRANGE.



WEET Lady! Might my humble Muse presume
Thy beauties' rare perfection to set out
(Whom she, Pride of our English Court reputes)
Ambitious, she would assume
To blazon everywhere about

Thy beauty! whose dumb eloquence disputes
With fair Loves' Queen; and her, by right confutes!
But since there is no doubt
But that thy beauty's praise (which shall consume
Even Time itself) exceedeth
All British Ladies; deign my Muse's suits!
Which, unacquainted of your beauty, craves
Acquaintance! and proceedeth
T'approach so boldly! and behaves
Herself so rudely! daunted at your sight;
As eyes in darkness, at a sudden light.

TO THE BEAUTIFUL LADY,
THE LADY BRIDGET MANNERS.

ROSE of that Garland! fairest and sweetest
Of all those sweet and fair flowers!
Pride of chaste CYNTHIA's rich crown!
Receive this Verse, thy matchless beauty meetest!
Behold thy graces which thou greetest,
And all the secret powers
Of thine, and such like beauties, here set down!
Here shalt thou find thy frown!
Here, thy sunny smiling!
Fame's plumes fly with thy Love's, which should be fleetest!
Here, my loves' tempests and showers!
These, read, sweet Beauty! whom my Muse shall crown!
Who for thee! such a Garland is compiling,
Of so divine scents and colours,
As is immortal, Time beguiling!

Your Beauty's most affectionate servant,

BARNABE BARNES.

Sir FRANCIS DRAKE *revived;*

Calling upon this dull or effeminate Age, to follow his noble steps for gold and silver:

By this memorable Relation of the rare occurrences (never yet declared to the world) in a Third Voyage made by him into the West Indies, in the years [15]72 and [15]73; when Nombre de Dios was by him, and fifty-two others only in his company, surprised.

Faithfully taken out of the report of Master CHRISTOPHER CEELY, ELLIS HIXOM, and others, who were in the same Voyage with him;

By PHILIP NICHOLS, Preacher.

Reviewed also by Sir FRANCIS DRAKE himself, before his death; and much holpen and enlarged by divers notes, with his own hand, here and there inserted.

Set forth by Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, Baronet, (his nephew) now living.

LONDON:
Printed by E. A. for NICHOLAS BOURNE, dwelling at the South Entrance of the Royal Exchange. 1626.

TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY CHARLES THE FIRST, OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, KING, all the blessings of this, and a better life.

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

THAT this brief Treatise is yours, both by right and by succession, will appear by the Author's and Actor's ensuing *Dedication*. To praise either the Mistress or the Servant, might justly incur the censure of *Quis eos unquam sanus vituperavit*; either's worth having sufficiently blazed their fame.

This Present loseth nothing, by glancing on former actions; and the observation of passed adventures may probably advantage future employments. CÆSAR wrote his own *Commentaries*; and this Doer was partly the Inditor. Neither is there wanting living testimony to confirm its truth.

For his sake, then, cherish what is good! and I shall willingly entertain check for what is amiss. Your favourable acceptance may encourage my collecting of more neglected notes! However, though Virtue, as Lands, be not inheritable; yet hath he left of his Name, one that resolves, and therein joys to approve himself

Your most humble and loyal subject,

FRANCIS DRAKE [Bart.].

The Dedicatory Epistle, intended to Queen ELIZABETH, *Written by Sir* FRANCIS DRAKE, *deceased.*

To the Queen's most excellent Majesty, my most dread Sovereign.

MADAM,

SEEING divers have diversely reported and written of these Voyages and Actions which I have attempted and made, every one endeavouring to bring to light whatsoever inklings or conjectures they have had; whereby many untruths have been published, and the certain truth concealed: as [so] *I have thought it necessary myself, as in a Card* [chart] *to prick the principal points of the counsels taken, attempts made, and success had, during the whole course of my employment in these services against the Spaniard. Not as setting sail for maintaining my reputation in men's judgement, but only as sitting at helm, if occasion shall be, for conducting the like actions hereafter. So I have accounted it my duty, to present this Discourse to Your Majesty, as of right; either for itself being the firstfruits of your Servant's pen, or for the matter, being service done to Your Majesty by your poor vassal, against*

your great Enemy: at times, in such places, and after such sort as may seem strange to those that are not acquainted with the whole carriage thereof; but will be a pleasing remembrance to Your Highness, who take the apparent height of the Almighty's favour towards you, by these events, as truest instruments.

Humbly submitting myself to Your gracious censure, both in writing and presenting; that Posterity be not deprived of such help as many happily be gained hereby, and our present Age, at least, may be satisfied, in the rightfulness of these actions, which hitherto have been silenced: and Your Servant's labour not seem altogether lost, not only in travels by sea and land, but also in writing the Report thereof (a work to him no less troublesome) yet made pleasant and sweet, in that it hath been, is, and shall be for Your Majesty's content; to whom I have devoted myself [and] live or die.

FRANCIS DRAKE [Knight].

January 1, 1592 [*i.e.*, 1593].

TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

HONEST READER,

WITHOUT apology, I desire thee, in this ensuing Discourse, to observe, with me, the power and justice of the LORD of Hosts, Who could enable so mean a person to right himself upon so mighty a Prince; together with the goodness and providence of GOD very observable in that it pleased Him to raise this man, not only from a low condition, but even from the state of persecution. His father suffered in it, being forced to fly from his house, near South Tavistock in Devon, into Kent: and there to inhabit in the hull of a ship, wherein many of his younger sons were born. He had twelve in all: and as it pleased GOD to give most of them a being upon the water, so the greatest part of them died at sea. The youngest, who though he was [went] *as far as any, yet died at home; whose posterity inherits that, which by himself and this noble Gentleman the eldest brother, was hardly, yet worthily gotten.*

I could more largely acquaint thee, that this Voyage was his Third he made into the West Indies; after that [of] *his excellent service, both by sea and land, in Ireland, under WALTER, Earl of ESSEX; his next, about the World; another, wherein he took St. Jago, Cartagena, St. Domingo, St. Augustino; his doings at Cadiz; besides the first Carrack taught by him to sail into England; his stirrings in Eighty-seven; his remarkable actions in Eighty-eight; his endeavours in the Portugal employment; his last enterprise, determined by death; and his filling Plymouth with a plentiful stream of fresh water: but I pass by all these. I had rather thou shouldest inquire of others! then to seem myself a vainglorious man.*

I intend not his praise! I strive only to set out the praise of his and our good GOD! that guided him in his truth! and protected him in his courses! My ends are to stir thee up to the worship of GOD, and service of our King and Country, by his example! If anything be worth thy consideration; conclude with me, that the LORD only, can do great things!

FRANCIS DRAKE [*Bart.*]

Sir FRANCIS DRAKE *revived;*

Calling upon this dull or effeminate Age, to follow his noble steps for gold and silver.

AS THERE is a general Vengeance which secretly pursueth the doers of wrong, and suffereth them not to prosper, albeit no man of purpose empeach them: so is there a particular Indignation, engraffed in the bosom of all that are wronged, which ceaseth not seeking, by all means possible, to redress or remedy the wrong received. Insomuch as those great and mighty men, in whom their prosperous estate hath bred such an overweening of themselves, that they do not only wrong their inferiors, but despise them being injured, seem to take a very unfit course for their own safety, and far unfitter for their rest. For as ESOP teacheth, even the fly hath her spleen, and the emmet [*ant*] is not without her choler; and both together many times find means whereby, though the eagle lays her eggs in JUPITER's lap, yet by one way or other, she escapeth not requital of her wrong done [to] the emmet.

Among the manifold examples hereof, which former Ages have committed to memory, or our Time yielded to sight: I suppose, there hath not been any more notable then this in hand; either in respect of the greatness of the person by whom the first injury was offered, or the meanness of him who righted himself. The one being, in his own conceit, the mightiest Monarch of all the world! The other, an English Captain, a mean subject of her Majesty's! Who (beside the wrongs received at Rio de [la] Hacha with Captain

JOHN LOVELL in the years [15]65 and [15]66) having been grievously endamaged at San Juan de Ulua in the Bay of Mexico, with Captain JOHN HAWKINS, in the years [15]67 and [15]68, not only in the loss of his goods of some value, but also of his kinsmen and friends, and that by the falsehood of DON MARTIN HENRIQUEZ then the Viceroy of Mexico; and finding that no recompense could be recovered out of Spain, by any of his own means, or by Her Majesty's letters; he used such helps as he might, by two several voyages into the West Indies (the first with two ships, the one called the *Dragon*, the other the *Swan*, in the year [15]70: the other in the *Swan* alone in the year [15]71), to gain such intelligences as might further him, to get some amends for his loss.

And having, in those two Voyages, gotten such certain notice of the persons and places aimed at, as he thought requisite, and thereupon with good deliberation resolved on a Third Voyage (the description whereof we have now in hand); he accordingly prepared his ships and company, and then taking the first opportunity of a good wind, had such success in his proceedings, as now follows further to be declared.

On Whitsunday Eve, being the 24th of May, in the year 1572, Captain DRAKE in the *Pascha* of Plymouth of 70 tons, his admiral [*flag-ship*]; with the *Swan* of the same port, of 25 tons, his vice-admiral, in which his brother JOHN DRAKE was Captain (having in both of them, of men and boys seventy-three, all voluntarily assembled; of which the eldest was fifty, all the rest under thirty: so divided that there were forty-seven in the one ship, and twenty-six in the other. Both richly furnished with victuals and apparel for a whole year; and no less heedfully provided of all manner of munition, artillery, artificers, stuff and tools, that were requisite for such a Man-of-war in such an attempt: but especially having three dainty pinnaces made in Plymouth, taken asunder all in pieces, and stowed aboard, to be set up as occasion served), set sail, from out of the Sound of Plymouth, with intent to land at Nombre de Dios.

The wind continued prosperous and favourable at north-east, and gave us a very good passage, without any alteration

or change: so that albeit we had sight (3rd June) of Porto Santo, one of the Madeiras, and of the Cañaries also within twelve days of our setting forth: yet we never struck sail, nor came to anchor, nor made any stay for any cause, neither there nor elsewhere, until twenty-five days after; when (28th June) we had sight of the island of Guadaloupe, one of the islands of the West Indies, goodly high land.

The next morning (29th June), we entered between Dominica and Guadaloupe, where we descried two canoes coming from a rocky island, three leagues off Dominica; which usually repair thither to fish, by reason of the great plenty thereof, which is there continually to be found.

We landed on the south side of it, remaining there three days to refresh our men; and to water our ships out of one of those goodly rivers, which fall down off the mountain. There we saw certain poor cottages; built with Palmito boughs and branches; but no inhabitants, at that time, civil or savage: the cottages it may be (for we could know no certain cause of the solitariness we found there) serving, not for continual inhabitation, but only for their uses, that came to that place at certain seasons to fish.

The third day after (1st July), about three in the afternoon, we set sail from thence, toward the continent of *Terra firma*.

And the fifth day after (6th July), we had sight of the high land of Santa Marta; but came not near the shore by ten leagues.

But thence directed our course, for a place called by us, Port Pheasant; for that our Captain had so named it in his former voyage, by reason of the great store of those goodly fowls, which he and his company did then daily kill and feed on, in that place. In this course notwithstanding we had two days calm, yet within six days after we arrived (12th July) at Port Pheasant, which is a fine round bay, of very safe harbour for all winds, lying between two high points, not past half a cable's length over at the mouth, but within, eight or ten cables' length every way, having ten or twelve fathoms of water more or less, full of good fish; the soil also very fruitful, which may appear by this, that our Captain having been in this place, within a year and few days before [*i.e.*, *in July*, 1571] and having rid the place with many alleys and paths made; yet now all was so overgrown again, as that

we doubted, at first, whether this was the same place or not.

At our entrance into this bay, our Captain having given order to his brother what to do, if any occasion should happen in his absence, was on his way, with intent to have gone aland with some few only in his company, because he knew there dwelt no Spaniards within thirty-five leagues of that place. [Santiago de] Tolou being the nearest to the eastwards, and Nombre de Dios to the westwards, where any of that nation dwelt.

But as we were rowing ashore, we saw a smoke in the woods, even near the place which our Captain had aforetime frequented; therefore thinking it fit to take more strength with us, he caused his other boat also to be manned, with certain muskets and other weapons, suspecting some enemy had been ashore.

When we landed, we found by evident marks, that there had been lately there, a certain Englishman of Plymouth, called JOHN GARRET, who had been conducted thither by certain English mariners which had been there with our Captain, in some of his former voyages. He had now left a plate of lead, nailed fast to a mighty great tree (greater than any four men joining hands could fathom about) on which were engraven these words, directed to our Captain.

CAPTAIN DRAKE!

IF YOU fortune to come to this Port, make haste away! For the Spaniards which you had with you here, the last year, have bewrayed this place, and taken away all that you left here.

I depart from hence, this present 7th of July, 1572.

Your very loving friend,

JOHN GARRET.

The smoke which we saw, was occasioned by a fire, which the said GARRET and his company had made, before their departure, in a very great tree, not far from this which had the lead nailed on it; which had continued burning at least five days before our arrival.

This advertisement notwithstanding, our Captain meant

not to depart before he had built his pinnaces; which were yet aboard in pieces: for which purpose he knew this port to be a most convenient place.

And therefore as soon as we had moored our ships, our Captain commanded his pinnaces to be brought ashore for the carpenters to set up; himself employing all his other company in fortifying a place (which he had chosen out, as a most fit plot) of three-quarters of an acre of ground, to make some strength or safety for the present, as sufficiently as the means he had would afford. Which was performed by felling of great trees; bowsing and hauling them together, with great pulleys and hawsers, until they were enclosed to the water; and then letting others fall upon them, until they had raised with trees and boughs thirty feet in height round about, leaving only one gate to issue at, near the water side; which every night, that we might sleep in more safety and security, was shut up, with a great tree drawn athwart it.

The whole plot was built in pentagonal form, to wit, of five equal sides and angles, of which angles two were toward the sea, and that side between them was left open, for the easy launching of our pinnaces: the other four equal sides were wholly, excepting the gate before mentioned, firmly closed up.

Without, instead of a trench, the ground was rid [*laid bare*] for fifty feet space, round about. The rest was very thick with trees, of which many were of those kinds which are never without green leaves, till they are dead at the root: excepting only one kind of tree amongst them, much like to our Ash, which when the sun cometh right over them, causing great rains, suddenly casteth all its leaves, viz., within three days, and yet within six days after becomes all green again. The leaves of the other trees do also in part fall away, but so as the trees continue still green notwithstanding; being of a marvellous height, and supported as it were with five or six natural buttresses growing out of their bodies so far, that three men may so be hidden in each of them, that they which shall stand in the very next buttress shall not be able to see them. One of them specially was marked to have had seven of those stays or buttresses, for the supporting of his greatness and height, which being measured with a line close by the bark and near to the ground, as it was indented or extant, was found to be above thirty-nine yards about. The wood of

those trees is as heavy or heavier than Brazil or *Lignum vitæ*; and is in colour white.

The next day after we had arrived (13th July), there came also into that bay, an English bark of the Isle of Wight, of Sir EDWARD HORSEY's; wherein JAMES RANSE was Captain and JOHN OVERY, Master, with thirty men: of which, some had been with our Captain in the same place, the year before. They brought in with them a Spanish caravel of Seville, which he had taken the day before, athwart of that place; being a Caravel of *Adviso* [*Despatch boat*] bound for Nombre de Dios; and also one shallop with oars, which he had taken at Cape Blanc. This Captain RANSE understanding our Captain's purpose, was desirous to join in consort with him; and was received upon conditions agreed on between them.

Within seven days after his coming, having set up our pinnaces, and despatched all our business, in providing all things necessary, out of our ships into our pinnaces: we departed (20th July) from that harbour, setting sail in the morning towards Nombre de Dios, continuing our course till we came to the Isles of Pinos: where, being within three days arrived, we found (22nd July) two frigates of Nombre de Dios lading plank and timber from thence.

The Negroes which were in those frigates, gave us some particular understanding of the present state of the town; and besides, told us that they had heard a report, that certain soldiers should come thither shortly, and were daily looked for, from the Governor of Panama, and the country thereabout, to defend the town against the Cimaroons (a black people, which about eighty years past [*i.e.*, 1512] fled from the Spaniards their masters, by reason of their cruelty, and are since grown to a Nation, under two Kings of their own: the one inhabiteth to the West, and the other to the East of the Way from Nombre de Dios to Panama) which had nearly surprised it [*i.e.*, *Nombre de Dios*], about six weeks before [*i.e.*, *about* 10*th June*, 1572].

Our Captain willing to use those Negroes well (not hurting himself) set them ashore upon the Main, that they might perhaps join themselves to their countrymen the Cimaroons, and gain their liberty if they would; or if they would not, yet by reason of the length and troublesomeness of the way by land to Nombre de Dios, he might prevent any notice of

his coming, which they should be able to give. For he was loath to put the town to too much charge (which he knew they would willingly bestow) in providing beforehand for his entertainment; and therefore he hastened his going thither, with as much speed and secrecy as possibly he could.

To this end, disposing of all his companies, according as they inclined most; he left the three ships and the caravel with Captain RANSE; and chose into his four pinnaces (Captain RANSE's shallop made the fourth) beside fifty-three of our men, twenty more of Captain RANSE's company; with which he seemed competently furnished, to achieve what he intended; especially having proportioned, according to his own purpose, and our men's disposition, their several arms, viz., six targets, six firepikes, twelve pikes, twenty-four muskets and calivers, sixteen bows, and six partisans, two drums, and two trumpets.

Thus having parted (23rd July) from our company: we arrived at the island of Cativaas, being twenty-five leagues distant, about five days afterward (28th July). There we landed all in the morning betimes: and our Captain trained his men, delivering them their several weapons and arms which hitherto he had kept very fair and safe in good caske [*casks*]: and exhorting them after his manner, he declared "the greatness of the hope of good things that was there! the weakness of the town, being unwalled! and the hope he had of prevailing to recompense his wrongs! especially now that he should come with such a crew, who were like-minded with himself; and at such a time, as he should be utterly undiscovered."

Therefore, even that afternoon, he causeth us to set sail for Nombre de Dios, so that before sunset we were as far as Rio Francisco. Thence, he led us hard aboard the shore, that we might not be descried of the Watch House, until that being come within two leagues of the point of the bay, he caused us to strike a hull, and cast our grappers [? *grappling irons*], riding so until it was dark night.

Then we weighed again, and set sail, rowing hard aboard the shore, with as much silence as we could, till we recovered the point of the harbour under the high land. There, we stayed, all silent; purposing to attempt the town in the dawning of the day: after that we had reposed ourselves, for a while.

But our Captain with some other of his best men, finding that our people were talking of the greatness of the town, and what their strength might be; especially by the report of the Negroes that we took at the Isle of Pinos: thought it best to put these conceits out of their heads, and therefore to take the opportunity of the rising of the moon that night, persuading them that "it was the day dawning." By this occasion we were at the town a large hour sooner then first was purposed. For we arrived there by three of the clock after midnight. At what time it fortuned that a ship of Spain, of 60 tons, laden with Canary wines and other commodities, which had but lately come into the bay; and had not yet furled her sprit-sail (espying our four pinnaces, being an extraordinary number, and those rowing with many oars) sent away her gundeloe [? *gondola*] towards the town, to give warning. But our Captain perceiving it, cut betwixt her and the town, forcing her to go to the other side of the bay: whereby we landed without impeachment, although we found one gunner upon the Platform [*battery*] in the very place where we landed; being a sandy place and no key [*quay*] at all, not past twenty yards from the houses.

There we found six great pieces of brass ordnance, mounted upon their carriages, some Demy, some Whole-Culvering.

We presently dismounted them. The gunner fled. The town took alarm (being very ready thereto, by reason of their often disquieting by their near neighbours the Cimaroons); as we perceived, not only by the noise and cries of the people, but by the bell ringing out, and drums running up and down the town.

Our Captain, according to the directions which he had given over night, to such as he had made choice of for the purpose, left twelve to keep the pinnaces; that we might be sure of a safe retreat, if the worst befell. And having made sure work of the Platform before he would enter the town, he thought best, first to view the Mount on the east side of the town: where he was informed, by sundry intelligences the year before, they had an intent to plant ordnance, which might scour round about the town.

Therefore, leaving one half of his company to make a stand at the foot of the Mount, he marched up presently unto the top of it, with all speed to try the truth of the report, for the more

safety. There we found no piece of ordnance, but only a very fit place prepared for such use, and therefore we left it without any of our men, and with all celerity returned now down the Mount.

Then our Captain appointed his brother, with JOHN OXNAM [*or OXENHAM*] and sixteen other of his men, to go about, behind the King's Treasure House, and enter near the easter[n] end of the Market Place: himself with the rest, would pass up the broad street into the Market Place, with sound of drum and trumpet. The Firepikes, divided half to the one, and half to the other company, served no less for fright to the enemy than light of our men, who by his means might discern every place very well, as if it were near day: whereas the inhabitants stood amazed at so strange a sight, marvelling what the matter might be, and imagining, by reason of our drums and trumpets sounding in so sundry places, that we had been a far greater number then we were.

Yet, by means of the soldiers of which were in the town, and by reason of the time which we spent in marching up and down the Mount, the soldiers and inhabitants had put themselves in arms, and brought their companies in some order, at the south-east end of the Market Place, near the Governor's House, and not far from the gate of the town, which is the only one, leading towards Panama: having (as it seems) gathered themselves thither, either that in the Governor's sight they might shew their valour, if it might prevail; or else, that by the gate, they might best take their *Vale*, and escape readiest.

And to make a shew of far greater numbers of shot, or else of a custom they had, by the like device to terrify the Cimaroons; they had hung lines with matches lighted, overthwart the wester[n] end of the Market Place, between the Church and the Cross; as though there had been in a readiness some company of shot, whereas indeed there were not past two or three that taught these lines to dance, till they themselves ran away, as soon as they perceived they were discovered.

But the soldiers and such as were joined with them, presented us with a jolly hot volley of shot, beating full upon the full egress of that street, in which we marched; and levelling very low, so as their bullets ofttimes grazed on the sand.

We stood not to answer them in like terms: but having discharged our first volley of shot, and feathered them with our arrows (which our Captain had caused to be made of purpose in England; not great sheaf arrows, but fine roving shafts, very carefully reserved for the service) we came to the push of pike, so that our firepikes being well armed and made of purpose, did us very great service.

For our men with their pikes and short weapons, in short time took such order among these gallants (some using the butt-end of their pieces instead of other weapons), that partly by reason of our arrows which did us there notable service, partly by occasion of this strange and sudden closing with them in this manner unlooked for, and the rather for that at the very instant, our Captain's brother, with the other company, with their firepikes, entered the Market Place by the easter[n] street; they casting down their weapons, fled all out of the town by the gate aforesaid, which had been built for a bar to keep out of the town the Cimaroons, who had often assailed it; but now served for a gap for the Spaniards to fly at.

In following, and returning; divers of our men were hurt with the weapons which the enemy had let fall as he fled; somewhat, for that we marched with such speed, but more for that they lay so thick and cross one on the other.

Being returned, we made our stand near the midst of the Market Place, where a tree groweth hard by the Cross; whence our Captain sent some of our men to stay the ringing of the alarm bell, which had continued all this while: but the church being very strongly built and fast shut, they could not without firing (which our Captain forbade) get into the steeple where the bell rung.

In the meantime, our Captain having taken two or three Spaniards in their flight, commanded them to shew him the Governor's House, where he understood was the ordinary place of unlading the moiles [*mules*] of all the treasure which came from Panama by the King's appointment. Although the silver only was kept there; the gold, pearl, and jewels (being there once entered by the King's officer) was carried from thence to the King's Treasure House not far off, being a house very strongly built of lime and stone, for the safe keeping thereof.

At our coming to the Governor's House, we found the great door where the mules do usually unlade, even then opened, a candle lighted upon the top of the stairs; and a fair gennet ready saddled, either for the Governor himself, or some other of his household to carry it after him. By means of this light we saw a huge heap of silver in that nether [*lower*] room; being a pile of bars of silver of, as near as we could guess, seventy feet in length, of ten feet in breath, and twelve feet in height, piled up against the wall, each bar was between thirty-five and forty pounds in weight.

At sight hereof, our Captain commanded straightly that none of us should touch a bar of silver; but stand upon our weapons, because the town was full of people, and there was in the King's Treasure House near the water side, more gold and jewels than all our four pinnaces could carry: which we would presently set some in hand to break open, notwithstanding the Spaniards report the strength of it.

We were no sooner returned to our strength, but there was a report brought by some of our men that our pinnaces were in danger to be taken; and that if we ourselves got not aboard before day, we should be oppressed with multitude both of soldiers and towns-people. This report had his ground from one DIEGO a Negro, who, in the time of the first conflict, came and called to our pinnaces, to know "whether they were Captain DRAKE'S?" And upon answer received, continued entreating to be taken aboard, though he had first three or four shot made at him, until at length they fetched him; and learned by him, that, not past eight days before our arrival, the King had sent thither some 150 soldiers to guard the town against the Cimaroons, and the town at this time was full of people beside: which all the rather believed, because it agreed with the report of the Negroes, which we took before at the Isle of Pinos. And therefore our Captain sent his brother and JOHN OXNAM to understand the truth thereof.

They found our men which we left in our pinnaces much frightened, by reason that they saw great troops and companies running up and down, with matches lighted, some with other weapons, crying *Que gente? que gente?* which not having been at the first conflict, but coming from the utter ends of the town (being at least as big as Plymouth), came

many times near us; and understanding that we were English, discharged their pieces and ran away.

Presently after this, a mighty shower of rain, with a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, fell, which poured down so vehemently (as it usually doth in those countries) that before we could recover the shelter of a certain shade or pent-house at the western end of the King's Treasure House, (which seemeth to have been built there of purpose to avoid sun and rain) some of our bow-strings were wet, and some of our match and powder hurt! which while we were careful of, to refurnish and supply; divers of our men harping on the reports lately brought us, were muttering of the forces of the town, which our Captain perceiving, told them, that "He had brought them to the mouth of the Treasure of the World, if they would want it, they might henceforth blame nobody but themselves!"

And therefore as soon as the storm began to assuage of his fury (which was a long half hour) willing to give his men no longer leisure to demur of those doubts, nor yet allow the enemy farther respite to gather themselves together, he stept forward commanding his brother, with JOHN OXNAM and the company appointed them, to break the King's Treasure House: the rest to follow him to keep the strength of the Market Place, till they had despatched the business for which they came.

But as he stepped forward, his strength and sight and speech failed him, and he began to faint for want of blood, which, as then we perceived, had, in great quantity, issued upon the sand, out of a wound received in his leg in the first encounter, whereby though he felt some pain, yet (for that he perceived divers of the company, having already gotten many good things, to be very ready to take all occasions, of winding themselves out of that conceited danger) would he not have it known to any, till this his fainting, against his will, bewrayed it: the blood having first filled the very prints which our footsteps made, to the greater dismay of all our company, who thought it not credible that one man should be able to spare so much blood and live.

And therefore even they, which were willing to have adventured the most for so fair a booty, would in no case hazard their Captain's life; but (having given him somewhat

to drink wherewith he recovered himself, and having bound his scarf about his leg, for the stopping of the blood) entreated him to be content to go with them aboard, there to have his wound searched and dressed, and then to return on shore again if he thought good.

This when they could not persuade him unto (as who knew it to be utterly impossible, at least very unlikely, that ever they should, for that time, return again, to recover the state in which they now were: and was of opinion, that it were more honourable for himself, to jeopard his life for so great a benefit, than to leave off so high an enterprise unperformed), they joined altogether and with force mingled with fair entreaty, they bare him aboard his pinnace, and so abandoned a most rich spoil for the present, only to preserve their Captain's life: and being resolved of him, that while they enjoyed his presence, and had him to command them, they might recover wealth sufficient; but if once they lost him, they should hardly be able to recover home. No, not with that which they had gotten already.

Thus we embarked by break of the day (29th July), having besides our Captain, many of our men wounded, though none slain but one Trumpeter: whereupon though our surgeons were busily employed, in providing remedies and salves for their wounds: yet the main care of our Captain was respected by all the rest; so that before we departed out of the harbour for the more comfort of our company, we took the aforesaid ship of wines without great resistance.

But before we had her free of the haven, they of the town had made means to bring one of their culverins, which we had dismounted, so as they made a shot at us, but hindered us not from carrying forth the prize to the Isle of *Bastimentos*, or the Isle of Victuals: which is an island that lieth without the bay to the westward, about a league off the town, where we stayed the two next days, to cure our wounded men, and refresh ourselves, in the goodly gardens which we there found abounding with great store of all dainty roots and fruits; besides great plenty of poultry and other fowls, no less strange then delicate.

Shortly upon our first arrival in this island, the Governor and the rest of his Assistants in the town, as we afterwards understood, sent unto our Captain, a proper gentleman, of

mean stature, good complexion, and a fair spoken, a principal soldier of the late sent garrison, to view in what state we were. At his coming he protested "He came to us, of mere good will, for that we had attempted so great and incredible a matter with so few men: and that, at the first, they feared that we had been French, at whose hands they knew they should find no mercy: but after they perceived by our arrows, that we were Englishmen, their fears were the less, for that they knew, that though we took the treasure of the place, yet we would not use cruelty toward their persons. But albeit this his affection gave him cause enough, to come aboard such, whose virtue he so honoured: yet the Governor also had not only consented to his coming, but directly sent him, upon occasion that divers of the town affirmed, said he, 'that they knew our Captain, who the last two years had been often on our coast, and had always used their persons very well.' And therefore desired to know, first, Whether our Captain was the same Captain DRAKE or not? and next, Because many of their men were wounded with our arrows, whether they were poisoned or not? and how their wounds might best be cured? lastly, What victuals we wanted, or other necessaries? of which the Governor promised by him to supply and furnish us, as largely as he durst."

Our Captain, although he thought this soldier but a spy: yet used him very courteously, and answered him to his Governor's demands: that "He was the same DRAKE whom they meant! It was never his manner to poison his arrows! They might cure their wounded by ordinary surgery! As for wants, he knew the Island of *Bastimentos* had sufficient, and could furnish him if he listed! but he wanted nothing but some of that special commodity which that country yielded, to content himself and his company." And therefore he advised the Governor "to hold open his eyes! for before he departed, if GOD lent him life and leave, he meant to reap some of their harvset, which they get out of the earth, and send into Spain to trouble all the earth!"

To this answer unlooked for, this gentleman replied, "If he might, without offence, move such a question, what should then be the cause of our departing from that town at this time, where was above 360 tons of silver ready for the Fleet,

and much more gold in value, resting in iron chests in the King's Treasure House?"

But when our Captain had shewed him the true cause of his unwilling retreat aboard, he acknowledged that "we had no less reason in departing, than courage in attempting": and no doubt did easily see, that it was not for the town to seek revenge of us, by manning forth such frigates or other vessels as they had; but better to content themselves and provide for their own defence.

Thus, with great favour and courteous entertainment, besides such gifts from our Captain as most contented him, after dinner, he was in such sort dismissed, to make report of that he had seen, that he protested, "he was never so much honoured of any in his life."

After his departure, the Negro forementioned, being examined more fully, confirmed this report of the gold and the silver; with many other intelligences of importance: especially how we might have gold and silver enough, if we would, by means of the Cimaroons, whom though he had betrayed divers times (being used thereto by his Masters) so that he knew they would kill him, if they got him: yet if our Captain would undertake his protection, he durst adventure his life, because he knew our Captain's name was most precious and highly honoured by them.

This report ministered occasion to further consultation: for which, because this place seemed not the safest; as being neither the healthiest nor quietest; the next day, in the morning, we all set our course for the Isle of *Pinos* or Port Plenty, where we had left our ships, continuing all that day, and the next till towards night, before we recovered it.

We were the longer in this course, for that our Captain sent away his brother and ELLIS HIXOM to the westward, to search the River of Chagres, where himself had been the year before, and yet was careful to gain more notice of; it being a river which trendeth to the southward, within six leagues of Panama, where is a little town called Venta Cruz [*Venta de Cruzes*], whence all the treasure, that was usually brought thither from Panama by mules, was embarked in frigates [sailing] down that river into the North sea, and so to Nombre de Dios.

It ebbeth and floweth not far into the land, and therefore

it asketh three days' rowing with a fine pinnace to pass [up] from the mouth to Venta Cruz; but one day and a night serveth to return down the river.

At our return to our ships (1st August), in our consultation, Captain RANSE (forecasting divers doubts of our safe continuance upon that coast, being now discovered) was willing to depart; and our Captain no less willing to dismiss him: and therefore as soon as our pinnaces returned from Chagres (7th August) with such advertisement as they were sent for, about eight days before; Captain RANSE took his leave, leaving us at the isle aforesaid, where we had remained five or six days.

In which meantime, having put all things in a readiness, our Captain resolved, with his two ships and three pinnaces to go to Cartagena; whither in sailing, we spent some six days by reason of the calms which came often upon us: but all this time we attempted nothing that we might have done by the way, neither at [Santiago de] Tolou nor otherwhere, because we would not be discovered.

We came to anchor with our two ships in the evening [13th August], in seven fathom water, between the island of Charesha [*the island of Cartagena, p.* 520] and St. Barnards [*San Bernardo*].

Our Captain led the three pinnaces about the island, into the harbour of Cartagena; where at the very entry, he found a frigate at anchor, aboard which was only one old man; who being demanded, "Where the rest of his company was?" answered, "That they were gone ashore in their gundeloe [? *gondola or ship's boat*], that evening, to fight about a mistress": and voluntarily related to our Captain that, "two hours before night, there past by them a pinnace, with sail and oars, as fast as ever they could row, calling to him 'Whether there had not been any English or Frenchmen there lately?' and upon answer that, 'There had been none!' they bid them 'look to themselves!' That, within an hour that this pinnace was come to the utterside [*outside*] of Cartagena, there were many great pieces shot off, whereupon one going to top, to descry what might be the cause? espied, over the land, divers frigates and small shipping bringing themselves within the Castle."

This report our Captain credited, the rather for that himself had heard the report of the ordnance at sea; and

perceived sufficiently, that he was now descried. Notwithstanding in farther examination of this old mariner, having understood, that there was, within the next point, a great ship of Seville, which had here discharged her loading, and rid now with her yards across, being bound the next morning for Santo Domingo: our Captain took this old man into his pinnace to verify that which he had informed, and rowed towards this ship, which as we came near it, hailed us, asking, "Whence our shallops were?"

We answered, "From Nombre de Dios!"

Straightway they railed! and reviled! We gave no heed to their words, but every pinnace, according to our Captain's order, one on the starboard bow, the other on the starboard quarter, and the Captain in the midship on the larboard side, forthwith boarded her; though we had some difficulty to enter by reason of her height, being of 240 tons. But as soon as we entered upon the decks, we threw down the grates and spardecks, to prevent the Spaniards from annoying us with their close fights: who then perceiving that we were possessed of their ship, stowed themselves all in hold with their weapons, except two or three yonkers, which were found afore the beetes: when having light out of our pinnaces, we found no danger of the enemy remaining, we cut their cables at halse, and with our three pinnaces, towed her without the island into the sound right afore the town, without [*beyond the*] danger of their great shot.

Meanwhile, the town having intelligence hereof, or by their watch, took the alarm, rang out their bells, shot off about thirty pieces of great ordnance, put all their men in a readiness, horse and foot, came down to the very point of the wood, and discharged their calivers, to impeach us if they might, in going forth.

The next morning (14th August) our ships took two frigates, in which there were two, who called themselves King's *Scrivanos*, the one of Cartagena, the other of Veragua, with seven mariners and two Negroes: who had been at Nombre de Dios and were now bound for Cartagena with double [? *duplicate*] letters of advice, to certify them that *Captain* DRAKE *had been at Nombre de Dios, had taken it; and had it not been that he was hurt with some blessed shot, by all likelihood he had sacked it. He was yet still upon the coast; they should therefore carefully prepare for him!*

After that our Captain had brought all his fleet together, at the *Scrivanos*' entreaties, he was content to do them all favour, in setting them and all their companies on shore; and so bare thence with the islands of St. Bernards, about three leagues of the town: where we found great store of fish for our refreshing.

Here, our Captain considering that he was now discovered upon the chieftest places of all the coast, and yet not meaning to leave it till he had found the Cimaroons, and "made" his voyage, as he had conceived; which would require some length of time, and sure manning of his pinnaces: he determined with himself, to burn one of the ships, and make the other a Storehouse; that his pinnaces (which could not otherwise) might be thoroughly manned, and so he might be able to abide any time.

But knowing the affection of his company, how loath they were to leave either of their ships, being both so good sailers and so well furnished; he purposed in himself by some policy, to make them most willing to effect that he intended. And therefore sent for one THOMAS MOONE, who was Carpenter in the *Swan*, and taking him into his cabin, chargeth him to conceal for a time, a piece of service, which he must in any case consent to do aboard his own ship: that was, in the middle of the second watch, to go down secretly into the well of the ship, and with a spike-gimlet, to bore three holes, as near the keel as he could, and lay something against it, that the force of the water entering, might make no great noise, nor be discovered by a boiling up.

THOMAS MOONE at the hearing hereof, being utterly dismayed, desired to know "What cause there might be, to move him to sink so good a bark of his own, new and strong; and that, by *his* means, who had been in two so rich and gainful voyages in her with himself heretofore: If his brother, the Master, and the rest of the company [*numbering* 26, *see p.* 494] should know of such his fact, he thought verily they would kill him."

But when our Captain had imparted to him his cause, and had persuaded him with promise that it should not be known, till all of them should be glad of it: he understood it, and did it accordingly.

The next morning [15th August] our Captain took his pinnace

very early, purposing to go a fishing, for that there is very great store on the coast; and falling aboard the *Swan*, calleth for his brother to go with him, who rising suddenly, answereth that "He would follow presently, or if it would please him to stay a very little, he would attend him."

Our Captain perceiving the feat wrought, would not hasten him; but in rowing away, demanded of them, "Why their bark was so deep?" as making no great account of it. But, by occasion of this demand, his brother sent one down to the Steward, to know "Whether there were any water in the ship? or what other cause might be?"

The Steward, hastily stepping down at his usual scuttle, was wet up to his waist, and shifting with more haste to come up again as if the water had followed him, cried out that "The ship was full of water!" There was no need to hasten the company, some to the pump, others to search for the leak, which the Captain of the bark seeing they did, on all hands, very willingly; he followed his brother, and certified him of "the strange chance befallen them that night; that whereas they had not pumped twice in six weeks before, now they had six feet of water in hold: and therefore he desireth leave from attending him in fishing, to intend the search and remedy of the leak." And when our Captain with his company preferred [*offered*] to go to help them; he answered, "They had men enough aboard, and prayed him to continue his fishing, that they might have some part of it for their dinner." Thus returning, he found his company had taken great pain, but had freed the water very little: yet such was their love to the bark, as our Captain well knew, that they ceased not, but to the utmost of their strength, laboured all that they might till three in the afternoon; by which time, the company perceiving, that (though they had been relieved by our Captain himself and many of his company) yet they were not able to free above a foot and a half of water, and could have no likelihood of finding the leak, had now a less liking of her than before, and greater content to hear of some means for remedy.

Whereupon our Captain (consulting them what they thought best to be done) found that they had more desire to have all as he thought fit, than judgement to conceive any means of remedy. And therefore he propounded, that himself would go in the pinnace, till he could provide him some

handsome frigate; and that his brother should be Captain in the admiral [*flág-ship*] and the Master should also be there placed with him, instead of this: which seeing they could not save, he would have fired that the enemy might never recover her: but first all the pinnaces should be brought aboard her, that every one might take out of her whatever they lacked or liked.

This, though the company at the first marvelled at; yet presently it was put in execution and performed that night.

Our Captain had his desire, and men enough for his pinnaces.

The next morning (16th August) we resolved to seek out some fit place, in the Sound of Darien, where we might safely leave our ship at anchor, not discoverable by the enemy, who thereby might imagine us quite departed from the coast, and we the meantime better follow our purposes with our pinnaces; of which our Captain would himself take two to Rio Grande [*Magdalena*], and the third leave with his brother to seek the Cimaroons.

Upon this resolution, we set sail presently for the said Sound; which within five days (21st August) we recovered: abstaining of purpose from all such occasion, as might hinder our determination, or bewray [*betray*] our being upon the coast.

As soon as we arrived where our Captain intended, and had chosen a fit and convenient road out of all trade [*to or from any Mart*] for our purpose; we reposed ourselves there, for some fifteen days, keeping ourselves close, that the bruit of our being upon the coast might cease.

But in the meantime, we were not idle: for beside such ordinary works, as our Captain, every month did usually inure us to, about the trimming and setting of his pinnaces, for their better sailing and rowing: he caused us to rid a large plot of ground, both of trees and brakes, and to build us houses sufficient for all our lodging, and one especially for all our public meetings; wherein the Negro which fled to us before, did us great service, as being well acquainted with the country, and their means of building. Our archers made themselves butts to shoot at, because we had many that delighted in that exercise, and wanted not a fletcher to keep our bows and arrows in order. The rest of the company, every one as he liked best, made his disport at bowls, quoits, keiles, &c. For our Captain allowed one half of the company

to pass their time thus, every other day interchangeable; the other half being enjoined to the necessary works, about our ship and pinnaces, and the providing of fresh victuals, fish, foul, hogs, deer, conies, &c., whereof there is great plenty. Here our smiths set up their forge, as they used, being furnished out of England, with anvil, iron, coals, and all manner of necessaries, which stood us in great stead.

At the end of these fifteen days (5th September), our Captain leaving his ship in his brother's charge, to keep all things in order; himself took with him, according to his former determination, two pinnaces for Rio Grande, and passing by Cartagena but out of sight, when we were within two leagues of the river, we landed (8th September) to the westward on the Main, where we saw great store of cattle. There we found some Indians, who asking us in friendly sort, in broken Spanish, "What we would have?" and understanding that we desired fresh victuals in traffic; they took such cattle for us as we needed, with ease and so readily, as if they had a special commandment over them, whereas they would not abide us to come near them. And this also they did willingly, because our Captain, according to his custom, contented them for their pains, with such things as they account greatly of; in such sort that they promised, we should have there of them at any time, what we would.

The same day, we departed thence to Rio Grande [*Magdalena*], where we entered about three of the clock in the afternoon. There are two entries into this river, of which we entered the wester[n]most called *Boca Chica*. The freshet [*current*] is so great, that we being half a league from the mouth of it, filled fresh water for our beverage.

From three o'clock till dark at night, we rowed up the stream; but the current was so strong downwards, that we got but two leagues, all that time. We moored our pinnaces to a tree that night: for that presently, with the closing of the evening, there fell a monstrous shower of rain, with such strange and terrible claps of thunder, and flashes of lightning, as made us not a little to marvel at, although our Captain had been acquainted with such like in that country, and told us that they continue seldom longer than three-quarters of an hour.

This storm was no sooner ceast, but it became very calm,

and therewith there came such an innumerable multitude of a kind of flies of that country, called mosquitoes, like our gnats, which bite so spitefully, that we could not rest all that night, nor find means to defend ourselves from them, by reason of the heat of the country. The best remedy we then found against them, was the juice of lemons.

At the break of day (9th Sept.), we departed, rowing in the eddy, and hauling up by the trees where the eddy failed, with great labour, by spells, without ceasing, each company their half-hour glass: without meeting any, till about three o'clock in the afternoon, by which time we could get but five leagues ahead.

Then we espied a canoe, with two Indians fishing in the river; but we spake not to them, least so we might be descried: nor they to us, as taking us to be Spaniards. But within an hour after, we espied certain houses, on the other side of the river, whose channel is twenty-five fathom deep, and its breadth so great, that a man can scantly be discerned from side to side. Yet a Spaniard which kept those houses, had espied our pinnaces; and thinking we had been his countrymen, made a smoke, for a signal to turn that way, as being desirous to speak with us. After that, we espying this smoke, had made with it, and were half the river over, he wheaved [*waved*] to us, with his hat and his long hanging sleeves, to come ashore.

But as we drew nearer to him, and he discerned that we were not those he looked for; he took his heels, and fled from his houses, which we found to be, five in number, all full of white rusk, dried bacon, that country cheese (like Holland cheese in fashion, but far more delicate in taste, of which they send into Spain as special presents) many sorts of sweetmeats, and conserves; with great store of sugar: being provided to serve the Fleet returning to Spain.

With this store of victuals, we loaded our pinnaces; by the shutting in of the day, we were ready to depart; for that we hastened the rather, by reason of an intelligence given us by certain Indian women which we found in those houses: that the frigates (these are ordinarily thirty, or upwards, which usually transport the merchandise, sent out of Spain to Cartagena from thence to these houses, and so in great canoes up hence into Nuevo Reyno, for which, the river running many hundred of leagues within the land serveth very fitly:

and return in exchange, the gold and treasure, silver, victuals, and commodities, which that kingdom yields abundantly) were not yet returned from Cartagena, since the first alarm they took of our being there.

As we were going aboard our pinnaces from these Storehouses (10th Sept.), the Indians of a great town called Villa del Rey, some two miles distant from the water's side where we landed, were brought down by the Spaniards into the bushes, and shot arrows; but we rowed down the stream with the current (for that the wind was against us) only one league; and because it was night, anchored till the morning, when we rowed down to the mouth of the river, where we unloaded all our provisions, and cleansed our pinnaces, according to our Captain's custom, and took it in again, and the same day went to the Westward.

In this return, we descried a ship, a barque, and a frigate, of which the ship and frigate went for Cartagena, but the Barque was bound to the Northwards, with the wind easterly, so that we imagined she had some gold or treasure going for Spain: therefore we gave her chase, but taking her, and finding nothing of importance in her, understanding that she was bound for sugar and hides, we let her go; and having a good gale of wind, continued our former course to our ship and company.

In the way between Cartagena and Tolou, we took [11th September] five or six frigates, which were laden from Tolou, with live hogs, hens, and maize which we call Guinea wheat. Of these, having gotten what intelligence they could give, of their preparations for us, and divers opinions of us, we dismissed all the men; only staying two frigates with us, because they were so well stored with good victuals.

Within three days after, we arrived at the place which our Captain chose, at first, to leave his ship in, which was called by our Captain, Port Plenty; by reason we brought in thither continually all manner store of good victuals, which we took, going that way by sea, for the victualling of Cartagena and Nombre de Dios as also the Fleets going and coming out of Spain. So that if we had been two thousand, yea three thousand persons, we might with our pinnaces easily have provided them sufficient victuals of wine, meal, rusk, *cassavi*

(a kind of bread made of a root called Yucca, whose juice is poison, but the substance good and wholesome), dried beef, dried fish, live sheep, live hogs, abundance of hens, besides the infinite store of dainty flesh fish, very easily to be taken every day; insomuch that we were forced to build four several magazines or storehouses, some ten, some twenty leagues asunder; some in islands, some in the Main, providing ourselves in divers places, that though the enemy should, with force, surprise any one, yet we might be sufficiently furnished, till we had "made" our voyage as we did hope. In building of these, our Negro's help was very much, as having a special skill, in the speedy erection of such houses.

This our store was much, as thereby we relieved not only ourselves and the Cimaroons while they were with us; but also two French ships in extreme want.

For in our absence, Captain JOHN DRAKE, having one of our pinnaces, as was appointed, went in with the Main, and as he rowed aloof the shore, where he was directed by DIEGO the Negro aforesaid, which willingly came unto us at Nombre de Dios, he espied certain of the Cimaroons; with whom he dealt so effectually, that in conclusion he left two of our men with their leader, and brought aboard two of theirs: agreeing that they should meet him again the next day, at a river midway between the Cabezas [*Cabeza is Spanish for Headland*] and our ships; which they named Rio Diego.

These two being very sensible men, chosen out by their commander [*chief*], did, with all reverence and respect, declare unto our Captain, that their nation conceited great joy of his arrival, because they knew him to be an enemy to the Spaniards, not only by his late being in Nombre de Dios, but also by his former voyages; and therefore were ready to assist and favour his enterprises against his and their enemies to the uttermost: and to that end their captain and company did stay at this present near the mouth of Rio Diego, to attend what answer and order should be given them; that they would have marched by land, even to this place, but that the way is very long, and more troublesome, by reason of many steep mountains, deep rivers, and thick brakes: desiring therefore, that it might please our Captain to take some order, as he thought best, with all convenient speed in this behalf.

Our Captain considering the speech of these persons, and

weighing it with his former intelligences had not only by Negroes, but Spaniards also, whereof he was always very careful: as also conferring it with his brother's informations of the great kindness that they shewed him, being lately with them: after he had heard the opinions of those of best service with him, "what were fittest to be done presently?" resolved himself with his brother, and the two Cimaroons, in his two pinnaces, to go toward this river. As he did the same evening, giving order, that the ship and the rest of his fleet should the next morning follow him, because there was a place of as great safety and sufficiency, which his brother had found out near the river. The safety of it consisted, not only in that which is common all along that coast from Tolou to Nombre de Dios, being above sixty leagues, that it is a most goodly and plentiful country, and yet inhabited not with one Spaniard, or any for the Spaniards: but especially in that it lieth among a great many of goodly islands full of trees. Where, though there be channels, yet there are such rocks and shoals, that no man can enter by night without great danger; nor by day without discovery, whereas our ships might lie hidden within the trees.

The next day (14th September) we arrived at this river appointed, where we found the Cimaroons according to promise: the rest of their number were a mile up, in a wood by the river's side. There after we had given them entertainment, and received good testimonies of their joy and good will towards us, we took two more of them into our pinnace, leaving our two men with the rest of theirs, to march by land, to another river called Rio Guana, with intent there to meet with another company of Cimaroons which were now in the mountains.

So we departed that day from Rio Diego, with our pinnaces, towards our ship, as marvelling that she followed us not as was appointed.

But two days after (16th September), we found her in the place where we left her; but in far other state, being much spoiled and in great danger, by reason of a tempest she had in our absence.

As soon as we could trim our ship, being some two days, our Captain sent away (18th September) one of his pinnaces, towards the bottom of the bay, amongst the shoals and sandy

islands, to sound out the channel, for the bringing in of our ship nearer the Main.

The next day (19th September) we followed, and were with wary pilotage, directed safely into the best channel, with much ado to recover the road, among so many flats and shoals. It was near about five leagues from the Cativaas, betwixt an island and the Main, where we moored our ship. The island was not above four cables in length from the Main, being in quantity some three acres of ground, flat and very full of trees and bushes.

We were forced to spend the best part of three days, after our departure from our Port Plenty, before we were quiet in this new found road [*on Rio Diego, see pp.* 519 *and* 527] (22nd September), which we had but newly entered, when our two men and the former troop of Cimaroons, with twelve others whom they had met in the mountains, came (23rd September) in sight over against our ship, on the Main. Whence we fet[ched] them all aboard, to their great comfort and our content: they rejoicing that they should have some fit opportunity to wreak their wrongs on the Spaniards; we hoping that now our voyage should be bettered.

At our first meeting, when our Captain had moved them, to shew him the means which they had to furnish him with gold and silver; they answered plainly, that "had they known gold had been his desire; they would have satisfied him with store, which, for the present, they could not do: because the rivers, in which they sunk great store (which they had taken from the Spaniards, rather to despite them than for love of gold) were now so high, that they could not get it out of such depths for him; and because the Spaniards, in these rainy months, do not use [*are not accustomed*] to carry their treasure by land."

This answer although it were somewhat unlooked for; yet nothing discontented us, but rather persuaded us farther of their honest and faithful meaning toward us. Therefore our Captain to entertain these five months, commanded all our ordnance and artillery ashore, with all our other provisions: sending his pinnaces to the Main, to bring over great trees, to make a fort upon the same island, for the planting of all our ordnance therein, and for our safeguard, if the enemy, in all this time, should chance to come

Our Cimaroons (24th September) cut down Palmito boughs and branches, and with wonderful speed raised up two large houses for all our company. Our fort was then made, by reason of the place, triangle-wise, with main timber, and earth of which the trench yielded us good store, so that we made it thirteen feet in height. [*This fort is called Fort Diego at p.* 527.]

But after we had continued upon this island fourteen days, our Captain having determined, with three pinnaces, to go for Cartagena left (7th October), his brother JOHN DRAKE, to govern these who remained behind with the Cimaroons to finish the fort which he had begun: for which he appointed him to fetch boards and planks, as many as his pinnaces would carry, from the prize we took at Rio Grande, and left at the Cativaas, where she drove ashore and wrecked in our absence: but now she might serve commodiously, to supply our use, in making platforms for our ordnance. Thus our Captain and his brother took their leave; the one to the Eastward, and the other to the Cativaas.

That night, we came to an isle, which he called Spur-kite land, because we found there great store of such a kind of bird in shape, but very delicate, of which we killed and roasted many; staying there till the next day midnoon (8th October), when we departed thence. And about four o'clock recovered a big island in our way, where we stayed all night, by reason that there was great store of fish, and especially of a great kind of shell-fish of a foot long. We called them Whelks.

The next morning (9th October), we were clear of these islands and shoals, and hauled off into the sea. About four days after (13th October), near the island of St. Bernards, we chased two frigates ashore; and recovering one of these islands, made our abode there some two days (14th–15th October) to wash our pinnaces and to take of the fish.

Thence we went towards Tolou, and that day (16th October) landed near the town in a garden, where we found certain Indians, who delivered us their bows and arrows, and gathered for us such fruit as the garden did yield, being many sorts of dainty fruits and roots, [we] still contenting them for what we received. Our Captain's principal intent in taking this and other places by the way, not being for any other cause, but

only to learn true intelligence of the state of the country and of the Fleets.

Hence we departed presently, and rowed towards Charesha, the island of Cartagena; and entered in at Bocha Chica, and having the wind large, we sailed in towards the city, and let fall our grappers [*grapling irons*] betwixt the island and the Main, right over against the goodly Garden Island. In which, our Captain would not suffer us to land, notwithstanding our importunate desire, because he knew, it might be dangerous: for that they are wont to send soldiers thither, when they know of any Men-of-war on the coast; which we found accordingly. For within three hours after, passing by the point of the island, we had a volley of a hundred shot from them, and yet there was but one of our men hurt.

This evening (16th October) we departed to sea; and the day following (17th October), being some two leagues off the harbour, we took a bark, and found that the captain and his wife with the better sort of the passengers, had forsaken her, and were gone ashore in the Gundeloe [*ship's boat*]: by occasion whereof we boarded without resistance, though they were well provided with swords and targets and some small shot, besides four iron bases. She was 50 tons, having ten mariners, five or six Negroes, great store of soap and sweet meat, bound from St. Domingo to Cartagena. This Captain left behind him a silk ancient [*flag*] with his arms; as might be thought, in hasty departing.

The next day (18th October), we sent all the company ashore to seek their masters, saving a young Negro two or three years old, which we brought away; but kept the bark, and in her, bore into the mouth of Cartagena harbour, where we anchored.

That afternoon, certain horsemen came down to the point by the wood side, and with the *Scrivano* fore-mentioned, came towards our bark with a flag of truce, desiring of our Captain's safe conduct for his coming and going; the which being granted, he came aboard us, giving our Captain "great thanks for his manifold favours, &c., promising that night before daybreak, to bring as much victuals as they would desire, what shift so ever he made, or what danger soever incurred of law and punishment." But this fell out to be nothing but a device of the Governor forced upon the

Scrivano, to delay time, till they might provide themselves of sufficient strength to entrap us: for which this fellow, by his smooth speech, was thought a fit means. So by sun rising, (19th October), when we perceived his words but words, we put to sea to the westward of the island, some three leagues off, where we lay at hull the rest of all that day and night.

The next day (20th October), in the afternoon, there came out of Cartagena, two frigates bound for St. Domingo, the one of 58, the other of 12 tons, having nothing in them but ballast. We took them within a league of the town, and came to anchor with them within sacre shot of the east Bulwark. There were in those frigates some twelve or thirteen common mariners, which entreated to be set ashore. To them our Captain gave the great[er] frigate's gundeloe, and dismissed them.

The next morning (21st October) when they came down to the wester[n] point with a flag of truce, our Captain manned one of his pinnaces and rowed ashore. When we were within a cable's length of the shore, the Spaniards fled, hiding themselves in the woods, as being afraid of our ordnance; but indeed to draw us on to land confidently, and to presume of our strength. Our Captain commanding the grapnell to be cast out of the stern, veered the pinnace ashore, and as soon as she touched the sand, he alone leapt ashore in their sight, to declare that he durst set his foot a land: but stayed not among them, to let them know, that though he had not sufficient forces to conquer them, yet he had sufficient judgement to take heed of them.

And therefore perceiving their intent, as soon as our Captain was aboard, we hauled off upon our grapner and rid awhile.

They presently came forth upon the sand[s], and sent a youth, as with a message from the Governor, to know, "What our intent was, to stay upon the coast?"

Our Captain answered, "He meant to traffic with them; for he had tin, pewter, cloth, and other merchandise that they needed."

The youth swam back again with this answer, and was presently returned, with another message: that, "The King had forbidden to traffic with any foreign nation for any commodities, except powder and shot; of which, if he had any store, they would be his merchants."

He answered, that "He was come from his country, to exchange his commodities for gold and silver, and is not purposed to return without his errand. They are like, in his opinion, to have little rest, if that, by fair means, they would not traffic with him."

He gave this messenger a fair shirt for a reward, and so returned him: who rolled his shirt about his head and swam very speedily.

We heard no answer all that day; and therefore toward night we went aboard our frigates and reposed ourselves, setting and keeping very orderly all that night our watch, with great and small shot.

The next morning (22nd October) the wind, which had been westerly in the evening, altered to the Eastward.

About the dawning of the day, we espied two sails turning towards us, whereupon our Captain weighed with his pinnaces, leaving the two frigates unmanned. But when we were come somewhat nigh them, the wind calmed, and we were fain to row towards them, till that approaching very nigh, we saw many heads peering over board. For, as we perceived, these two frigates were manned and set forth out of Cartagena, to fight with us, and, at least, to impeach or busy us; whilst by some means or other they might recover the frigates from us.

But our Captain prevented both their drifts. For commanding JOHN OXNAM to stay with the one pinnace, to entertain these two Men-of-war; himself in the other made such speed, that he got to his frigates which he had left at anchor; and caused the Spaniards (who in the meantime had gotten aboard in a small canoe, thinking to have towed them within the danger of their shot) to make greater haste thence, than they did thither.

For he found that in shifting thence, some of them were fain to swim aland (the canoe not being able to receive them) and had left their apparel, some their rapiers and targets, some their flasks and calivers behind them; although they were towing away of one of them.

Therefore considering that we could not man them, we sunk the one, and burnt the other, giving them to understand by this, that we perceived their secret practices.

This being done, he returned to JOHN OXNAM; who all this

while lay by the Men-of-war without proffering to fight. And as soon as our Captain was come up to these frigates, the wind blew much from the sea, so that, we being betwixt the shore and them, were in a manner forced to bear room into the harbour before them, to the great joy of the Spaniards; who beheld it; in supposing, that we would still have fled before them. But as soon as we were in the harbour, and felt smooth water, our pinnaces, as we were assured of, getting the wind, we sought with them upon the advantage, so that after a few shot exchanged, and a storm rising, they were contented to press no nearer. Therefore as they let fall their anchors, we presently let drop our grapner in the wind of them: which the Spanish soldiers seeing, considering the disadvantage of the wind, the likelihood of the storm to continue, and small hope of doing any good, they were glad to retire themselves to the town.

But by reason of the foul and tempestuous weather, we rode therein four days, feeling great cold, by reason we had such sore rains with westerly wind, and so little succour in our pinnaces.

The fifth day (27th October) there came in a frigate from the sea, which seeing us make towards her, ran herself ashore, unhanging her rudder and taking away her sails, that she might not easily be carried away. But when we were come up to her, we perceived about a hundred horse and foot, with their furniture, come down to the point of the Main, where we interchanged some shot with them. One of our great shot passed so near a brave cavalier of theirs, that thereby they were occasioned to advise themselves, and retreat into the woods: where they might sufficiently defend and rescue the frigate from us, and annoy us also, if we stayed long about her.

Therefore we concluded to go to sea again, putting forth through *Boca Chica*, with intent to take down our masts, upon hope of fair weather, and to ride under the rocks called *Las Serenas*, which are two leagues off at sea, as we had usually done aforetime, so that they could not discern us from the rocks. But, there, the sea was mightily grown, that we were forced to take the harbour again; where we remained six days, notwithstanding the Spaniards grieved greatly at our abode there so long.

They put (2nd November) another device in practice to endanger us.

For they sent forth a great shallop, a fine gundeloe, and a great canoe, with certain Spaniards with shot, and many Indians with poisoned arrows, as it seemed, with intent to begin some fight, and then to fly. For as soon as we rowed toward them and interchanged shot, they presently retired and went ashore into the woods, where an ambush of some sixty shot were laid for us: besides two pinnaces and a frigate warping towards us, which were manned as the rest. They attempted us very boldly, being assisted by those others, which from out of the wood, had gotten aboard the gundeloe and canoe, and seeing us bearing from them (which we did in respect of the *ambuscado*), they encouraged themselves and assured their fellows of the day.

But our Captain weighing this their attempt, and being out of danger of their shot from the land, commanding his other pinnace to be brought ahead of him, and to let fall their grapners each ahead the other, environed both the pinnaces with bonnets, as for a close fight, and then wheaved [*waved*] them aboard him.

They kept themselves upon their oars at caliver-shot distance, spending powder apace; as we did some two or three hours. We had only one of our men wounded in that fight. What they had is unknown to us, but we saw their pinnaces shot through in divers places, and the powder of one of them took fire; whereupon we weighed, intending to bear room to overrun them: which they perceiving, and thinking that we would have boarded them, rowed away amain to the defence they had in the wood, the rather because they were disappointed of their help that they expected from the frigate; which was warping towards us, but by reason of the much wind that blew, could not come to offend us or succour them.

Thus seeing that we were still molested, and no hope remained of any purchase to be had in this place any longer; because we were now so notably made known in those parts, and because our victuals grew scant: as soon as the weather waxed somewhat better (the wind continuing always westerly, so that we could not return to our ships) our Captain thought best to go (3rd November) to the Eastward, towards *Rio Grande* [Magdalena] long the coast, where we had been before, and found great store of victuals.

But when after two days' sailing, we were arrived (5th November) at the villages of store, where before we had furnished ourselves with abundance of hens, sheep, calves, hogs, &c.; now we found bare nothing, not so much as any people left: for that they, by the Spaniards' commandments, had fled to the mountains, and had driven away all their cattle, that we might not be relieved by them. Herewith being very sorry, because much of our victuals in our pinnaces was spoilt by the foul weather at sea and rains in harbour. A frigate being descried at sea revived us, and put us in some hope for the time, that in her we should find sufficient; and thereupon it may easily be guessed, how much we laboured to recover her: but when we had boarded her, and understood that she had neither meat nor money, but that she was bound for *Rio Grande* to take in provision upon bills, our great hope converted into grief.

We endured with our allowance seven or eight days more, proceeding to the Eastward, and bearing room for Santa Marta, upon hope to find some shipping in the road, or limpets on the rocks, or succour against the storm in that good harbour. Being arrived; and seeing no shipping; we anchored under the wester[n] point, where is high land, and, as we thought, free in safety from the town, which is in the bottom of the bay: not intending to land there, because we knew that it was fortified, and that they had intelligence of us.

But the Spaniards (knowing us to be Men-of-war, and misliking that we should shroud under their rocks without their leave) had conveyed some thirty or forty shot among the cliffs, which annoyed us so spitefully and so unrevengedly, for that they lay hidden behind the rocks, but we lay open to them, that we were soon weary of our harbour, and enforced (for all the storm without and want within) to put to sea. Which though these enemies of ours were well contented withal, yet for a farewell, as we came open of the town, they sent us a culverin shot; which made a near escape, for it fell between our pinnaces, as we were upon conference of what was best to be done.

The company advised that if it pleased him, they might put themselves a land, some place to the Eastward to get victuals, and rather hope for courtesy from the country-people, than

continue at sea, in so long cold, and great a storm in so leaky a pinnace. But our Captain would in no wise like of that advice; he thought it better to bear up towards Rio de [la] Hacha, or Coriçao [*Curaçao*], with hope to have plenty without great resistance: because he knew, either of the islands were not very populous, or else it would be very likely that there would be found ships of victual in a readiness.

The company of the other pinnace answered, that "They would willingly follow him through the world; but in this they could not see how either their pinnaces should live in that sea, without being eaten up in that storm, or they themselves able to endure so long time, with so slender provision as they had, viz., only one gammon of bacon and thirty pounds of biscuit for eighteen men."

Our Captain replied, that "They were better provided than himself was, who had but one gammon of bacon, and forty pounds of biscuit for his twenty-four men; and therefore he doubted not but they would take such part as he did, and willingly depend upon GOD's Almighty providence, which never faileth them that trust in Him."

With that he hoisted his foresail, and set his course for Coriçao; which the rest perceiving with sorrowful hearts in respect of the weak pinnace, yet desirous to follow their Captain, consented to take the same course.

We had not sailed past three leagues, but we had espied a sail plying to the Westward, with her two courses, to our great joy: who vowed together, that we would have her, or else it should cost us dear.

Bearing with her, we found her to be a Spanish ship of above 90 tons, which being wheaved [*waved*] amain by us, despised our summons, and shot off her ordnance at us.

The sea went very high, so that it was not for us to attempt to board her, and therefore we made fit small sail to attend upon her, and keep her company to her small content, till fairer weather might lay the sea. We spent not past two hours in our attendance, till it pleased GOD, after a great shower, to send us a reasonable calm, so that we might use our pieces [*i.e., bases*] and approach her at pleasure, in such sort that in short time we had taken her; finding her laden with victuals well powdered [*salted*] and dried: which at that present we received as sent us of GOD's great mercy.

After all things were set in order, and that the wind increased towards night, we plied off and on, till day (13th November), at what time our Captain sent in ELLIS HIXOM, who had then charge of his pinnace, to search out some harbour along the coast; who having found out a little one, some ten or twelve leagues to the east of Santa Marta, where in sounding he had good ground and sufficient water, presently returned, and our Captain brought in his new prize. Then by promising liberty, and all the apparel to the Spaniards which we had taken, if they would bring us to water and fresh victuals; the rather by their means, we obtained of the inhabitants (Indians) what they had, which was plentiful. These Indians were clothed and governed by a Spaniard, which dwelt in the next town, not past a league off. We stayed there all day, watering and wooding, and providing things necessary, by giving content and satisfaction of the Indians. But towards night our captain called all of us aboard (only leaving the Spaniards lately taken in the prize ashore, according to our promise made them, to their great content; who acknowledged that our Captain did them a far greater favour in setting them freely at liberty, than he had done them displeasure in taking their ship), and so set sail.

The sickness which had begun to kindle among us, two or three days before, did this day shew itself, in CHARLES GLUB, one of our Quarter-Masters, a very tall man, and a right good mariner; taken away, to the great grief both of Captain and company. What the cause of this malady was, we knew not of certainty, we imputed it to the cold which our men had taken, lying without succour in the pinnaces. But howsoever it was, thus it pleased GOD to visit us, and yet in favour to restore unto health all the rest of our company, that were touched with this disease; which were not a few.

The next morning (15th November) being fair weather, though the wind continued contrary, our Captain commanded the *Minion*, his lesser pinnace, to hasten away before him towards his ships at Fort Diego within the Cabeças [*Headlands*] to carry news of his coming, and to put all things in a readiness for our land journey, if they heard anything of the Fleet's arrival by the Cimaroons; giving the *Minion* charge if they wanted wine, to take St. Bernards in their way, and

there take in some such portion as they thought good, of the wines which we had there hidden in the sand.

We plied to windwards, as near as we could, so that within seven-night after the *Minion* departed from us, we came (22nd November) to St. Bernards, finding but twelve *botijos* of wine of all the store we left, which had escaped the curious search of the enemy, who had been there; for they were deep in the ground.

Within four or five days after, we came (27th November) to our ship, where we found all other things in good order; but received very heavy news of the death of JOHN DRAKE, our Captain's brother, and another young man called RICHARD ALLEN, which were both slain at one time (9th October), as they attempted the boarding of a frigate, within two days after our departing from them.

The manner of it, as we learned by examination of the company, was this. When they saw this frigate at sea, as they were going towards their fort with planks to make the platforms, the company were very importunate on him, to give chase and set upon this frigate, which they deemed had been a fit booty for them. But he told them, that they "wanted weapons to assail; they knew not how the frigate was provided, they had their boats loaded with planks, to finish that his brother had commanded." But when this would not satisfy them, but that still they urged him with words and supposals: "If you will needs," said he, "adventure! it shall never be said that I will be hindmost, neither shall you report to my brother, that you lost your voyage by any cowardice you found in me!"

Thereupon every man shifted as they might for the time: and heaving their planks overboard, took them such poor weapons as they had: viz., a broken pointed rapier, one old visgee, and a rusty caliver: JOHN DRAKE took the rapier, and made a gauntlet of his pillow, RICHARD ALLEN the visgee, both standing at the head of the pinnace, called *Eion*. ROBERT took the caliver and so boarded. But they found the frigate armed round about with a close fight of hides, full of pikes and calivers, which were discharged in their faces, and deadly wounded those that were in the fore-ship, JOHN DRAKE in the belly, and RICHARD ALLEN in the head. But

notwithstanding their wounds, they with oars shifted off the pinnace, got clear of the frigate, and with all haste recovered their ship: where within an hour after, this young man of great hope, ended his days, greatly lamented of all the company.

Thus having moored our ships fast, our Captain resolved to keep himself close without being descried, until he might hear of the coming of the Spanish Fleet; and therefore set no more to sea; but supplied his wants, both for his own company and the Cimaroons, out of his foresaid magazine, beside daily out of the woods, with wild hogs, pheasants, and guanas: continuing in health (GOD be praised) all the meantime, which was a month at least; till at length about the beginning of January, half a score of our company fell down sick together (3rd Jan. 1573), and the most of them died within two or three days. So long that we had thirty at a time sick of this *calenture*, which attacked our men, either by reason of the sudden change from cold to heat, or by reason of brackish water which had been taken in by our pinnace, through the sloth of their men in the mouth of the river, not rowing further in where the water was good.

Among the rest, JOSEPH DRAKE, another of his brethren, died in our Captain's arms, of the same disease: of which, that the cause might be the better discerned, and consequently remedied, to the relief of others, by our Captain's appointment he was ripped open by the surgeon, who found his liver swollen, his heart as it were sodden, and his guts all fair. This was the first and last experiment that our Captain made of anatomy in this voyage.

The Surgeon that cut him open, over-lived him not past four days, although he was not touched with that sickness, of which he had been recovered about a month before: but only of an over-bold practice which he would needs make upon himself, by receiving an over-strong purgation of his own device, after which taken, he never spake; nor his Boy recovered the health which he lost by tasting it, till he saw England.

The Cimaroons, who, as is before said, had been entertained by our Captain in September last, and usually repaired to our ship, during all the time of our absence, ranged the country up and down, between Nombre de Dios and us, to learn what they might for us; whereof they gave our

Captain advertisement, from time to time; as now particularly, certain of them let him understand, that the Fleet had certainly arrived in Nombre de Dios.

Therefore he sent (30th January) the *Lion*, to the seamost islands of the Cativaas, to descry the truth of the report: by reason it must needs be, that if the Fleet were in Nombre de Dios, all frigates of the country would repair thitherward with victuals.

The *Lion*, within few days descried that she was sent for, espying a frigate, which she presently boarded and took, laden with maize, hens, and pompions from Tolou; who assured us of the whole truth of the arrival of the Fleet: in this frigate were taken one woman and twelve men, of whom one was the *Scrivano* of Tolou. These we used very courteously, keeping them diligently guarded from the deadly hatred of the Cimaroons; who sought daily by all means they could, to get them of our Captain, that they might cut their throats, to revenge their wrongs and injuries which the Spanish nation had done them: but our Captain persuaded them not to touch them, or give them ill countenance, while they were in his charge; and took order for their safety, not only in his presence, but also in his absence. For when he had prepared to take his journey for Panama, by land; he gave ELLIS HIXOM charge of his own ship and company, and especially of those Spaniards whom he had put into the great prize, which was hauled ashore to the island, which we termed Slaughter Island (because so many of our men died there), and used as a storehouse for ourselves, and a prison for our enemies.

All things thus ordered, our Captain conferring with his company, and the chiefest of the Cimaroons, what provisions were to be prepared for this great and long journey, what kind of weapons, what store of victuals, and what manner of apparel: was especially advised, to carry as great store of shoes as possible he might, by reason of so many rivers with stone and gravel as they were to pass. Which, accordingly providing, prepared his company for that journey, entering it upon Shrove-Tuesday (3rd February). At what time, there had died twenty-eight of our men, and a few whole men were left aboard with ELLIS HIXOM to keep the ship, and attend the sick, and guard the prisoners.

At his departure our Captain gave this Master straight charge, in any case not to trust any messenger, that should come in his name with any tokens, unless he brought his handwriting: which he knew could not be counterfeited by the Cimaroons or Spaniards.

We were in all forty-eight, of which eighteen only were English; the rest were Cimaroons, which, beside their arms, bare every one of them, a great quantity of victuals and provision, supplying our want of carriage in so long a march, so that we were not troubled with anything but our furniture. And because they could not carry enough to suffice us altogether; therefore (as they promised before) so by the way with their arrows, they provided for us competent store from time to time.

They have every one of them two sorts of arrows: the one to defend himself and offend the enemy, the other to kill his victuals. These for fight are somewhat like the Scottish arrow; only somewhat longer, and headed with iron, wood, or fish bones. But the arrows for provision are of three sorts, the first serveth to kill any great beast near [at] hand, as ox, stag, or wild boar: this hath a head of iron of a pound and a half weight, shaped in form like the head of a javelin or boar-spear, as sharp as any knife, making so large and deep a wound as can hardly be believed of him that hath not seen it. The second serveth for lesser beasts, and hath a head of three-quarters of a pound: this he most usually shooteth. The third serveth for all manner of birds: it hath a head of an ounce weight. And these heads though they be of iron only, yet are they so cunningly tempered, that they will continue a very good edge a long time: and though they be turned sometimes, yet they will never or seldom break. The necessity in which they stand hereof continually causeth them to have iron in far greater account than gold: and no man among them is of greater estimation, than he that can most perfectly give this temper unto it.

Every day we were marching by sun-rising. We continued till ten in the forenoon: then resting (ever near some river) till past twelve, we marched till four, and then by some river's side, we reposed ourselves in such houses, as

either we found, prepared heretofore by them, when they travelled through these woods, or they daily built very readily for us in this manner.

As soon as we came to the place where we intended to lodge, the Cimaroons, presently laying down their burdens, fell to cutting of forks or posts, and poles or rafters, and palmito boughs, or plaintain leaves; and with great speed set up to the number of six houses. For every of which, they first fastened deep into the ground, three or four great posts with forks: upon them, they laid one transom, which was commonly about twenty feet, and made the sides, in the manner of the roofs of our country houses, thatching it close with those aforesaid leaves, which keep out water a long time: observing always that in the lower ground, where greater heat was, they left some three or four feet open unthatched below, and made the houses, or rather roofs, so many feet the higher. But in the hills, where the air was more piercing and the nights cold, they made our rooms always lower, and thatched them close to the ground, leaving only one door to enter in, and a lover [*louvre*] hole for a vent, in the midst of the roof. In every [one] of these, they made four several lodgings, and three fires, one in the midst, and one at each end of every house: so that the room was most temperately warm, and nothing annoyed with smoke, partly by reason of the nature of the wood which they use to burn, yielding very little smoke, partly by reason of their artificial making of it: as firing the wood cut in length like our billets at the ends, and joining them together so close, that though no flame or fire did appear, yet the heat continued without intermission.

Near many of the rivers where we stayed or lodged, we found sundry sorts of fruits, which we might use with great pleasure and safety temperately: Mammeas, Guayvas, Palmitos, Pinos, Oranges, Lemons, and divers other; from eating of which, they dissuaded us in any case, unless we eat very few of them, and those first dry roasted, as Plantains, Potato[e]s, and such like.

In journeying, as oft as by chance they found any wild swine, of which those hills and valleys have store, they would ordinarily, six at a time, deliver their burdens to the rest of their fellows, pursue, kill and bring away after us, as much

as they could carry, and time permitted. One day as we travelled, the Cimaroons found an otter, and prepared it to be drest: our Captain marvelling at it, PEDRO, our chief Cimaroon, asked him, "Are you a man of war, and in want; and yet doubt whether this be meat, that hath blood?"

Herewithal our Captain rebuked himself secretly, that he had so slightly considered of it before.

The third day of our journey (6th February), they brought us to a town of their own, seated near a fair river, on the side of a hill, environed with a dyke of eight feet broad, and a thick mud wall of ten feet high, sufficient to stop a sudden surpriser. It had one long and broad street, lying east and west, and two other cross streets of less breadth and length: there were in it some five or six and fifty households; which were kept so clean and sweet, that not only the houses, but the very streets were very pleasant to behold. In this town we saw they lived very civilly and cleanly. For as soon as we came thither, they washed themselves in the river; and changed their apparel, as also their women do wear, which was very fine and fitly made somewhat after the Spanish fashion, though nothing so costly. This town is distant thirty-five leagues from Nombre de Dios and forty-five from Panama. It is plentifully stored with many sorts of beasts and fowl, with plenty of maize and sundry fruits.

Touching their affection in religion, they have no kind of priests, only they held the Cross in great reputation. But at our Captain's persuasion, they were contented to leave their crosses, and to learn the *Lord's Prayer*, and to be instructed in some measure concerning GOD's true worship. They keep a continual watch in four parts, three miles off their town, to prevent the mischiefs, which the Spaniards intend against them, by the conducting of some of their own coats [*i.e.*, *Cimaroons*], which having been taken by the Spaniards have been enforced thereunto: wherein, as we learned, sometimes the Spaniards have prevailed over them, especially when they lived less careful; but since, they [watch] against the Spaniards, whom they killed like beasts, as often as they take them in the woods; having aforehand understood of their coming.

We stayed with them that night, and the next day (7th February) till noon; during which time, they related unto

us divers very strange accidents, that had fallen out between them and the Spaniards, namely [*especially*] one. A gallant gentleman entertained by the Governors of the country, undertook, the year last past [1572], with 150 soldiers, to put this town to the sword, men, women, and children. Being conducted to it by one of them, that had been taken prisoner, and won by great gifts; he surprised it half an hour before day, by which occasion most of the men escaped, but many of their women and children were slaughtered, or taken: but the same morning by sun rising (after that their guide was slain, in following another man's wife, and that the Cimaroons had assembled themselves in their strength) they behaved themselves in such sort, and drove the Spaniards to such extremity, that what with the disadvantage of the woods (having lost their guide and thereby their way), what with famine and want, there escaped not past thirty of them, to return answer to those which sent them.

Their king [*chief*] dwelt in a city within sixteen leagues south-east of Panama; which is able to make 1,700 fighting men.

They all intreated our Captain very earnestly, to make his abode with them some two or three days; promising that by that time, they would double his strength if he thought good. But he thanking them for their offer, told them, that "He could stay no longer! It was more than time to prosecute his purposed voyage. As for strength, he would wish no more than he had, although he might have presently twenty times as much!" Which they took as proceeding not only from kindness, but also from magnanimity; and therefore, they marched forth, that afternoon, with great good will.

This was the order of our march. Four of those Cimaroons that best knew the ways, went about a mile distance before us, breaking boughs as they went, to be a direction to those that followed; but with great silence, which they also required us to keep.

Then twelve of them were as it were our Vanguard, other twelve, our Rearward. We with their two Captains in the midst.

All the way was through woods very cool and pleasant, by reason of those goodly and high trees, that grow there so thick, that it is cooler travelling there under them in that

hot region, than it is in the most parts of England in the summer time. This [also] gave a special encouragement unto us all, that we understood there was a great Tree about the midway, from which, we might at once discern the North Sea from whence we came, and the South Sea whither we were going.

The fourth day following (11th February) we came to the height of the desired hill, a very high hill, lying East and West, like a ridge between the two seas, about ten of the clock: where [PEDRO] the chiefest of these Cimaroons took our Captain by the hand, and prayed him to follow him, if he was desirous to see at once the two seas, which he had so long longed for.

Here was that goodly and great high Tree, in which they had cut and made divers steps, to ascend up near unto the top, where they had also made a convenient bower, wherein ten or twelve men might easily sit: and from thence we might, without any difficulty, plainly see the Atlantic Ocean whence now we came, and the South Atlantic [*i.e.*, *Pacific Ocean*] so much desired. South and north of this Tree, they had felled certain trees, that the prospect might be the clearer; and near about the Tree there were divers strong houses, that had been built long before, as well by other Cimaroons as by these, which usually pass that way, as being inhabited in divers places in those waste countries.

After our Captain had ascended to this bower, with the chief Cimaroon, and having, as it pleased GOD, at that time, by reason of the brize [*breeze*], a very fair day, had seen that sea, of which he had heard such golden reports: he "besought Almighty GOD of His goodness, to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship, in that sea!" And then calling up all the rest of our [17 *English*] men, he acquainted JOHN OXNAM especially with this his petition and purpose, if it would please GOD to grant him that happiness. Who understanding it, presently protested, that "unless our Captain did beat him from his company, he would follow him, by GOD's grace!"

Thus all, thoroughly satisfied with the sight of the seas, descended; and after our repast, continued our ordinary march through woods, yet two days more as before: without any great variety. But then (13th February) we came to

march in a champion country, where the grass groweth, not only in great lengths as the knot grass groweth in many places, but to such height, that the inhabitants are fain to burn it thrice in the year, that it may be able to feed the cattle, of which they have thousands.

For it is a kind of grass with a stalk, as big as a great wheaten reed, which hath a blade issuing from the top of it, on which though the cattle feed, yet it groweth every day higher, until the top be too high for an ox to reach. Then the inhabitants are wont to put fire to it, for the space of five or six miles together; which notwithstanding after it is thus burnt, within three days, springeth up fresh like green corn. Such is the great fruitfulness of the soil: by reason of the evenness of the day and night, and the rich dews which fall every morning.

In these three last days' march in the champion, as we past over the hills, we might see Panama five or six times a day; and the last day (14th February) we saw the ships riding in the road.

But after that we were come within a day's journey of Panama, our Captain (understanding by the Cimaroons that the Dames of Panama are wont to send forth hunters and fowlers for taking of sundry dainty fowl, which the land yieldeth; by whom if we marched not very heedfully, we might be descried) caused all his company to march out of all ordinary way, and that with as great heed, silence, and secrecy, as possibly they might, to the grove (which was agreed on four days before) lying within a league of Panama, where we might lie safely undiscovered near the highway, that leadeth from thence to Nombre de Dios.

Thence we sent a chosen Cimaroon, one that had served a master in Panama before time, in such apparel as the Negroes of Panama do use to wear, to be our espial, to go into the town, to learn the certain night, and time of the night, when the carriers laded the Treasure from the King's Treasure House to Nombre de Dios. For they are wont to take their journey from Panama to Venta Cruz, which is six leagues, ever by night; because the country is all champion, and consequently by day very hot. But from Venta Cruz to Nombre de Dios as oft as they travel by land with their treasure, they travel always by day and not by night,

because all that way is full of woods, and therefore very fresh and cool; unless the Cimaroons happily encounter them, and made them sweat with fear, as sometimes they have done: whereupon they are glad to guard their *Recoes* [*i.e.*, Recuas, *the Spanish word for a drove of beasts of burden; meaning here, a mule train,*] with soldiers as they pass that way.

This last day, our Captain did behold and view the most of all that fair city, discerning the large street which lieth directly from the sea into the land, South and North.

By three of the clock, we came to this grove; passing for the more secrecy alongst a certain river, which at that time was almost dried up.

Having disposed of ourselves in the grove, we despatched our spy an hour before night, so that by the closing in of the evening, he might be in the city; as he was. Whence presently he returned unto us, that which very happily he understood by companions of his. That the Treasurer of Lima intending to pass into Spain in the first *Adviso* (which was a ship of 350 tons, a very good sailer), was ready that night to take his journey towards Nombre de Dios, with his daughter and family: having fourteen mules in company: of which eight were laden with gold, and one with jewels. And farther, that there were two other *Recuas*, of fifty mules in each, laden with victuals for the most part, with some little quantity of silver, to come forth that night after the other.

There are twenty-eight of these *Recuas*; the greatest of them is of seventy mules, the less of fifty; unless some particular man hire for himself, ten, twenty, or thirty, as he hath need.

Upon this notice, we forthwith marched four leagues, till we came within two leagues of Venta Cruz, in which march two of our Cimaroons which were sent before, by scent of his match, found and brought a Spaniard, whom they had found asleep by the way, by scent of the said match, and drawing near thereby, heard him taking his breath as he slept; and being but one, they fell upon him, stopped his mouth from crying, put out his match, and bound him so, that they well near strangled him by that time he was brought unto us.

By examining him, we found all that to be true, which our spy had reported to us, and that he was a soldier entertained with others by the Treasurer, for guard and conduct of this treasure, from Venta Cruz to Nombre de Dios.

This soldier having learned who our Captain was, took courage, and was bold to make two requests unto him. The one that "He would command his Cimaroons which hated the Spaniards, especially the soldiers extremely, to spare his life; which he doubted not but they would do at his charge." The other was, that "seeing he was a soldier, and assured him, that they should have that night more gold, besides jewels, and pearls of great price, then all they could carry (if not, then he was to be dealt with how they would); but if they all found it so, then it might please our Captain to give unto him, as much as might suffice for him and his mistress to live upon, as he had heard our Captain had done to divers others: for which he would make his name as famous as any of them which had received like favour."

Being at the place appointed, our Captain with half his men [8 *English and* 15 *Cimaroons*], lay on one side of the way, about fifty paces off in the long grass; JOHN OXNAM with the Captain of the Cimaroons, and the other half, lay on the other side of the way, at the like distance: but so far behind, that as occasion served, the former company might take the foremost mules by the heads, and the hindmost because the mules tied together, are always driven one after another; and especially that if we should have need to use our weapons that night, we might be sure not to endamage our fellows. We had not lain thus in ambush much above an hour, but we heard the *Recuas* coming both from the city to Venta Cruz, and from Venta Cruz to the city, which hath a very common and great trade, when the fleets are there. We heard them by reason they delight much to have deep-sounding bells, which, in a still night, are heard very far off.

Now though there were as great charge given as might be, that none of our men should shew or stir themselves, but let all that came from Venta Cruz to pass quietly; yea, their *Recuas* also, because we knew that they brought nothing but merchandise from thence: yet one of our men, called ROBERT PIKE, having drunken too much *aqua vitæ* without water, forgot himself, and enticing a Cimaroon forth with him

was gone hard to the way, with intent to have shown his forwardness on the foremost mules. And when a cavalier from Venta Cruz, well mounted, with his page running at his stirrup, passed by, unadvisedly he rose up to see what he was: but the Cimaroon of better discretion pulled him down, and lay upon him, that he might not discover them any more. Yet by this, the gentleman had taken notice by seeing one half all in white: for that we had all put our shirts over our other apparel, that we might be sure to know our own men in the pell mell in the night. By means of this sight, the cavalier putting spurs to his horse, rode a false gallop; as desirous not only himself to be free of this doubt which he imagined, but also to give advertisement to others that they might avoid it.

Our Captain who had heard and observed by reason of the hardness of the ground and stillness of the night, the change of this gentleman's trot to a gallop, suspected that he was discovered, but could not imagine by whose fault, neither did the time give him leisure to search. And therefore considering that it might be, by reason of the danger of the place, well known to ordinary travellers: we lay still in expectation of the Treasurer's coming; and he had come forward to us, but that this horseman meeting him, and (as we afterwards learnt by the other *Recuas*) making report to him, what he had seen presently that night, what he heard of Captain DRAKE this long time, and what he conjectured to be most likely: *viz.*, that the said Captain DRAKE, or some for him, disappointed of his expectation, of getting any great treasure, both at Nombre de Dios and other places, was by some means or other come by land, in covert through the woods, unto this place, to speed of his purpose: and thereupon persuaded him to turn his *Recua* out of the way, and let the other *Recuas* which were coming after to pass on. They were whole *Recuas*, and loaded but with victuals for the most part, so that the loss of them were far less if the worst befell, and yet they should serve to discover them as well as the best.

Thus by the rechlessness of one of our company, and by the carefulness of this traveller; we were disappointed of a most rich booty: which is to be thought GOD would not should be taken, for that, by all likelihood, it was well gotten by that Treasurer.

The other two *Recuas* were no sooner come up to us, but being stayed and seized on. One of the Chief Carriers, a very sensible fellow, told our Captain by what means we were discovered, and counselled us to shift for ourselves betimes, unless we were able to encounter the whole force of the city and country before day would be about us.

It pleased us but little, that we were defeated of our golden *Recua*, and that in these we could find not past some two horse-loads of silver: but it grieved our Captain much more, that he was discovered, and that by one of his own men. But knowing it bootless to grieve at things past, and having learned by experience, that all safety in extremity, consisteth in taking of time [*i.e., by the forelock, making an instant decision*]: after no long consultation with PEDRO the chief of our Cimaroons, who declared that "there were but two ways for him: the one to travel back again the same secret way they came, for four leagues space into the woods, or else to march forward, by the highway to Venta Cruz, being two leagues, and make a way with his sword through the enemies." He resolved, considering the long and weary marches that we had taken, and chiefly that last evening and day before: to take now the shortest and readiest way: as choosing rather to encounter his enemies while he had strength remaining, than to be encountered or chased when we should be worn out with weariness: principally now having the mules to ease them that would, some part of the way.

Therefore commanding all to refresh themselves moderately with such store of victuals as we had here in abundance: he signified his resolution and reason to them all: asking PEDRO by name, "Whether he would give his hand not to forsake him?" because he knew that the rest of the Cimaroons would also then stand fast and firm, so faithful are they to their captain. He being very glad of his resolution, gave our Captain his hand, and vowed that "He would rather die at his foot, than leave him to the enemies, if he held this course."

So having strengthened ourselves for the time, we took our journey towards Venta Cruz, with help of the mules till we came within a mile of the town, where we turned away the *Recuas*, charging the conductors of them, not to follow us upon pain of their lives.

There, the way is cut through the woods, above ten or twelve feet broad, so as two *Recuas* may pass one by another. The fruitfulness of the soil, causeth that with often shredding and ridding the way, those woods grow as thick as our thickest hedges in England that are oftenest cut.

To the midst of this wood, a company of soldiers, which continually lay in that town, to defend it against the Cimaroons, were come forth, to stop us if they might on the way; if not, to retreat to their strength, and there to expect us. A Convent [*Monastery*] of Friars, of whom one was become a Leader, joined with these soldiers, to take such part as they did.

Our Captain understanding by our two Cimaroons, which with great heedfulness and silence, marched now, but about half a flight-shot before us, that it was time for us to arm and take us to our weapons, for they knew the enemy was at hand, by smelling of their match and hearing of a noise: had given us charge, that no one of us should make any shot, until the Spaniards had first spent their volley: which he thought they would not do before they had spoken, as indeed fell out.

For as soon as we were within hearing, a Spanish Captain cried out, "Hoo!" Our Captain answered him likewise, and being demanded "*Que gente?*" replied "Englishmen!" But when the said Commander charged him, "In the name of the King of Spain, his Master, that we should yield ourselves; promising in the word and faith of a Gentleman Soldier, that if we would so do, he would use us with all courtesy." Our Captain drawing somewhat near him said: "That for the honour of the Queen of England, his Mistress, he must have passage that way," and therewithal discharged his pistol towards him.

Upon this, they presently shot off their whole volley; which, though it lightly wounded our Captain, and divers of our men, yet it caused death to one only of our company called JOHN HARRIS, who was so powdered with hail-shot, (which they all used for the most part as it seemed, or else "quartered," for that our men were hurt with that kind) that we could not recover his life, though he continued all that day afterwards with us.

Presently as our Captain perceived their shot to come

slacking, as the latter drops of a great shower of rain, with his whistle he gave us his usual signal, to answer them with our shot and arrows, and so march onwards upon the enemy, with intent to come to handy-strokes, and to have joined with them; whom when we found retired as to a place of some better strength, he increased his pace to prevent them if he might. Which the Cimaroons perceiving, although by terror of the shot continuing, they were for the time stept aside; yet as soon as they discerned by hearing that we marched onward, they all rushed forward one after another, traversing the way, with their arrows ready in their bows, and their manner of country dance or leap, very singing, *Yó pehó! Yó pehó!* and so got before us, where they continued their leap and song, after the manner of their own country wars, till they and we overtook some of the enemy, who near the town's end, had conveyed themselves within the woods, to have taken their stand at us, as before.

But our Cimaroons now thoroughly encouraged, when they saw our resolution, brake in through the thickets, on both sides of them, forcing them to fly, Friars and all!: although divers of our men were wounded, and one Cimaroon especially was run through with one of their pikes, whose courage and mind served him so well notwithstanding, that he revenged his own death ere he died, by killing him that had given him that deadly wound.

We, with all speed, following this chase, entered the town of Venta Cruz, being of about forty or fifty houses, which had both a Governor and other officers and some fair houses, with many storehouses large and strong for the wares, which brought thither from Nombre de Dios, by the river of Chagres, so to be transported by mules to Panama: beside the Monastery, where we found above a thousand bulls and pardons, newly sent from Rome.

In those houses we found three gentlewomen, which had lately been delivered of children there, though their dwellings were in Nombre de Dios; because it hath been observed of long time, as they reported to us, that no Spaniard or white woman could ever be delivered in Nombre de Dios with safety of their children but that within two or three days they died; notwithstanding that being born and brought up in this Venta Cruz or Panama five or six years, and then

brought to Nombre de Dios, if they escaped sickness the first or second month, they commonly lived in it as healthily as in any other place: although no stranger (as they say) can endure there any long time, without great danger of death or extreme sickness.

Though at our first coming into the town with arms so suddenly, these ladies were in great fear, yet because our Captain had given straight charge to all the Cimaroons (that while they were in his company, they should never hurt any woman nor man that had not a weapon in his hand to do them hurt; which they earnestly promised, and no less faithfully performed) they had no wrong offered them, nor any thing taken from them, to the worth of a garter; wherein, albeit they had indeed sufficient safety and security, by those of his company, which our Captain sent unto them, of purpose to comfort them: yet they never ceased most earnestly entreating, that our Captain would vouchsafe to come to them himself for their more safety; which when he did, in their presence reporting the charge he had first given, and the assurance of his men, they were comforted.

While the guards which we had, not without great need, set, as well on the bridge which we had to pass over, as at the town's end where we entered (they have no other entrance into the town by land: but from the water's side there is one other to carry up and down their merchandise from their frigates) gained us liberty and quiet to stay in this town some hour and half: we had not only refreshed ourselves, but our company and Cimaroons had gotten some good pillage, which our Captain allowed and gave them (being not the thing he looked for) so that it were not too cumbersome or heavy in respect of our travel, or defence of ourselves.

A little before we departed, some ten or twelve horsemen came from Panama; by all likelihood, supposing that we were gone out of this town, for that all was so still and quiet, came to enter the town confidently: but finding their entertainment such as it was; they that could, rode faster back again for fear than they had ridden forward for hope.

Thus we having ended our business in this town, and the day beginning to spring, we marched over the bridge, observing the same order that we did before. There we were all safe in our opinion, as if we had been environed

with wall and trench, for that no Spaniard without his extreme danger could follow us. The rather now, for that our Cimaroons were grown very valiant. But our Captain considering that he had a long way to pass, and that he had been now well near a fortnight from his ship, where he had left his company but weak by reason of their sickness, hastened his journeys as much as he might, refusing to visit the other Cimaroon towns (which they earnestly desired him) and encouraging his own company with such example and speech, that the way seemed much shorter. For he marched most cheerfully, and assured us that he doubted not but ere he left that coast, we should all be bountifully paid and recompensed for all those pains taken: but by reason of this our Captain's haste, and leaving of their towns, we marched many days with hungry stomachs, much against the will of our Cimaroons: who if we would have stayed any day from this continual journeying, would have killed for us victuals sufficient.

In our absence, the rest of the Cimaroons had built a little town within three leagues off the port where our ship lay. There our Captain was contented, upon their great and earnest entreaties to make some stay; for that they alleged, it was only built for his sake. And indeed he consented the rather, that the want of shoes might be supplied by means of the Cimaroons, who were a great help unto us: all our men complaining of the tenderness of their feet, whom our Captain would himself accompany in their complaint, some times without cause, but some times with cause indeed; which made the rest to bear the burden the more easily.

These Cimaroons, during all the time that we were with burden, did us continually very good service, and in particular in this journey, being unto us instead of intelligencers, to advertise us; of guides in our way to direct us; of purveyors, to provide victuals for us; of house-wrights to build our lodgings; and had indeed able and strong bodies carrying all our necessaries: yea, many times when some of our company fainted with sickness of weariness, two Cimaroons would carry him with ease between them, two miles together, and at other times, when need was, they would shew themselves no less valiant than industrious, and of good judgement.

From this town, at our first entrance in the evening, on

From this town, at our first entrance in the evening, on Saturday (22nd February), our Captain despatched a Cimaroon with a token and certain order to the Master: who had, these three weeks, kept good watch against the enemy, and shifted in the woods for fresh victual, for the relief and recovery of our men left aboard.

As soon as this messenger was come to the shore, calling to our ship, as bringing some news, he was quickly fet[ched] aboard by those which longed to hear of our Captain's speeding: but when he showed the toothpike of gold, which he said our Captain had sent for a token to ELLIS HIXOM, with charge to meet him at such a river: though the Master knew well the Captain's toothpike; yet by reason of his admonition and caveat [*warning*] given him at parting, he (though he bewrayed no sign of distrusting the Cimaroon) yet 'stood as amazed, least something had befallen our Captain otherwise than well. The Cimaroon perceiving this, told him, that it was night when he was sent away, so that our Captain could not send any letter, but yet with the point of his knife, he wrote something upon the toothpick, "which," he said, "should be sufficient to gain credit to the messenger."

Thereupon, the Master looked upon it, and saw written, *By me, FRANCIS DRAKE*: wherefore he believed, and according to the message, prepared what provision he could, and repaired to the mouth of the river of Tortugos, as the Cimaroons that went with him then named it.

That afternoon towards three a clock, we were come down to that river, not past half-an-hour before we saw our pinnace ready come to receive us: which was unto us all a double rejoicing: first that we saw them, and next, so soon. Our Captain with all our company praised GOD most heartily, for that we saw our pinnace and fellows again.

We all seemed to these, who had lived at rest and plenty all this while aboard, as men strangely changed (our Captain yet not much changed) in countenance and plight: and indeed our long fasting and sore travail might somewhat forepine and waste us; but the grief we drew inwardly, for that we returned without that gold and treasure we hoped for, did no doubt show her print and footsteps in our faces.

The rest of our men which were then missed, could not travel so well as our Captain, and therefore were left at the

Indian new town: and the next day (23rd February) we rowed to another river in the bottom of the bay and took them all aboard. Thus being returned from Panama, to the great rejoicing of our company, who were thoroughly revived with the report we brought from thence: especially understanding our Captain's purpose, that he meant not to leave off thus, but would once again attempt the same journey, whereof they also might be partakers.

Our Captain would not, in the meantime, suffer this edge and forwardness of his men to be dulled or rebated, by lying still idly unemployed, as knowing right well by continual experience, that no sickness was more noisome to impeach any enterprise than delay and idleness.

Therefore considering deeply the intelligences of other places of importance thereabouts, which he had gotten the former years; and particularly of Veragua, a rich town lying to the Westward, between Nombre de Dios and Nicaragua, where is the richest mine of fine gold that is on this North side: he consulted with his company touching their opinions, what was to be done in this meantime, and how they stood affected?

Some thought, that "It was most necessary to seek supply of victuals, that we might the better able to keep our men close and in health till our time came: and this was easy to be compassed, because the frigates with victuals went without great defence, whereas the frigate and barks with treasure, for the most part were wafted with great ships and store of soldiers."

Others yet judged, "We might better bestow our time in intercepting the frigates of treasure; first, for that our magazines and storehouses of victuals were reasonably furnished, and the country itself was so plentiful, that every man might provide for himself if the worst befell: and victuals might hereafter be provided abundantly as well as now: whereas the treasure never floateth upon the sea, so ordinarily as at this time of the Fleets being there, which time in no wise may be neglected."

The Cimaroons being demanded also their opinion (for that they were experienced in the particularities of all the towns

thereabouts, as in which some or other of them had served), declared that "by Veragua, Signior PEZORO (some time their master from whom they fled) dwelt; not in the town for fear of some surprise, but yet not far off from the town, for his better relief; in a very strong house of stone, where he had dwelt nineteen years at least, never travelling from home; unless happily once a year to Cartagena, or Nombre de Dios when the Fleets were there. He keepeth a hundred slaves at least in the mines, each slave being bound to bring in daily, clear gain (all charges deducted) three Pesos of Gold for himself and two for his women (8s. 3d. the Peso), amounting in the whole, to above £200 sterling [=£1,600 *now*] each day: so that he hath heaped a mighty mass of treasure together, which he keepeth in certain great chests, of two feet deep, three broad, and four long: being (notwithstanding all his wealth) bad and cruel not only to his slaves, but unto all men, and therefore never going abroad but with a guard of five or six men to defend his person from danger, which he feareth extraordinarily from all creatures."

"And as touching means of compassing this purpose, they would conduct him safely through the woods, by the same ways by which they fled, that he should not need to enter their havens with danger, but might come upon their backs altogether unlooked for. And though his house were of stone, so that it could not be burnt; yet if our Captain would undertake the attempt, they would undermine and overthrow, or otherwise break it open, in such sort, as we might have easy access to his greatest treasure."

Our Captain having heard all their opinions, concluded so that by dividing his company, the two first different sentences were both reconciled, both to be practised and put in use.

JOHN OXNAM appointed in the *Bear*, to be sent Eastward towards Tolou, to see what store of victuals would come athwart his half; and himself would to the Westward in the *Minion*, lie off and on the *Cabezas*, where was the greatest trade and most ordinary passage of those which transported treasure from Veragua and Nicaragua to the Fleet; so that no time might be lost, nor opportunity let slip either for victuals or treasure. As for the attempt of Veragua, or Signior PEZORO's house by land, by marching through the woods; he liked not of, lest it might overweary his men by continual

labour; whom he studied to refresh and strengthen for his next service forenamed.

Therefore using our Cimaroons most courteously, dismissing those that were desirous to their wives, with such gifts and favours as were most pleasing, and entertaining those still aboard his ship, which were contented to abide with the company remaining; the pinnaces departed as we determined: the *Minion* to the West, the *Bear* to the East.

The *Minion* about the *Cabeças*, met with a frigate of Nicaragua, in which was some gold, and a Genoese Pilot (of which nation there are many in those coasts), which had been at Veragua not past eight days before. He being very well entreated, certified our Captain of the state of the town, and of the harbour, and of a frigate that was there ready to come forth within few days, aboard which there was above a million of gold, offering to conduct him to it, if we would do him his right: for that he knew the channel very perfectly, so that he could enter by night safely without danger of the sands and shallows, though there be but little water, and utterly undescried; for that the town is five leagues within the harbour, and the way by land is so far about and difficult through the woods, that though we should by any casualty be discovered, about the point of the harbour, yet we might despatch our business and depart, before the town could have notice of our coming.

At his being there, he perceived they had heard of DRAKE's being on the coast, which had put them in great fear, as in all other places (PEZORO purposing to remove himself to the South Sea!): but there was nothing done to prevent him, their fear being so great, that, as it is accustomed in such cases, it excluded counsel and bred despair.

Our Captain, conferring with his own knowledge and former intelligences, was purposed to have returned to his ship, to have taken some of those Cimaroons which had dwelt with Signior PEZORO, to be the more confirmed in this point.

But when the Genoese Pilot was very earnest, to have the time gained, and warranted our Captain of good speed, if we delayed not; he dismissed the frigate, somewhat lighter to hasten her journey! and with this Pilot's advice, laboured with sail and oars to get this harbour and to enter it by night accordingly: considering that this frigate might now

be gained, and PEZORO's house attempted hereafter notwithstanding.

But when we were come to the mouth of the harbour, we heard the report of two Chambers, and farther off about a league within the bay, two other as it were answering them: whereby the Genoese Pilot conjectured that we were discovered: for he assured us, that this order had been taken since his last being there, by reason of the advertisement and charge, which the Governor of Panama had sent to all the Coasts; which even in their beds lay in great and continual fear of our Captain, and therefore by all likelihood, maintained this kind of watch, at the charge of the rich Gnuffe PEZORO for their security.

Thus being defeated of this expectation, we found it was not GOD's will that we should enter at that time: the rather for that the wind, which had all this time been Easterly, came up to the Westward, and invited us to return again to our ship; where, on Sheere Thursday (19th March), we met, according to appointment, with our *Bear*, and found that she had bestowed her time to more profit than we had done.

For she had taken a frigate in which there were ten men (whom they set ashore) great store of maize, twenty-eight fat hogs, and two hundred hens. Our Captain discharged (20th March) this frigate of her lading; and because she was new, strong, and of a good mould, the next day (21st March) he tallowed her to make her a Man-of-war: disposing all our ordnance and provisions that were fit for such use, in her. For we had heard by the Spaniards last taken, that there were two little galleys built in Nombre de Dios, to waft the Chagres Fleet to and fro, but were not yet both launched: wherefore he purposed now to adventure for that Fleet.

And to hearten his company he feasted them that Easter-Day (22nd March) with great cheer and cheerfulness, setting up his rest upon that attempt.

The next day (23rd March) with the new tallowed frigate of Tolou [*not of* 20 *tons, p.* 551*; one of the two frigates in which the Expedition returned to England*], and his *Bear*, we set sail towards the Cativaas, where about two days after we landed, and stayed till noon; at what time seeing a sail to the westward, as we deemed making to the island: we set sail and plied towards him, who descrying us, bare with

us, till he perceived by our confidence, that we were no Spaniards, and conjectured we were those Englishmen, of whom he had heard long before. And being in great want, and desirous to be relieved by us: he bare up under our lee, and in token of amity, shot off his lee ordnance, which was not unanswered.

We understood that he was TETÛ, a French Captain of Newhaven [*Havre*] a Man-of-war as we were, desirous to be relieved by us. For at our first meeting, the French Captain cast abroad his hands, and prayed our Captain to help him to some water, for that he had nothing but wine and cider aboard him, which had brought his men into great sickness. He had sought us ever since he first heard of our being upon the coast, about this five weeks. Our Captain sent one aboard him with some relief for the present, willing him to follow us to the next port, where he should have both water and victuals.

At our coming to anchor, he sent our Captain a case of pistols, and a fair gilt scimitar (which had been the late King's of France [HENRY III.], whom Monsieur MONTGOMERY hurt in the eye, and was given him by Monsieur STROZZE). Our Captain requited him with a chain of gold, and a tablet which he wore.

This Captain reported unto us the first news of the Massacre of Paris, at the King of NAVARRE's marriage on Saint Bartholomew's Day last, [24 August, 1572]; of the Admiral of France slain in his chamber, and divers other murders: so that he "thought those Frenchmen the happiest which were farthest from France, now no longer France but Frensy, even as if all Gaul were turned into wormwood and gall: Italian practices having over-mastered the French simplicity." He showed what famous and often reports he had heard of our great riches. He desired to know of our Captain which way he might "compass" his voyage also.

Though we had seen him in some jealousy and distrust, for all his pretence; because we considered more the strength he had than the good-will he might bear us: yet upon consultation among ourselves, "Whether it were fit to receive him or not?" we resolved to take him and twenty of his men, to serve with our Captain for halves. In such sort as we needed not doubt of their forces, being but twenty; nor be hurt by their portions, being no greater than ours: and yet

gratify them in their earnest suit, and serve our own purpose, which without more help we could very hardly have achieved. Indeed, he had 70 men, and we now but 31; his ship was above 80 tons, and our frigate not 20, or pinnace nothing near 10 tons. Yet our Captain thought this proportionable, in consideration that not numbers of men, but quality of their judgements and knowledge, were to be the principal actors herein: and the French ship could do no service, nor stand in any stead to this enterprise which we intended, and had agreed upon before, both touching the time when it should take beginning, and the place where we should meet, namely, at Rio Francisco.

Having thus agreed with Captain TETÛ, we sent for the Cimaroons as before was decreed. Two of them were brought aboard our ships, to give the French assurance of this agreement.

And as soon as we could furnish ourselves and refresh the French company, which was within five or six days (by bringing them to the magazines which were the nearest, where they were supplied by us in such sort, as they protested they were beholding to us for all their lives) taking twenty of the French and fifteen of ours with our Cimaroons, leaving both our ships in safe road, we manned our frigate and two pinnaces (we had formerly sunk our *Lion*, shortly after our return from Panama, because we had not men sufficient to man her), and went towards Rio Francisco: which because it had not water enough for our frigate, caused us to leave her at the Cabeças, manned with English and French, in the charge of ROBERT DOBLE, to stay there without attempting any chase, until the return of our pinnaces.

And then bore to Rio Francisco, where both Captains landed (31st March) with such force as aforesaid [*i.e.*, 20 *French*, 15 *English, and the Cimaroons*], and charged them that had the charge of the pinnaces to be there the fourth day next following without any fail. And thus knowing that the carriages [*mule loads*] went now daily from Panama to Nombre de Dios; we proceeded in covert through the woods, towards the highway that leadeth between them.

It is five leagues accounted by sea, between Rio Francisco and Nombre de Dios; but that way which we march by land,

we found it above seven leagues. We marched as in our former journey to Panama, both for order and silence; to the great wonder of the French Captain and company, who protested they knew not by any means how to recover the pinnaces, if the Cimaroons (to whom what our Captain commanded was a law; though they little regarded the French, as having no trust in them) should leave us: our Captain assured him, "There was no cause of doubt of them, of whom he had had such former trial."

When we were come within an English mile of the way, we stayed all night, refreshing ourselves, in great stillness, in a most convenient place: where we heard the carpenters, being many in number, working upon their ships, as they usually do by reason of the great heat of the day in Nombre de Dios: and might hear the mules coming from Panama, by reason of the advantage of the ground.

The next morning (1st April), upon hearing of that number of bells, the Cimaroons, rejoiced exceedingly, as though there could not have befallen them a more joyful accident, chiefly having been disappointed before. Now they all assured us, "We should have more gold and silver than all of us could bear away": as in truth it fell out.

For there came three *Recuas*, one of 50 mules, the other two, of 70 each, every [one] of which carried 300 lbs. weight of silver; which in all amounted to near thirty tons [*i.e.*, 190 *mules, with* 300 *lbs. each=about* 57,000 *lbs. of silver*].

We putting ourselves in readiness, went down near the way to hear the bells; where we stayed not long, but we saw of what metal they were made; * and took such hold on the heads of the foremost and hindmost mules, that all the rest stayed and lay down, as their manner is.

These three *Recuas* were guarded with forty-five soldiers or thereabouts, fifteen to each *Recua*, which caused some exchange of bullets and arrows for a time; in which conflict the French Captain was sore wounded with hail-shot in the belly, and one Cimaroon was slain: but in the end, these soldiers thought it the best way to leave their mules with us, and to seek for more help abroad.

In which meantime we took some pain to ease some of the

[* Notice the bantering and triumphant style of the narrative from this point of victory to the end.—E. A.]

mules which were heaviest loaden of their carriage. And because we ourselves were somewhat weary, we were contented with a few bars and quoits of gold, as we could well carry: burying about fifteen tons of silver, partly in the burrows which the great land crabs had made in the earth, and partly under old trees which were fallen thereabout, and partly in the sand and gravel of a river, not very deep of water.

Thus when about this business, we had spent some two hours, and had disposed of all our matters, and were ready to march back the very self-same way that we came, we heard both horse and foot coming as it seemed to the mules: for they never followed us, after we were once entered the woods, where the French Captain by reason of his wound, not able to travel farther, stayed, in hope that some rest would recover him better strength.

But after we had marched some two leagues, upon the French soldiers' complaint, but they missed one of their men also, examination being made whether he were slain or not: it was found that he had drunk much wine, and overlading himself with pillage, and hasting to go before us, had lost himself in the woods. And as we afterwards knew, he was taken by the Spaniards that evening; and upon torture, discovered unto them where we had hidden our treasure.

We continued our march all that and the next day (2nd and 3rd April) towards Rio Francisco, in hope to meet with our pinnaces; but when we came thither, looking out to sea, we saw seven Spanish pinnaces, which had been searching all the coast thereabouts: whereupon we mightily suspected that they had taken or spoiled our pinnaces, for that our Captain had given so straight charge, that they should repair to this place this afternoon; from the Cabeças where they rode; whence to our sight, these Spaniards' pinnaces did come.

But the night before, there had fallen very much rain, with much westerly wind, which as it enforced the Spaniards to return home the sooner, by reason of the storm: so it kept our pinnaces, that they could not keep the appointment; because the wind was contrary, and blew so strong, that with their oars they could all that day get but half the way. Notwithstanding, if they had followed our Captain's direction in setting forth over night, while the wind served, they had arrived at the place appointed with far less labour, but with

far more danger: because that very day at noon, the shallops manned out, of purpose, from Nombre de Dios, were come to this place to take our pinnaces: imagining where we were, after they had heard of our intercepting of the treasure.

Our Captain seeing the shallops, feared least having taken our pinnaces, they had compelled our men by torture to confess where his frigate and ships were. Therefore in this distress and perplexity, the company misdoubting that all means of return to their country were cut off, and that their treasure then served them to small purpose; our Captain comforted and encouraged us all, saying, "We should venture no farther than he did. It was no time now to fear: but rather to haste[n] to prevent that which was feared! If the enemy have prevailed against our pinnaces, which GOD forbid! yet they must have time to search them, time to examine the mariners, time to execute their resolution after it is determined. Before all these times be taken, we may get to our ships, if ye will! though not possibly by land, because of the hills, thickets, and rivers, yet by water. Let us, therefore, make a raft with the trees that are here in readiness, as offering themselves, being brought down the river, happily this last storm, and put ourselves to sea! I will be one, who will be the other?"

JOHN SMITH offered himself, and two Frenchmen that could swim very well, desired they might accompany our Captain, as did the Cimaroons likewise (who had been very earnest with our Captain to have marched by land, though it were sixteen days' journey, and in case the ship had been surprised, to have abode always with them), especially PEDRO, who yet was fain to be left behind, because he could not row.

The raft was fitted and fast bound; a sail of a biscuit sack prepared; an oar was shaped out of a young tree to serve instead of a rudder, to direct their course before the wind.

At his departure he comforted the company, by promising, that "If it pleased GOD, he should put his foot in safety aboard his frigate, he would, GOD willing, by one means or other get them all aboard, in despite of all the Spaniards in the Indies!"

In this manner pulling off to the sea, he sailed some three leagues, sitting up to the waist continually in water, and at every surge of the wave to the arm-pits, for the space of six

hours, upon this raft: what with the parching of the sun and what with the beating of the salt water, they had all of them their skins much fretted away.

At length GOD gave them the sight of two pinnaces turning towards them with much wind; but with far greater joy to him than could easily conjecture, and did cheerfully declare to those three with him, that "they were our pinnaces! and that all was safe, so that there was no cause of fear!"

But see, the pinnaces not seeing this raft, nor suspecting any such matter, by reason of the wind and night growing on, were forced to run into a cove behind the point, to take succour, for that night: which our Captain seeing, and gathering (because they came not forth again), that they would anchor there, put his raft ashore, and ran by land about the point, where he found them; who, upon sight of him, made as much haste as they could to take him and his company aboard. For our Captain (of purpose to try what haste they could and would make in extremity), himself ran in great haste, and so willed the other three with him; as if they had been chased by the enemy: which they the rather suspected, because they saw so few with him.

And after his coming aboard, when they demanding "How all his company did?" he answered coldly, "Well!" They all doubted [*feared*] that all went scarce well. But he willing to rid all doubts, and fill them with joy, took out of his bosom a quoit of gold, thanking GOD that "our voyage was made!"

And to the Frenchmen he declared, how their Captain indeed was left behind, sore wounded and two of his company with him: but it should be no hindrance to them.

That night (4th April) our Captain with great pain of his company, rowed to Rio Francisco: where he took the rest in, and the treasure which we had brought with us: making such expedition, that by dawning of the day, we set sail back again to our frigate, and from thence directly to our ships: where, as soon as we arrived, our Captain divided by weight, the gold and silver into two even portions, between the French and the English.

About a fortnight after, when we had set all things in

order, and taking out of our ship [*the* Pascha] all such necessaries as we needed for our frigate, had left and given her to the Spaniards, whom we had all this time detained, we put out of that harbour [*at Fort Diego, p.* 527], together with the French ship, riding some few days among the Cabeças.

In the meantime, our Captain made a secret composition with the Cimaroons, that twelve of our men and sixteen of theirs, should make another voyage, to get intelligence in what case the country stood; and if it might be, recover Monsieur TETÛ, the French Captain; at leastwise to bring away that which was hidden in our former surprise, and could not then be conveniently carried.

JOHN OXNAM and THOMAS SHERWELL were put in trust for his service, to the great content of the whole company, who conceived greatest hope of them next our Captain; whom by no means they would condescend to suffer to adventure again, this time: yet he himself rowed to set them ashore at Rio Francisco; finding his labour well employed both otherwise, and also in saving one of those two Frenchmen that had remained willingly to accompany their wounded captain.

For this gentleman, having escaped the rage of the Spaniards, was now coming towards our pinnace, where he fell down on his knees, blessing GOD for the time, "that ever our Captain was born; who now, beyond all his hopes, was become his deliverer."

He being demanded, "What was become of his Captain and other fellow?" shewed that within half an hour after our departure, the Spaniards had overgotten them, and took his Captain and other fellow: he only escaped by flight, having cast away all his carriage, and among the rest one box of jewels, that he might fly the swifter from the pursuers: but his fellow took it up and burdened himself so sore, that he could make no speed; as easily as he might otherwise, if he would have cast down his pillage, and laid aside his covetous mind. As for the silver, which we had hidden thereabout in the earth and the sands, he thought that it was all gone: for that he thought there had been near two thousand Spaniards and Negroes there to dig and search for it.

This report notwithstanding, our purpose held, and our men were sent to the said place, where they found that the

earth, every way a mile distant had been digged and turned up in every place of any likelihood, to have anything hidden in it.

And yet nevertheless, for all that narrow search, all our men's labour was not quite lost, but so considered, that the third day after their departure, they all returned safe and cheerful, with as much silver as they and all the Cimaroons could find (*viz.*, thirteen bars of silver, and some few quoits of gold), with which they were presently embarked, without empeachment, repairing with no less speed than joy to our frigate.

Now was it high time to think of homewards, having sped ourselves as we desired: and therefore our Captain concluded to visit Rio Grande [*Magdelena*] once again, to see if he could meet with any sufficient ship or bark, to carry victuals enough to serve our turn homewards, in which we might in safety and security embark ourselves.

The Frenchmen having formerly gone from us, as soon as they had their shares, at our first return with the treasure; as being very desirous to return home into their country, and our Captain as desirous to dismiss them, as they were to be dismissed: for that he foresaw they could not in their ship avoid the danger of being taken by the Spaniards, if they should make out any Men-of-war for them, while they lingered on the coast; and having also been then again relieved with victuals by us.—Now at our meeting of them again, were very loath to leave us, and therefore accompanied us very kindly as far up as St. Bernards; and farther would, but that they durst not adventure so great danger; for that we had intelligence, that the Fleet was ready to set sail for Spain, riding at the entry of Cartagena.

Thus we departed from them, passing hard by Cartagena, in the sight of all the Fleet, with a flag of St. GEORGE in the main top of our frigate, with silk streamers and ancients down to the water, sailing forward with a large wind, till we came within two leagues of the river [*Magdelena*], being all low land, and dark night: where to prevent the over shooting of the river in the night, we lay off and on bearing small sail, till that about midnight the wind veering to the eastward, by two of the clock in the morning, a frigate from Rio Grande [*Magdelena*] passed hard by us, bearing also but small sail. We saluted them with our shot and arrows,

they answered us with bases; but we got aboard them, and took such order, that they were content against their wills to depart ashore and to leave us this frigate: which was of 25 tons, loaded with maize, hens, and hogs, and some honey, in very good time fit for our use; for the honey especially was notable reliever and preserver of our crazed [*sick*] people.

The next morning as soon as we set those Spaniards ashore on the Main, we set our course for the Cabeças without any stop, whither we came about five days after. And being at anchor, presently we hove out all the maize a land, saving three butts which we kept for our store: and carrying all our provisions ashore, we brought both our frigates on the careen, and new tallowed them.

Here we stayed about seven nights, trimming and rigging our frigates, boarding and stowing our provisions, tearing abroad and burning our pinnaces, that the Cimaroons might have the iron-work.

About a day or two before our departure, our Captain willed PEDRO and three of the chiefest of the Cimaroons to go through both his frigates, to see what they liked; promising to give it them, whatsoever it were, so it were not so necessary as that he could not return into England without it. And for their wives he would himself seek out some silks or linen that might gratify them; which while he was choosing out of his trunks, the scimitar which CAPTAIN TETÛ had given to our Captain, chanced to be taken forth in PEDRO's sight: which he seeing grew so much in liking thereof, that he accounted of nothing else in respect of it, and preferred it before all that could be given him. Yet imagining that it was no less esteemed of our Captain, durst not himself open his mouth to crave or commend it; but made one FRANCIS TUCKER to be his mean to break his mind, promising to give him a fine quoit of gold, which yet he had in store, if he would but move our Captain for it; and to our Captain himself, he would give four other great quoits which he had hidden, intending to have reserved them until another voyage.

Our Captain being accordingly moved by FRANCIS TUCKER, could have been content to have made no such exchange; but yet desirous to content him, that had deserved so well, he gave it him with many good words: who received

it with no little joy, affirming that if he should give his wife and children which he loved dearly in lieu of it, he could not sufficient recompense it (for he would present his king with it, who he knew would make him a great man, even for this very gift's sake); yet in gratuity and stead of other requital of this jewel, he desired our Captain to accept these four pieces of gold, as a token of his thankfulness to him, and a pawn of his faithfulness during life.

Our Captain received it in most kind sort, but took it not to his own benefit, but caused it to be cast into the whole Adventure, saying, "If he had not been set forth to that place, he had not attained such a commodity, and therefore it was just that they which bare part with him of his burden in setting him to sea, should enjoy the proportion of his benefit whatsoever at his return."

Thus with good love and liking we took our leave of that people, setting over to the islands of [?], whence the next day after, we set sail towards Cape St. Antonio; by which we past with a large wind: but presently being to stand for the Havana, we were fain to ply to the windward some three or four days; in which plying we fortuned to take a small bark, in which were two or three hundred hides, and one most necessary thing, which stood us in great stead, viz., a pump! which we set in our frigate.* Their bark because it was nothing fit for our service, our Captain gave them to carry them home.

And so returning to Cape St. Antonio, and landing there, we refreshed ourselves, and beside great store of turtle eggs, found by day in the [sand], we took 250 turtles by night. We powdered [*salted*] and dried some of them, which did us good service. The rest continued but a small time.

There were, at this time, belonging to Cartagena, Nombre de Dios, Rio Grande, Santa Marta, Rio de la Hacha, Venta Cruz, Veragua, Nicaragua, the Honduras, Jamaica, &c., above 200 frigates; some of a 120 tons, others but of 10 or 12 tons, but the most of 30 or 40 tons, which all had

* Apparently DRAKE and his company, now reduced to 31 men (*p.* 551) out of the original 73 (*p.* 494), failing to find a bark at the Magdelena, came home in two Spanish frigates; one of which was taken by OXENHAM (*p.* 549). Both the *Swan* (*p.* 510) and the *Pascha* (*p.* 556) were left behind in the West Indies.

intercourse between Cartagena and Nombre de Dios. The most of which, during our abode in those parts, we took; and some of them, twice or thrice each: yet never burnt nor sunk any, unless they were made out Men-of-war against us, or laid as stales to entrap us.

And of all the men taken in these several vessels, we never offered any kind of violence to any, after they were once come under our power; but either presently dismissed them in safety, or keeping them with us some longer time (as some of them we did), we always provided for their sustenance as for ourselves, and secured them from the rage of the Cimaroons against them: till at last, the danger of their discovering where our ships lay being over past, for which only cause we kept them prisoners, we set them also free.

Many strange birds, beasts, and fishes, besides fruits trees, plants, and the like, were seen and observed of us in this journey, which willingly we pretermit as hastening to the end of our voyage: which from this Cape of St. Antonio, we intended to finish by sailing the directest and speediest way homeward; and accordingly, even beyond our own expectation, most happily performed.

For whereas our Captain had purposed to touch at Newfoundland, and there to have watered; which would have been some let unto us, though we stood in great want of water; yet GOD Almighty so provided for us, by giving us good store of rain water, that we were sufficiently furnished: and, within twenty-three days, we passed from the Cape of Florida, to the Isles of Scilly, and so arrived at Plymouth, on Sunday, about sermon time, August the 9th, 1573.

At what time, the news of our Captain's return brought unto his, did so speedily pass over all the church, and surpass their minds with desire and delight to see him, that very few or none remained with the Preacher. All hastening to see the evidence of GOD's love and blessing towards our Gracious Queen and country, by the fruit of our Captain's labour and success.

Soli DEO Gloria.

FINIS.

HYMNS OF ASTRÆA, IN ACROSTIC VERSE.



LONDON:
Printed for I. S.
1599.



[*Hymns of* ASTRÆA.]

HYMN I.

Of ASTRÆA.

EARLY, before the day doth spring,
Let us awake, my Muse! and sing!
It is no time to slumber!
So many joys this Time doth bring,
As time will fail to number.

But, whereto shall we bend our Lays?
Even up to heaven, again to raise
The Maid! which, thence descended,
Hath brought again the Golden Days.
And all the world amended.

Rudeness itself, She doth refine!
Even like an Alchemist divine,
Gross Times of Iron turning
Into the purest form of Gold;
Not to corrupt, till heaven wax old
And be refined with burning.

HYMN II.

To ASTRÆA

E TERNAL Virgin! Goddess true!
L et me presume to sing to you!
I OVE, even great JOVE hath leisure
S ometimes, to hear the vulgar crew;
A nd hears them, oft, with pleasure.

B lessed ASTREA! I, in part,
E njoy the blessings you impart!
T he Peace! the milk and honey!
H umanity! and civil Art!
A richer dower than money.

R ight glad am I, that now I live,
E ven in these days, whereto you give
G reat happiness and glory!
I f after you, I should be born;
N o doubt, I should my birthday scorn,
A dmiring your sweet Story.

HYMN III.

To the Spring.

E ARTH now is green, and heaven is blue!
L ively Spring, which makes all new.
I olly Spring doth enter.
S weet young sunbeams do subdue
A ngry, aged Winter.

B lasts are mild, and seas are calm!
E very meadow flows with balm!
T he earth wears all her riches!
H armonious birds sing such a psalm
A s ear and heart bewitches!

R eserve, sweet Spring! this Nymph of ours,
E ternal garlands of thy flowers!
G reen garlands never wasting!
I n her shall last our State's fair Spring,
N ow and for ever flourishing,
A s long as heaven is lasting.

HYMN IV

To the month of May.

EACH day of thine, sweet month of May!
Love makes a solemn Holy Day.
I will perform like duty!
Since thou resemblest, every way,
ASTRÆA, Queen of Beauty.

Both you, fresh beauties do partake!
Either's aspect, doth Summer make,
Thoughts of young Love awaking!
Hearts you both, do cause to ache;
And yet be pleased with aching.

Right dear art thou! and so is She!
Even like attractive sympathy
Gains unto both, like dearness.
Ween this made Antiquity
Name thee, Sweet May of Majesty!
As being both like in clearness.

HYMN V.

To the Lark.

EARLY, cheerful, mounting Lark!
Light's gentle Usher! Morning's Clerk!
In merry notes delighting;
Stint awhile thy song, and hark,
And learn my new inditing!

Bear up this Hymn! to heaven, it bear!
Even up to heaven, and sing it there!
To heaven, each morning bear it!
Have it set to some sweet sphere,
And let the angels hear it!

Renowned ASTRÆA, that great name!
(Exceeding great in worth and fame,
Great worth hath so renowned it)
It is ASTRÆA's name, I praise!
Now then, sweet Lark! do thou it raise;
And in high heaven resound it!

HYMN VI.

To the Nightingale.

E very night, from even till morn,
L ove's Chorister amid the thorn,
I s now so sweet a singer!
S o sweet, as for her Song, I scorn
A pollo's voice and finger.

B ut, Nightingale! sith you delight
E ver to watch the starry night,
T ell all the stars of heaven!
H eaven never had a star so bright
A s now to earth is given!

R oyal Astræa makes our day
E ternal, with her beams! nor may
G ross darkness overcome her!
I now perceive, why some do write,
"N o country hath so short a night
A s England hath in summer."

HYMN VII.

To the Rose.

E ye of the garden! Queen of Flowers!
L ove's cup, wherein he nectar pours!
I ngendered first of nectar.
S weet nurse-child of the Spring's young Hours!
A nd Beauty's fair Character!

B est jewel that the earth doth wear!
E ven when the brave young sun draws near,
T o her hot love pretending;
H imself likewise, like form doth bear,
A t rising and descending.

R ose, of the Queen of Love beloved!
E ngland's great Kings (divinely moved)
G ave Roses in their banner:
I t shewed, that Beauty's Rose indeed,
N ow in this Age should them succeed,
A nd reign in more sweet manner.

HYMN VIII.

To all the Princes of Europe.

E urope! the Earth's sweet Paradise!
L et all thy Kings (that would be wise
I n Politic Devotion)
S ail hither, to observe her eyes,
A nd mark her heavenly motion!

B rave Princes of this civil Age!
E nter into this pilgrimage!
T his Saint's tongue is an Oracle!
H er eye hath made a Prince a page;
A nd works, each day, a miracle!

R aise but your looks to her, and see
E ven the true beams of Majesty!
G reat Princes, mark her duly!
I f all the world you do survey,
N o forehead spreads so bright a ray;
A nd notes a Prince, so truly!

HYMN IX.

To Flora.

E mpress of Flowers! Tell, where away
L ies your sweet Court, this merry May?
I n Greenwich garden alleys!
S ince there the Heavenly Powers do play,
A nd haunt no other valleys.

B eauty, Virtue, Majesty,
E loquent Muses, three times three,
T he new fresh Hours and Graces
H ave pleasure in this place to be,
A bove all other places.

R oses and lilies did them draw,
E re they, divine Astræa saw:
G ay flowers, they sought for pleasure.
I nstead of gathering Crowns of Flowers,
N ow, gather they Astræa's dowers,
A nd bear to heaven, that treasure.

HYMN X.

To the Month of September.

EACH month hath praise in some degree,
Let May to others seem to be
In Sense, the sweetest season;
September! thou are best to me!
And best doth please my Reason.

But neither for their corn, nor wine;
Extol I, those mild days of thine!
Though corn and wine might praise thee;
Heaven gives thee honour more divine
And higher fortunes raise thee!

Renowned art thou, sweet Month! for this.
Among thy days, her birthday is!
Grace, Plenty, Peace, and Honour
In one fair hour with her were born!
Now since, they still her crown adorn,
And still attend upon her.

HYMN XI.

To the Sun.

'EYE of the world! Fountain of light!
Life of day, and death of night!
I humbly seek thy kindness!
Sweet! dazzle not my feeble sight,
And strike me not with blindness!

Behold me mildly from that face
Even where thou now dost run thy race,
The sphere where now thou turnest,
Having, like PHÆTON changed thy place,
And yet hearts only burnest.

Red in her right cheek, thou dost rise!
Exalted after, in her eyes;
Great glory, there, thou shewest!
In th'other cheek, when thou descendest,
New redness unto it thou lendest!
And so thy Round, thou goest!

HYMN XII.

To her Picture.

E XTREME was his audacity,
L ittle his skill, that finished thee!
I am ashamed and sorry,
S o dull her counterfeit should be;
A nd She, so full of glory!

B ut here are colours, red and white;
E ach line, and each proportion right:
T hese lines, this red and whiteness,
H ave wanting yet a life and light,
A majesty and brightness.

R ude counterfeit! I then did err;
E ven now, when I would needs infer
G reat boldness in thy maker!
I did mistake! He was not bold,
N or durst his eyes, her eyes behold:
A nd this made him mistake her.

HYMN XIII.

Of her Mind.

E ARTH, now adieu! My ravished thought
L ifted to heaven, sets thee at nought!
I nfinite is my longing,
S ecrets of angels to be taught,
A nd things to heaven belonging!

B rought down from heaven, of angels' kind,
E ven now, do I admire her Mind!
T his is my contemplation!
H er clear sweet Spirit, which is refined
A bove human creation!

R ich sunbeam of th' Eternal Light!
E xcellent Soul! How shall I write?
G ood angels make me able!
I cannot see but by your eye;
N or but by your tongue, signify
A thing so admirable.

HYMN XIV.

Of the Sunbeams of her Mind.

EXCEEDING glorious is this Star!
Let us behold her beams afar
In a side line reflected!
Sight bears them not, when near they are,
And in right lines directed.

Behold her in her virtue's beams,
Extending sun-like to all realms!
The sun none views too nearly.
Her well of goodness, in these streams,
Appears right well and clearly.

Radiant virtues! if your light
Enfeeble the best judgement's sight;
Great splendour above measure
Is in the Mind, from whence you flow!
No wit may have access to know
And view so bright a treasure.

HYMN XV.

Of her Wit.

EYE of that Mind most quick and clear,
Like heaven's Eye, which from his sphere,
Into all things pryeth;
Sees through all things everywhere,
And all their natures trieth.

Right image of an angel's wit,
Exceeding sharp and swift like it,
Hings instantly discerning;
Having a nature infinite,
And yet increased by learning.

Rebound upon thyself thy light!
Enjoy thine own sweet precious sight!
Give us but some reflection!
It is enough for us if we,
Now in her speech, now policy;
Admire thine high perfection!

HYMN XVI.

Of her Will.

E VER well affected Will,
L oving goodness, loathing ill!
I nestimable treasure!
S ince such a power hath power to spill,
A nd save us, at her pleasure.

B e thou our law, sweet Will! and say
E ven what thou wilt, we will obey!
T his law, if I could read it.
H erein would I spend night and day,
A nd study still to plead it.

R oyal Free Will, and only free!
E ach other will is slave to thee!
G lad is each will to serve thee!
I n thee such princely power is seen;
N o spirit but takes thee, for her Queen!
A nd thinks she must observe thee!

HYMN XVII.

Of her Memory.

E XCELLENT jewels would you see?
L ovely ladies! Come with me!
I will (for love I owe you)
S hew you as rich a treasury
A s East or West can shew you!

B ehold! (if you can judge of it)
E ven that great Storehouse of her Wit
T hat beautiful large table,
H er Memory! wherein is writ
A ll knowledge admirable.

R ead this fair book, and you shall learn
E xquisite skill, if you discern;
G ain heaven, by this discerning!
I n such a memory divine,
N ature did form the Muses nine,
A nd PALLAS, Queen of Learning.

HYMN XVIII.

Of her Phantasy.

E XQUISITE curiosity!
L ook on thyself, with judging eye!
I f ought be faulty, leave it!
S o delicate a Phantasy
A s this, will straight perceive it,

B ecause her temper is so fine,
E ndued with harmonies divine;
T herefore if discord strike it,
H er true proportions do repine,
A nd sadly do mislike it.

R ight otherwise, a pleasure sweet,
E ver she takes in actions meet,
G racing with smiles such meetness:
I n her fair forehead beams appear,
N o Summer's day is half so clear!
A dorned with half that sweetness!

HYMN XIX.

Of the Organs of her Mind.

E CLIPSED She is, and her bright rays
L ie under veils; yet many ways
I s her fair form revealed!
S he diversely herself conveys,
A nd cannot be concealed.

B y instruments, her powers appear
E xceedingly well tuned and clear!
T his Lute is still in measure,
H olds still in tune, even like a sphere,
A nd yields the world sweet pleasure!

R esolve me, Muse! how this thing is?
E ver a body like to this,
G ave heaven to earthly creature?
I am but fond this doubt to make!
N o doubt, the angels, bodies take
A bove our common nature!

HYMN XX.

Of the Passions of her Heart.

EXAMINE not th' inscrutable Heart,
Light Muse! of Her, though She in part
Impart it to the subject!
Search not! although from heaven thou art!
And this a heavenly object.

But since She hath a heart, we know
Ever some Passions thence do flow,
Though ever ruled with honour.
Her judgement reigns! They wait below,
And fix their eyes upon her!

Rectified so, they, in their kind,
Increase each virtue of her Mind,
Governed with mild tranquility.
In all the regions under heaven,
No State doth bear itself so even,
And with so sweet facility.

HYMN XXI.

Of the innumerable Virtues of her Mind.

ERE thou proceed in these sweet pains,
Learn Muse! how many drops it rains
In cold and moist December!
Sum up May flowers! and August's grains!
And grapes of mild September!

Bear the sea's sand in Memory!
Earth's grasses! and the stars in sky!
The little moats, which mounted
Hang in the beams of PHŒBUS' eye,
And never can be counted!

Recount these numbers, numberless,
Ere thou, her virtue canst express!
Great wits, this count will cumber!
Instruct thyself in numbering schools!
Now Courtiers use to beg for fools;
All such as cannot number.

HYMN XXII.

Of her Wisdom.

E AGLE-eyed Wisdom! Life's loadstar!
L ooking near, on things afar!
I OVE's best beloved daughter!
S hews to her spirit all that are!
A s JOVE himself hath taught her.

B y this straight rule, She rectifies
E ach thought, that in her heart doth rise;
T his is her clear true Mirror!
H er Looking Glass, wherein She spies
A ll forms of Truth and Error.

R ight Princely virtue, fit to reign!
E nthronised in her spirit remain,
G uiding our fortunes ever!
I f we this Star once cease to see;
N o doubt our State will shipwrecked be,
A nd torn and sunk for ever.

HYMN XXIII.

Of her Justice.

E XILED ASTRÆA is come again!
L o here She doth all things maintain
I n number, weight, and measure!
S he rules us, with delightful pain,
A nd we obey with pleasure!

B y Love, She rules more than by Law!
E ven her great Mercy breedeth awe;
T his is her sword and sceptre!
H erewith She hearts did ever draw,
A nd this guard ever kept her.

R eward doth sit in her right hand!
E ach Virtue, thence takes her garland,
G athered in Honour's garden!
I n her left hand (wherein should be
N ought but the sword) sits Clemency!
A nd conquers Vice with pardon.

HYMN XXIV.

Of her Magnanimity.

E VEN as her State, so is her Mind
L ifted above the vulgar kind!
I t treads proud Fortune under!
S unlike, it sits above the wind;
A bove the storms, and thunder.

B rave Spirit! Large Heart! admiring nought!
E steeming each thing, as it ought!
T hat swelleth not, nor shrinketh!
H onour is always in her thought;
A nd of great things, She thinketh!

R ocks, pillars, and heaven's axletree
E xemplify her Constancy!
G reat changes never change her!
I n her sex, fears are wont to rise;
N ature permits, Virtue denies,
A nd scorns the face of danger!

HYMN XXV.

Of her Moderation.

E MPRESS of Kingdoms, though She be;
L arger is her Sovereignty,
I f She herself do govern!
S ubject unto herself is She;
A nd of herself, true Sovereign!

B eauty's Crown, though She do wear;
E xalted into Fortune's Chair;
T hroned like the Queen of Pleasure:
H er virtues still possess her ear,
A nd counsel her to Measure!

R eason (if She incarnate were)
E ven Reason's self could never bear
G reatness with Moderation!
I n her, one temper still is seen.
N o liberty claims She as Queen!
A nd shows no alteration!

HYMN XXVI.

E NVY, go weep! My Muse and I
L augh thee to scorn! Thy feeble eye
I s dazzled with the glory
S hining in this gay Poesy,
A nd little golden Story!

B ehold, how my proud quill doth shed
E ternal nectar on her head!
T he pomp of Coronation
H ath not such power, her fame to spread,
A s this my admiration!

R espect my pen, as free and frank;
E xpecting nor reward, nor thank!
G reat wonder only moves it!
I never made it mercenary!
N or should my Muse, this burden carry
A s hired; but that she loves it!

FINIS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

[*Poor* RICHARD *improved, Being an Almanac, &c. for the year of our Lord* 1758. RICHARD SAUNDERS. Philom. Philadelphia.]

By the kind permission of that most courteous of friends, and most erudite of living bibliographers, HENRY STEVENS, *Esq., of Vermont, F.S.A., we are here permitted to give the following from his* Historical Nuggets, p 291, *London,* 1872, 8vo. *We only prefix one note. At the time this was written, tea was a costly drink.*

Mr. STEVENS says, "This is the most celebrated of all the *Almanacs* of the celebrated *Poor* RICHARD; and, as far as my experience goes, one of the rarest to be met with in a perfect state. It is full of precious gems but weighs, Troy weight, scarcely two sovereigns. In all the *Almanacs* previous to this, from 1733, FRANKLIN had dropped in, to fill up the chinks between the remarkable days in the Calendar, many proverbial sentences designed to inculcate industry, frugality, and other virtues.

"In his *Autobiography*, written many years after, FRANKLIN says,

These Proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many Ages and Nations, I assembled, and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the *Almanac* for 1758; as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered Counsels thus into a focus, enabled them to make a greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the American Continent; and reprinted in Britain on a large sheet of paper, to be stuck up in houses. Two translations were made of it in France; and great numbers bought by the Clergy and Gentry to distribute gratis among the poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities; some thought it had a share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money, which was observable for several years after its publication.

"Since FRANKLIN wrote his *Autobiography*, this summary has been many times reprinted, both in England and France, and in many languages, even in modern Greek by DIDOT: but such a chain of gems can never wear out or be lost."

COURTEOUS READER.



HAVE heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed. For though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an *eminent* author of

Almanacs annually, now a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their applauses; and no other author has taken the least notice of me: so that did not my writings produce me some solid Pudding, the great deficiency of Praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length, that the people were the best judges of my merit; for they buy my works: and besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my Adages repeated, with "as *Poor* RICHARD says!" at the end of it. This gave me some satisfaction, as it shewed, not only that my Instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my Authority. And I own, that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those wise Sentences: I have sometimes *quoted myself* with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you!

I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at a Vendue [*sale*] of Merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the Times: and one of the company called to a clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, Father ABRAHAM! what do you think of the Times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?"

Father ABRAHAM stood up, and replied, "If you would have my advice; I will give it you, in short; for *a word to the wise is enough*, and *many words won't fill a bushel*, as *Poor* RICHARD says."

They all joined, desiring him to speak his mind; and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends" says he, "and neighbours! The taxes are indeed very heavy; and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them: but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our IDLENESS, three times as much by our PRIDE, and four times as much by our FOLLY: and from these taxes, the Commissioners cannot ease, or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However let us hearken to good advice, and something

may be done for us. *GOD helps them that help themselves*, as *Poor RICHARD* says in his *Almanac* of 1733.

It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its people One-tenth part of their TIME, to be employed in its service. But Idleness taxes many of us much more; if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or doing of nothing; with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like Rust, consumes faster than Labour wears; while the used key is always bright*, as *Poor RICHARD* says. But *dost thou love Life? Then do not squander time! for that's the stuff Life is made of*, as *Poor RICHARD* says.

How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep? forgetting that *the sleeping fox catches no poultry*; and that *there will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as *Poor RICHARD* says. If Time be of all things the most precious, *Wasting of Time must be* (as *Poor RICHARD* says) *the greatest prodigality*; since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again*; and what we call *Time enough! always proves little enough.* Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose: so, by diligence, shall we do more with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but Industry all things easy*, as *Poor RICHARD* says: and *He that riseth late, must trot all day; and shall scarce overtake his business at night.* While *Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him*, as we read in *Poor RICHARD*; who adds, *Drive thy business! Let not that drive thee!* and

> *Early to bed, and early to rise,*
> *Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.*

So what signifies *wishing* and *hoping* for better Times! We may make these Times better, if we bestir ourselves! *Industry need not wish!* as *Poor RICHARD* says; and *He that lives on Hope, will die fasting. There are no gains without pains.* Then *Help hands! for I have no lands*; or if I have, they are smartly taxed. And as *Poor RICHARD* likewise observes, *He that hath a Trade, hath an Estate*, and He that *hath a Calling, hath an Office of Profit and Honour*: but, then, the Trade

must be worked at, and the Calling well followed, or neither the Estate, nor the Office, will enable us to pay our taxes.

If we are industrious, we shall never starve, for, as *Poor RICHARD* says, *At the working man's house, Hunger looks in; but dares not enter.* Nor will the Bailiff, or the Constable enter: for *Industry pays debts, while Despair increaseth them*, says *Poor RICHARD*.

What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, *Diligence is the Mother of Good-luck*, as *Poor RICHARD* says; and *GOD gives all things to Industry*. Then

> *Plough deep, while sluggards sleep;*
> *And you shall have corn to sell and to keep,*

says *Poor DICK*. Work while it is called to-day; for you know not, how much you may be hindered to-morrow: which makes *Poor RICHARD* say, *One To-day is worth two To-morrows*, and farther, *Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? do it to-day!*

If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own Master? *Be ashamed to catch yourself idle!* as *Poor DICK* says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your gracious King; be up by peep of day! *Let not the sun look down, and say, "Inglorious, here he lies!"* Handle your tools, without mittens! Remember that *The cat in glove catches no mice!* as *Poor RICHARD* says.

'Tis true there is much to be done; and perhaps you are weak handed; but stick to it steadily! and you will see great effects, For *Constant dropping wears away stones*, and *By diligence and patience, the mouse ate in two the cable*, and *little strokes fell great oaks*; as *Poor RICHARD* says in his *Almanac*, the year I cannot, just now, remember.

Methinks, I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?"

"I will tell thee, my friend! what *Poor RICHARD* says.

> *Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure!* and
> *Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour!*

Leisure is time for doing something useful. This leisure the

diligent man will obtain; but the lazy man never. So that, as *Poor* RICHARD says, *A life of leisure, and a life of laziness are two things.* Do you imagine that Sloth will afford you more comfort than Labour? No! for as *Poor* RICHARD says, *Trouble springs from idleness, and grievous toil from needless ease. Many without labour, would live by their Wits only; but they'll break, for want of Stock* [*i.e.*, Capital]. Whereas Industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. *Fly Pleasures! and they'll follow you! The diligent spinner has a large shift,* and

Now I have a sheep and a cow
Everybody bids me "Good morrow."

All which is well said by *Poor* RICHARD.

But with our Industry; we must likewise be Steady, Settled, and Careful: and oversee our own affairs *with our own eyes*, and not trust too much to others. For, as *Poor* RICHARD says,

I never saw an oft removed tree,
Nor yet an oft removed family,
That throve so well, as those that settled be.

And again, *Three Removes are as bad as a Fire*; and again *Keep thy shop! and thy shop will keep thee!* and again, *If you would have your business done, go! if not, send!* and again,

He that by the plough would thrive;
Himself must either hold or drive.

And again, *The Eye of the master will do more work than both his Hands*; and again, *Want of Care does us more damage than Want of Knowledge*; and again, *Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open.*

Trusting too much to others' care, is the ruin of many. For, as the *Almanac* says, *In the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it.* But a man's own care is profitable; for, saith *Poor* DICK, *Learning is to the Studious*, and *Riches to the Careful*; as well as *Power to the Bold*, and *Heaven to the Virtuous.* And further, *If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like; serve yourself!*

And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in

the smallest matters; because sometimes, *A little neglect may breed great mischief*: adding, *For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; and for want of a horse, the rider was lost*; being overtaken, and slain by the enemy. All for want of care about a horse-shoe nail.

So much for Industry, my friends! and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add FRUGALITY, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. *A man may*, if he knows not how to save as he gets, *keep his nose, all his life, to the grindstone; and die not worth a groat at last. A fat Kitchen makes a lean Will*, as *Poor* RICHARD says, and

Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women, for Tea, forsook spinning and knitting;
And men, for Punch, forsook hewing and splitting.

If you would be healthy, says he in another *Almanac*, *think of Saving, as well as of Getting! The Indies have not made Spain rich; because her Outgoes are greater than her Incomes.*

Away, then, with your expensive follies! and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard Times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families. For, as *Poor* DICK says,

Women and Wine, Game and Deceit,
Make the Wealth small, and the Wants great.

And farther, *What maintains one vice, would bring up two children.*

You may think perhaps, that, a *little* tea, or a *little* punch, now and then; diet, a *little* more costly; clothes, a *little* finer; and a *little* entertainment, now and then; can be no great matter. But remember what *Poor* RICHARD says, *Many a Little makes a Mickle*; and farther, *Beware of little expenses! a small leak will sink a great ship*; and again, *Who dainties love; shall beggars prove!* and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.*

Here are you all got together at this Vendue of Fineries and knicknacks! You call them Goods: but if you do not take care, they will prove Evils to some of you! You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may, for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be *dear* to you! Remember what *Poor* RICHARD says! *Buy*

what thou hast no need of, and, ere long, thou shalt sell thy necessaries! And again, *At a great pennyworth, pause a while!* He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place, he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.*

Again, *Poor* RICHARD says, *'Tis foolish, to lay out money in a purchase of Repentance:* and yet this folly is practised every day at Vendues, for want of minding the *Almanac.*

Wise men, as *Poor* DICK says, *learn by others' harms; Fools, scarcely by their own*: but *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets,* as *Poor* RICHARD says, *put out the kitchen fire!* These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences: and yet only because they look pretty, how many *want* to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and as *Poor* DICK says, *For one* poor *person, there are a hundred* indigent.

By these, and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised; but who, through Industry and Frugality, have maintained their standing. In which case, it appears plainly that *A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,* as *Poor* RICHARD says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of. They think *'tis day! and will never be night!*; that *a little to be spent out of so much! is not worth minding* (*A Child and a Fool,* as *Poor* RICHARD says, *imagine Twenty Shillings and Twenty Years can never be spent*): but *always taking out of the meal tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom.* Then, as *Poor* DICK says, *When the well's dry, they know the worth of water!* but this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. *If you would know the value of money; go, and try to borrow some!* For, *he that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing!* and indeed, so does he that lends to such people, *when he goes to get it in again!*

Poor DICK further advises, and says

Fond Pride of Dress is, sure, a very curse!
Ere Fancy you consult; consult your purse!

And again, *Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy!* When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but *Poor* DICK says, *'Tis easier to suppress the First desire, than to satisfy All that follow it.* And 'tis as truly folly, for the poor to ape the rich; as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

Great Estates may venture more;
But little boats should keep near shore!

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished! for Pride that *dines on Vanity, sups on Contempt*, as *Poor* RICHARD says. And in another place, *Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.*

And, after all, of what use is this Pride of Appearance? for which so much is risked, so much is suffered! It cannot promote health or ease pain! It makes no increase of merit in the person! It creates envy! It hastens misfortune!

What is a butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest!
The gaudy fop's his picture just.

as *Poor* RICHARD says.

But what madness must it be, to *run into debt* for these superfluities?

We are offered, by the terms of this Vendue, Six Months' Credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah, think what you do, when you run in debt? *You give to another, power over your liberty!* If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor! You will be in fear, when you speak to him! You will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses! and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base downright lying! For, as *Poor* RICHARD says, *The second vice is Lying, the first is Running into Debt:* and again, to the same purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's back.* Whereas a free born Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see, or speak to any man living. But Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *'Tis hard for an Empty Bag to stand upright!* as *Poor* RICHARD truly says. What would you think of that Prince, or the Government, who should issue an Edict for-

bidding you to dress like a Gentleman or Gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude. Would you not say that "You are free! have a right to dress as you please! and that such an Edict would be a breach of your privileges! and such a Government, tyrannical!" And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life! or to sell you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him! When you have got your bargain; you may, perhaps, think little of payment, but *Creditors* (*Poor* RICHARD tells us) *have better memories than Debtors*; and, in another place, says, *Creditors are a superstitious sect! great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round, before you are aware; and the demand is made, before you are prepared to satisfy it: or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which, at first, seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. TIME will seem to have added wings to his heels, as well as shoulders. *Those have a short Lent*, saith *Poor* RICHARD, *who owe money to be paid at Easter.* Then since, as he says, *The Borrower is a slave to the Lender, and the Debtor to the Creditor*; disdain the chain! preserve your freedom! and maintain your independency! Be *industrious* and *free!* be *frugal* and *free!* At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances; and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury: but

For Age and Want, save while you may!
No morning sun lasts a whole day,

as *Poor* RICHARD says.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but, ever while you live, Expense is constant and certain: and *'tis easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel*, as *Poor* RICHARD says. So *rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt!*

Get what you can! and what you get, hold!
'Tis the Stone that will turn all your lead into gold!

as *Poor* RICHARD says. And when you have got the Philosopher's Stone, sure, you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

This doctrine, my friends! is Reason and Wisdom! But, after all, do not depend too much upon your own Industry, and Frugality, and Prudence; though excellent things! For they may all be blasted without the Blessing of Heaven: and, therefore, ask that Blessing humbly! and be not uncharitable to those that at present, seem to want it; but comfort and help them! Remember, JOB suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

And now to conclude. *Experience keeps a dear school; but Fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that!* for it is true, *We may give Advice, but we cannot give Conduct*, as *Poor RICHARD* says. However, remember this! *They that won't be counselled, can't be helped!* as *Poor RICHARD* says: and farther, that, *If you will not hear reason, she'll surely rap your knuckles!*"

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine; and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon! For the Vendue opened, and they began to buy extravagantly; notwithstanding all his cautions, and their own fear of taxes.

I found the good man had thoroughly studied my *Almanacs*, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of five and twenty years. The frequent mention he made of me, must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it: though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me; but rather the gleanings I had made of the Sense of all Ages and Nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the Echo of it; and though I had, at first, determined to buy stuff for a new coat; I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader! if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.

I am, as ever,
Thine, to serve thee!

July 7, 1757. RICHARD SAUNDERS.

Fidessa, more chaste than kind

By B. GRIFFIN, Gent.



At LONDON.
Printed by the Widow ORWIN,
for MATTHEW LOWNES.
1596.

To the most kind and virtuous Gentleman, Master WILLIAM ESSEX of Lamebourne, in the County of Berk[shire], Esquire.

SIR,



T MAY seem strange that I should be thus far bold to make choice of yourself, a Patron of so slender a work; especially being so little known unto you as I am: but, howsoever, I protest what is done, proceeded from the unfeigned love I bear unto you, your own demerit, your friends' hope, and the good report of all men. All which are lively witnesses of your love to the Muses, your grace with Fortune, and your fame with the World; quickened in your birth, increased in your travails, and living after death.

Deign, sweet Sir, to pardon the matter! judge favourably of the manner! and accept both! So shall I ever rest yours,

In all dutiful affection,

Yours ever,

B. GRIFFIN.

To the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court.

COURTEOUS GENTLEMEN.

IT MAY please you, entertain with patience this poor pamphlet! unworthy I confess so worthy patronage. If I presume, I crave pardon! if offend, it is the first-fruit of any my writings! if dislike, I can be but sorry! Sweet Gentlemen, censure mildly, as protectors of a poor stranger! judge the best, as encouragers of a young beginner! So shall I make true report of your undeserved favours; and you shall be yourselves ever courteous!

In this hope, if promise may go for current, I willingly make the same unto you, of a Pastoral, yet unfinished; that my purpose was to have added, for variety sake, to this little volume of Sonnets. The next Term you may expect it! In the meantime, I wholly rely on your gentle acceptance.

Yours ever,

B. GRIFFIN.



TO FIDESSA

SONNET I.

Fertur Fortunam Fortuna favere

FIDESSA fair! long live a happy maiden!
Blest from thy cradle, by a worthy Mother,
High-thoughted, like to her, with bounty laden,
Like pleasing grace affording, one and other.
Sweet model of thy far renownèd Sire!
Hold back a while thy ever-giving hand!
And though these free penned lines do nought require
(For that they scorn at base Reward to stand),
Yet crave they most, for that they beg the least!
Dumb is the message of my hidden grief,
And store of Speech by silence is increased;
O let me die, or purchase some relief!
Bounteous FIDESSA cannot be so cruel
As for to make my heart, her Fancy's fuel!

SONNET II.

HOw can that piercing crystal-painted eye,
That gave the onset to my high aspiring,
Yielding each look of mine a sweet reply,
Adding new courage to my heart's desiring?
How can it shut itself within her ark,
And keep herself and me both from the light;
Making us walk in all misguiding dark,
Aye to remain, in confines of the night?
How is it that so little room contains it,
(That guides the Orient, as the world, the Sun)
Which once obscured, most bitterly complains it,
Because it knows and rules whate'er is done.
The reason is, that they may dread her sight,
Who doth both give, and take away their light.

SONNET III.

VENUS, and young ADONIS sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him;
She told the youngling, how god MARS did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
"Even thus," quoth she, "the wanton god embraced me!"
And then she clasped ADONIS in her arms;
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlaced me!"
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
But he, a wayward boy, refused the offer,
And ran away! the beauteous Queen neglecting;
Showing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex, of cowardice detecting.
O that I had my Mistress at that bay!
To kiss and clip me, till I ran away!

SONNET IV.

DID you sometimes three German brethren see;
Rancour 'twixt two of them so raging rife,
That th'one could stick the other with his knife?
Now if the third assaulted chance to be
By a fourth stranger; him set on the three!
Them two 'twixt whom afore was deadly strife,
Made one to rob the stranger of his life.
Then do you know our state as well as we!
Beauty and Chastity, with her were born,
Both at one birth; and up with her did grow.
Beauty, still foe to Chastity was sworn;
And Chastity sworn to be Beauty's foe:
And yet when I lay siege unto her heart,
Beauty and Chastity both take her part!

SONNET V.

[*See Vol. I. p.* 63.]

ARRAIGNED, poor captive at the Bar I stand;
The Bar of Beauty, bar to all my joys,
And up I hold my ever trembling hand,
Wishing, or life, or death to end annoys.
And when the Judge doth question of the guilt,
And bids me speak: then, sorrow shuts up words!
Yea, though he say, "Speak boldly, what thou wilt!"
Yet my confused affects no speech affords.
For why? Alas, my Passions have no bound!
For fear of death that penetrates so near;
And still one grief another doth confound,
Yet doth at length a way to speech appear.
Then, for I speak too late, the Judge doth give
His sentence, that "in prison, I shall live!"

SONNET VI.

UNHAPPY sentence! Worst of worst of pains,
To be in darksome silence, out of ken,
Banished from all that bliss the world contains,
And thrust from out the companies of men.
Unhappy sentence! Worse than worst of deaths,
Never to see FIDESSA's lovely face!
O better were I lose ten thousand breaths,
Than ever live in such unseen disgrace!
Unhappy sentence! Worse than pains of hell,
To live in self-tormenting griefs alone;
Having my heart, my prison and my cell,
And there consumed, without relief to moan!
If that the sentence so unhappy be,
Then what am I, that gave the same to me?

SONNET VII.

OFT have mine Eyes, the Agents of mine Heart
(False traitor Eyes conspiring my decay!)
Pleaded for grace with dumb and silent art,
Streaming forth tears, my sorrows to allay.
Moaning the wrong, they do unto their Lord,
Forcing the cruel Fair, by means to yield;
Making her, 'gainst her will, some grace t'afford;
And striving sore, at length to win the field,
Thus work they means to feed my fainting hope,
And strengthened hope adds matter to each thought;
Yet when they all come to their end and scope,
They do but wholly bring poor me, to nought.
She'll never yield! although they ever cry;
And therefore we must all together die!

SONNET VIII.

GRIEF-URGING Guest! great cause have I to plain me,
Yet hope persuading hope expecteth grace,
And saith, "None but myself shall ever pain me!"
But grief, my hopes exceedeth, in this case.
For still my fortune ever more doth cross me,
By worse events than ever I expected;
And, here and there, ten thousand ways doth toss me,
With sad remembrance of my time neglected.
These breed such thoughts as set my heart on fire,
And like fell hounds, pursue me to my death.
Traitors unto their sovereign Lord and Sire,
Unkind exactors of their father's breath.
Whom, in their rage, they shall no sooner kill
Than they themselves, themselves unjustly spill!

SONNET IX.

MY SPOTLESS love, that never yet was tainted,
My loyal heart, that never can be moved,
My growing hope, that never yet hath fainted,
My constancy, that you full well have proved:
All these consented have, to plead for grace,
These all lie crying at the door of Beauty!
This wails! this sends out tears! this cries apace!
All do reward expect of faith and duty!
Now either thou must prove th'unkindest one;
And as thou fairest art, must cruelest be!
Or else, with pity, yield unto their moan!
Their moan that ever will importune thee.
Ah, thou must be unkind, and give denial;
And I, poor I, must stand unto my trial!

SONNET X.

CLIP not, sweet Love, the wings of my Desire,
Although it soar aloft, and mount too high:
But rather, bear with me, though I aspire,
For I have wings to bear me to the sky.
What though I mount, there is no sun but thee!
And sith no other sun, why should I fear?
Thou wilt not burn me, though thou terrify!
And though thy brightness do so great appear.
Dear! I seek not to batter down thy glory;
Nor do I envy that thy hope increaseth!
O never think, thy fame doth make me sorry!
For thou must live by fame, when beauty ceaseth.
Besides, since from one root we both did spring,
Why should not I, thy fame and beauty sing?

SONNET XI.

WINGED with sad woes, why doth fair ZEPHYR blow
Upon my face (the map of discontent)?
Is it to have the weeds of sorrow grow
So long and thick, that they will ne'er be spent?
"No, fondling! No! It is to cool the fire
Which hot Desire within thy breast hath made.
Check him but once, and he will soon retire!"
O but, he sorrows brought which cannot fade.
"The sorrows that he brought, he took from thee,
Which fair FIDESSA span, and thou must wear!
Yet hath she nothing done of cruelty,
By (for her sake) to try what thou wilt bear!"
Come, sorrows! come! You are to me assigned!
I'll bear you all! It is FIDESSA's mind!

SONNET XII



IF my heavenly sighs must prove annoy
(Which are the sweetest music to my heart),
Let it suffice, I count them as my joy!
Sweet bitter joy, and pleasant painful smart!
For when my breast is clogged with thousand cares,
That my poor loaded heart is like to break;
Then every sigh doth question "How it fares?"
Seeming to add their strength, which makes me weak.
Yet, for they friendly are, I entertain them;
And they too well are pleasèd with their host.
But I, had not FIDESSA been, ere now, had slain them!
It's for her cause they live! in her, they boast!
They promise help, but when they see her face;
They fainting, yield! and dare not sue for grace!

SONNET XIII.



COMPARE me to the child that plays with fire!
Or to the fly that dieth in the flame!
Or to the foolish boy that did aspire
To touch the Glory of high heaven's frame!
Compare me to LEANDER struggling in the waves,
Not able to attain his safety's shore!
Or to the sick, that do expect their graves!
Or to the captive crying evermore!
Compare me to the weeping wounded hart,
Moaning with tears the period of his life!
Or to the boar that will not feel the smart,
When he is stricken with the butcher's knife!
No man to these, can fitly me compare:
These live to die! I die to live in care!

SONNET XIV.

WHEN silent sleep had closèd up mine eyes,
My watchful mind did then begin to muse;
A thousand pleasing thoughts did then arise,
That sought by slights, their master to abuse.
I saw (O heavenly sight!) FIDESSA's face,
And fair dame Nature blushing to behold it!
Now did She laugh! now wink! now smile apace!
She took me by the hand, and fast did hold it!
Sweetly her sweet body did She lay down by me,
"Alas, poor wretch," quoth She, "great is thy sorrow!
But thou shall comfort find, if thou wilt try me!
I hope, sir boy! you'll tell me news to-morrow!"
With that, away She went! and I did wake withal:
When, ah! my honey thoughts were turned to gall.

SONNET XV.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep! Sweet ease in restless misery!
The captive's liberty, and his freedom's song!
Balm of the bruised heart! Man's chief felicity!
Brother of quiet Death, when life is too too long!
A Comedy it is! and now an History!
What is not sleep unto the feeble mind?
It easeth him that toils, and him that's sorry!
It makes the deaf to hear; to see, the blind!
Ungentle Sleep! thou helpest all but me!
For when I sleep, my soul is vexèd most.
It is FIDESSA that doth master thee!
If She approach; alas, thy power is lost!
But here She is! See, how he runs amain!
I fear, at night, he will not come again.

SONNET XVI.

FOR I have lovèd long, I crave reward!
Reward me not unkindly! Think on kindness!
Kindness becometh those of high regard;
Regard with clemency a poor man's blindness!
Blindness provokes to pity, when it crieth;
It crieth "Give!" Dear Lady, shew some pity!
Pity, or let him die, that daily dieth!
Dieth he not oft, who often sings this ditty?
This ditty pleaseth me, although it choke me.
Methinks, dame ECHO weepeth at my moaning,
Moaning the woes, that to complain provoke me.
Provoke me now no more; but hear my groaning!
Groaning both day and night, doth tear my heart:
My heart doth know the cause, and triumphs in the smart.

SONNET XVII.

SWEET stroke! (so might I thrive as I must praise)
But sweeter hand that gives so sweet a stroke!
The Lute itself is sweetest when she plays.
But what hear I? A string, through fear, is broke!
The Lute doth shake as if it were afraid.
O, sure, some goddess holds it in her hand!
A Heavenly Power that oft hath me dismayed,
Yet such a power as doth in beauty stand!
Cease Lute! my ceaseless suit will ne'er be heard!
(Ah, too hard-hearted She that will not hear it!)
If I but think on joy, my joy is marred!
My grief is great, yet ever must I bear it!
But love twixt us, will prove a faithful page;
And she will love my sorrows to assuage!

SONNET XVIII.

O, She must love my sorrows to assuage.
O God! what joy felt I when She did smile!
Whom killing grief before did cause to rage.
(Beauty is able Sorrow to beguile)
Out, traitor Absence! thou dost hinder me!
And mak'st my Mistress often to forget,
Causing me to rail upon her cruelty,
Whilst thou my suit injuriously dost let!
Again, her Presence doth astonish me,
And strikes me dumb, as if my Sense were gone
Oh! is not this a strange perplexity?
In presence, dumb! she hears not absent moan!
Thus absent, presence; present, absence maketh:
That, hearing my poor suit, she it mistaketh!

SONNET XIX.

My pain paints out my love in doleful Verse.
(The lively Glass wherein she may behold it!)
My Verse her wrong to me doth still rehearse,
But so, as it lamenteth to unfold it.
Myself with ceaseless tears my harms bewail,
And her obdurate heart not to be moved.
Though long-continued woes my senses fail,
And curse the day, the hour when first I loved.
She takes the Glass, wherein herself She sees,
In bloody colours cruelly depainted;
And her poor prisoner humbly on his knees,
Pleading for grace, with heart that never fainted
She breaks the Glass! alas, I cannot choose!
But grieve that I should so, my labour lose.

SONNET XX.

GREAT is the joy that no tongue can express!
Fair babe, new born, how much dost thou delight me!
But what, is mine so great? Yea, no whit less!
So great, that of all woes it doth acquite me.
It's fair FIDESSA that this comfort bringeth,
Who sorry for the wrongs, by her procured,
Delightful tunes of love, of true love singeth;
Wherewith her too chaste thoughts were ne'er inured.
"She loves," she saith, "but with a love not blind."
Her love is counsel that I should not love;
But upon virtues, fix a stayed mind.
But what! This new-coined love, love doth reprove!
If this be love of which you make such store;
Sweet! love me less, that you may love me more!

SONNET XXI.

HE THAT will CÆSAR be, or else not be,
(Who can aspire to CÆSAR'S bleeding fame!)
Must be of high resolve; but what is he
That thinks to gain a second CÆSAR'S name?
Whoe'er he be that climbs above his strength,
And climbeth high; the greater is his fall!
For though he sit awhile, we see at length,
His slippery place no firmness hath at all!
Great is his bruise that falleth from on high.
This warneth me that I should not aspire;
Examples should prevail! I care not, I!
I perish must, or have what I desire!
This humour doth with mine full well agree.
I must FIDESSA'S be, or else not be!

SONNET XXII.

IT WAS of love, ungentle gentle boy!
That thou didst come and harbour in my breast;
Not of intent my body to destroy,
And have my soul, with restless cares opprest.
But sith thy love doth turn unto my pain,
Return to Greece, sweet lad! where thou wast born.
Leave me alone my griefs to entertain!
If thou forsake me, I am less forlorn;
Although alone, yet shall I find more ease.
Then see thou hie thee hence, or I will chase thee!
Men highly wronged, care not to displease!
My fortune hangs on thee! Thou dost disgrace me!
Yet, at thy farewell, play a friendly part;
To make amends, fly to FIDESSA's heart!

SONNET XXIII.

FLY to her heart! Hover about her heart!
With dainty kisses, mollify her heart!
Pierce with thy arrows, her obdurate heart!
With sweet allurements ever move her heart!
At midday and at midnight, touch her heart!
Be lurking closely, nestle about her heart!
With power (thou art a god!) command her heart!
Kindle thy coals of love about her heart!
Yea, even into thyself, transform her heart!
Ah, she must love! Be sure thou have her heart!
And I must die, if thou have not her heart!
Thy bed (if thou rest well) must be her heart!
He hath the best part sure, that hath her heart,
What have I not? if I have but her heart!

SONNET XXIV.

STRIVING is past! Ah, I must sink and drown,
And that in sight of long descrièd shore!
I cannot send for aid unto the town!
All help is vain, and I must die therefore.
Then poor distressèd caitiff, be resolved
To leave this earthly dwelling fraught with care!
Cease will, thy woes! Thy corpse in earth involved,
Thou diest for her that will no help prepare.
O see, my case, herself doth now behold!
The casement open is! She seems to speak!
But She is gone! O then I dare be bold
And needs must say, "She caused my heart to break!"
I die before I drown, O heavy case!
It was because I saw my Mistress's face.

SONNET XXV.

COMPARE me to PYGMALION with his Image 'sotted!
For (as was he) even so, am I deceived.
The shadow only is to me allotted,
The substance hath of substance me bereaved.
Then poor and helpless, must I wander still
In deep laments to pass succeeding days,
Welt'ring in woes, that poor and mighty kill.
O who is mighty, that so soon decays!
The dread Almighty hath appointed so,
The final period of all worldly things.
Then as in time they come, so must they go.
(Death common is to beggars and to kings)
For whither do I run beside my text?
I run to death, for death must be the next!

SONNET XXVI.

THE silly bird that hastes unto the net,
And flutters to and fro till she be taken,
Doth look some food or succour there to get,
But loseth life: so much is she mistaken!
The foolish fly that fleeth to the flame
With ceaseless hovering, and with restless flight,
Is burnèd straight to ashes in the same,
And finds her death, where was her most delight.
The proud aspiring boy, that needs would pry
Into the secrets of the highest seat,
Had some conceit to gain content thereby,
Or else his folly, sure, was wondrous great.
These did through folly perish all and die:
And, though I know it! even so do I!

SONNET XXVII.

POOR worm, poor silly worm, alas, poor beast!
Fear makes thee hide thy head within the ground,
Because of creeping things thou art the least;
Yet every foot gives thee thy mortal wound.
But I, thy fellow worm, am in worse state;
For thou thy sun enjoyest, but I want mine!
I live in irksome night, O cruel fate!
My sun will never rise, nor ever shine.
Thus blind of light, mine eyes misguide my feet,
And baleful darkness makes me still afraid;
Men mock me when I stumble in the street,
And wonder how my young sight so decayed.
Yet do I joy in this, even when I fall,
That I shall see again, and then see all!

SONNET XXVIII.

WELL may my soul, immortal and divine,
That is imprisoned in a lump of clay,
Breathe out laments until this body pine.
That from her takes her pleasures all away.
Pine then, thou loathèd prison of my life!
Untoward subject of the least aggrievance!
O let me die! Mortality is rife!
Death comes by wounds, by sickness, care, and chance.
O earth, the time will come when I'll resume thee,
And in thy bosom make my resting-place;
Then do not unto hardest sentence doom me!
Yield, yield betimes! I must, and will have grace!
"Richly shalt thou be entombed! since for thy grave,
FIDESSA, fair FIDESSA! thou shalt have!"

SONNET XXIX.

EARTH! take this earth wherein my spirits languish!
Spirits, leave this earth that doth in griefs retain!
Griefs, chase this earth, that it may fade with anguish!
Spirits, avoid these furies which do pain you!
O leave your loathsome prison! Freedom, gain you!
Your essence is divine! Great is your power!
And yet you moan your wrongs and sore complain you,
Hoping for joy, which fadeth every hour!
O Spirits, your prison loathe, and freedom gain you!
The Destinies, in deep laments, have shut you,
Of mortal hate! because they do disdain you!
And yet of joy that they in prison put you.
Earth, take this earth with thee to be enclosed!
Life is to me, and I to it, opposed!

SONNET XXX.

WEEP now no more, mine eyes; but be you drowned
In your own tears, so many years distilled!
And let her know, that at them long hath frowned,
That you can weep no more, although She willed,
This hap, her cruelty hath her allotten,
Who whilom was Commandress of each part;
That, now, her proper griefs must be forgotten,
By those true outward signs of inward smart.
For how can he, that hath not one tear left him,
Stream out those floods that're due unto her moaning;
When, both of eyes and tears She hath bereft him?
O yet I'll signify my grief with groaning!
True sighs, true groans shall echo in the air
And say, "FIDESSA, though most cruel, is most fair!"

SONNET XXXI.

TONGUE, never cease to sing FIDESSA's praise!
Heart, however she deserve, conceive the best!
Eyes, stand amazed to see her beauty's rays!
Lips, steal one kiss, and be for ever blest!
Hands, touch that hand wherein your life is closed!
Breast, lock up fast in thee thy life's sole treasure!
Arms, still embrace, and never be disclosed!
Feet, run to her, without, or pace, or measure!
Tongue, heart, eyes, lips, hands, breast, arms, feet,
Consent to do true homage to your Queen!
Lovely, fair, gentle, wise, virtuous, sober, sweet!
Whose like shall never be, hath never been!
O that I were all tongue, her praise to shew;
Then surely my poor heart were freed from woe!

SONNET XXXII.

SORE sick of late, Nature her due would have,
Great was my pain where still my mind did rest;
No hope but heaven! no comfort but my grave,
Which is of comforts both the last and least!
But on a sudden, th'Almighty sent
Sweet ease to the distressed and comfortless,
And gave me longer time for to repent;
With health and strength, the foes of feebleness.
Yet I my health no sooner 'gan recover,
But my old thoughts, though full of cares, retained,
Made me, as erst, become a wretched lover
Of her, that Love and lovers aye disdained.
Then was my pain, with ease of pain increased,
And I ne'er sick until my sickness ceased.

SONNET XXXIII.

HE that would fain FIDESSA's image see,
My face, of force, may be his looking-glass!
There is she portrayed, and her cruelty!
Which as a wonder, through the world must pass.
But were I dead, she would not be betrayed.
It's I, that 'gainst my will, shall make it known!
Her cruelty by me, must be bewrayed:
Or I must hide my head, and live alone.
I'll pluck my silver hairs from out my head,
And wash away the wrinkles of my face!
Closely immured I'll live, as I were dead,
Before She suffer but the least disgrace!
How can I hide that is already known?
I have been seen, and have no face but one!

SONNET XXXIV.

FIE, Pleasure! fie! Thou cloy'st me with delight;
Sweet thoughts, you kill me, if you lower stray!
O many be the joys of one short night!
Tush, fancies never can Desire allay!
Happy, unhappy thoughts! I think, and have not.
Pleasure, O pleasing plain! Shews nought avail me!
Mine own conceit doth glad me, more I crave not!
Yet wanting substance, woe doth still assail me.
"Babies do children please! and shadows, fools!"
"Shews have deceived the wisest, many a time!"
"Ever to want our wish, our courage cools!"
"The ladder broken, 'tis in vain to climb."
But I must wish, and crave, and seek, and climb;
It's hard, if I obtain not grace in time!

SONNET XXXV

HAVE not spent the April of my time,
The Swelt of Youth in plotting in the air!
But do, at first adventure, seek to climb,
Whilst flowers of blooming years are green and fair.
I am no leaving of all-withering Age.
I have not suffered many winter lours.
I feel no storm, unless my Love do rage.
And then, in grief I spend both days and hours.
This yet doth comfort that my flower lasted
Until it did approach my sun too near:
And then, alas, untimely was it blasted,
So soon as once thy beauty did appear!
But after all, my comfort rests in this,
That, for thy sake! my Youth decayed is.

SONNET XXXVI.



LET my heart, my body, and my tongue
Bleed forth the lively streams of faith unfeigned!
Worship my saint, the gods and saints among!
Praise and extol her fair, that me hath pained!
O let the smoke of my suppressed Desire,
Raked up in ashes of my burning breast,
Break out at length, and to the clouds aspire,
Urging the heavens t'afford me rest!
But let my body naturally descend
Into the bowels of our common mother!
And to the very centre let it wend,
When it no lower can, her griefs to smother!
And yet when I so low do buried lie;
Then shall my love ascend unto the sky!

SONNET XXXVII.



AIR is my love that feeds among the lilies,
The lilies growing in that pleasant garden
Where Cupid's Mount, that well beloved hill is,
And where that little god, himself is Warden.
See where my Love sits in the beds of spices!
Beset all round with camphor, myrrh, and roses
And interlaced with curious devices
Which, her from all the world apart incloses.
There, doth she tune her Lute for her delight!
And with sweet music makes the ground to move;
Whilst I, poor I, do sit in heavy plight,
Wailing alone my unrespected love.
Not daring rush into so rare a place,
That gives to her, and she to it, a grace.

SONNET XXXVIII.

WAs never eye did see my Mistress's face,
Was never ear did hear FIDESSA's tongue,
Was never mind that once did mind her grace,
That ever thought the travail to be long!
"When her I see, no creature I behold."
So plainly say, these Advocates of Love,
That now do fear, and now to speak are bold;
Trembling apace, when they resolve to prove.
These strange effects do show a hidden power,
A majesty, all base attempts reproving;
That glads or daunts as she doth laugh or lower;
Surely some goddess harbours in their moving!
Who thus my Muse from base attempts hath raised,
Whom thus my Muse beyond compare hath praised.

SONNET XXXIX.

MY LADY's hair is threads of beaten gold.
Her front, the purest, crystal eye hath seen.
Her eyes, the brightest stars the heavens hold.
Her cheeks, red roses, such as seld have been.
Her pretty lips, of red vermillion die.
Her hand, of ivory the purest white.
Her blush, AURORA or the morning sky.
Her breast displays two silver fountains bright.
The spheres, her voice; her grace, the Graces three.
Her body is the saint that I adore.
Her smiles and favours, sweet as honey be.
Her feet, fair THETIS praiseth evermore.
But ah, the worst and last is yet behind:
For of a griffon she doth bear the mind!

SONNET XL.

INJURIOUS Fates! to rob me of my bliss,
And dispossess my heart of all his hope:
You ought, with just revenge, to punish miss,
For unto you the hearts of men are ope.
Injurious Fates! that hardened have her heart,
Yet make her face to send out pleasing smiles:
And both are done, but to increase my smart,
And entertain my love with falsèd wiles.
Yet being, when She smiles, surprised with joy,
I fain would languish in so sweet a pain!
Beseeching death, my body to destroy;
Lest, on the sudden, She should frown again.
When men do wish for death, Fates have no force:
But they, when men would live, have no remorse.

SONNET XLI.

THE prison I am in is thy fair face!
Wherein my liberty enchainèd lies;
My thoughts, the bolts that hold me in the place;
My food, the pleasing looks of thy fair eyes!
Deep is the prison where I lie enclosed,
Strong are the bolts that in this cell contain me.
Sharp is the food necessity imposed,
When hunger makes me feed on that which pains me.
Yet do I love, embrace, and follow fast,
That holds, that keeps, that discontents me most:
And list not break, unlock, or seek to waste
The place, the bolts, the food (though I be lost!),
Better in prison ever to remain;
Than, being out, to suffer greater pain.

SONNET XLII.

WHEN never-speaking silence proves a wonder;
When ever-flying flame at home remaineth;
When all-concealing night keeps darkness under;
When men-devouring wrong true glory gaineth;
When soul-tormenting grief agrees with joy;
When LUCIFER foreruns the baleful night;
When VENUS doth forsake her little boy;
When her untoward boy obtaineth sight;
When SYSIPHUS doth cease to roll his stone;
When OTHES shaketh off his heavy chain;
When Beauty, Queen of Pleasure is alone;
When Love and Virtue, quiet peace disdain:
When these shall be, and I not be;
Then will FIDESSA pity me;

SONNET XLIII.

TELL me of love, Sweet LOVE, who is thy sire?
Or if thou mortal or immortal be?
Some say "Thou art begotten by Desire!
Nourished with Hope! and fed with Fantasy!
Engendered by a heavenly Goddess's eye,
Lurking most sweetly in an angel's face."
Others that "Beauty, thee doth deify!"
(O sovereign Beauty, full of power and grace!)
But I must be absurd all this denying,
Because the fairest Fair alive ne'er knew thee.
Now, CUPID! comes thy godhead to the trying!
'Twas She alone (such is her power!) that slew me!
She shall be LOVE, and thou a foolish boy!
Whose virtue proves thy power is but a toy.

SONNET XLIV.

NO CHOICE of change can ever change my mind!
Choiceless my choice, the choicest choice alive:
Wonder of women, were She not unkind:
The pitiless of pity to deprive.
Yet She, the kindest creature of her kind,
Accuseth me of self-ingratitude:
And well She may! Sith, by good proof I find
Myself had died, had She not helpful stood.
For when my sickness had the upper hand,
And death began to show his awful face;
She took great pains, my pains for to withstand;
And eased my heart that was in heavy case.
But cruel now, she scorneth what it craveth:
Unkind in kindness, murdering while she saveth!

SONNET XLV.

MINE eye bewrays the secrets of my heart,
My heart unfolds his grief before her face:
Her face (bewitching pleasure of my smart!)
Deigns not one look of mercy and of grace.
My guilty eye of murder and of treason,
(Friendly conspirator of my decay,
Dumb eloquence, the lover's strongest reason!)
Doth weep itself for anger quite away;
And chooseth rather not to be, than be
Disloyal, by too well discharging duty:
And being out, joys it no more can see
The sugared charms of all deceiving Beauty,
But (for the other greedily doth eye it),
I pray you, tell me, What do I get by it?

SONNET XLVI.

SO soon as peeping LUCIFER, AURORA's star,
The sky with golden periwigs doth spangle;
So soon as PHŒBUS gives us light from far,
So soon as fowler doth the bird entangle;
Soon as the watchful bird, Clock of the Morn!
Gives intimation of the Day's appearing;
Soon as the jolly hunter winds his horn,
His speech and voice with custom's echo clearing;
Soon as the hungry lion seeks his prey
In solitary range of pathless mountains;
Soon as the passenger sets on his way,
So soon as beasts resort unto the fountains;
So soon mine eyes their office are discharging;
And I, my griefs, with greater griefs enlarging!

SONNET XLVII.

I SEE, I hear, I feel, I know, I rue
My fate, my fame, my pain, my loss, my fall;
Mishap, reproach, disdain, a crown, her hue;
Cruel, still flying, false, fair, funeral
To cross, to shame, bewitch, deceive, and kill
My first proceedings in their flowing bloom.
My worthless pen fast chainèd to my will,
My erring life through an uncertain doom,
My thoughts that yet in lowliness do mount,
My heart the subject of her tyranny:
What now remains, but her severe account
Of murder's crying guilt (foul butchery!)
She was unhappy in her cradle breath;
That given was, to be another's death.

SONNET XLVIII.

"MURDER! O murder!" I can cry no longer.
"Murder! O murder!" Is there none to aid me?
Life feeble is in force, Death is much stronger.
Then let me die that shame may not upbraid me,
Nothing is left me now, but shame or death!
I fear She feareth not foul murder's guilt!
Nor do I fear to lose a servile breath.
I know my blood was given to be spilt,
What is this life, but maze of countless strays?
The enemy of true felicity!
Fitly compared to dreams! to flowers! to plays!
O life! no life to me, but misery!
Of shame or death (if thou must one?),
Make choice of death! and both are gone.

SONNET XLIX.

MY CRUEL fortunes, clouded with a frown,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night;
My climbing thoughts are basely haulèd down!
My best devices prove but after-sight.
Poor outcast of the world's exilèd room,
I live in wilderness of deep lament:
No hope reserved me, but a hopeless tomb,
When fruitless life and fruitful woes are spent,
Shall PHŒBUS hinder little stars to shine,
Or lofty cedar, mushrooms leave to grow?
Sure, mighty men at little ones repine,
The rich is to the poor a common foe.
FIDESSA, seeing how the world doth go,
Joineth with Fortune, in my overthrow.

SONNET L.

WHEN I the hooks of pleasure first devoured,
Which undigested, threaten now to choke me;
Fortune on me, her golden graces showered:
O then Delight did to delight provoke me!
Delight, false instrument of my decay!
Delight, the nothing that doth all things move;
Made me first wander from the perfect way,
And fast entangled me in the snares of love.
Then my unhappy happiness, at first, began,
Happy in that I loved the fairest Fair;
Unhappily despised, a hapless man:
Thus Joy did triumph! Triumph did despair!
My conquest is, which shall the conquest gain?
FIDESSA, author both of joy and pain!

SONNET LI.

WORK! work apace, you blessed Sisters three!
In restless twining of my fatal thread.
O let your nimble hands at once agree,
To weave it out, and cut it off with speed!
Then shall my vexèd and tormented ghost
Have quiet passage to the Elysian rest!
And sweetly over Death and Fortune boast,
In everlasting triumphs with the blest!
But, ah, (too well I know!) you have conspired
A lingering death for him that loatheth life;
As if with woes he never could be tired.
For this, you hide your all-dividing knife.
One comfort yet, the heavens have assigned me;
That I must die, and leave my griefs behind me.

SONNET LII.

IT is some comfort to the wrongèd man,
The wronger, of injustice to upbraid.
Justly myself, herein I comfort can,
And justly call her "An ungrateful maid!"
Thus am I pleased to rid myself of crime,
And stop the mouth of all-reporting fame;
Counting my greatest cross, the loss of time,
And all my private grief, her public shame.
Ah, (but to speak the truth) hence are my cares,
And in this comfort, all discomfort resteth;
My harms I cause (her scandal) unawares,
Thus love procures the thing that love detesteth.
For he that views the glasses of my smart
Must needs report "She hath a flinty heart!"

SONNET LIII.

WAS a King of sweet Content at least;
But now from out my Kingdom banished!
I was chief guest at fair Dame Pleasure's feast;
But now I am for want of succour famished!
I was a saint, and heaven was my rest;
But now cast down into the lowest hell!
Vile caitiffs may not live among the blest!
Nor blessed men, amongst cursed caitiffs dwell!
Thus am I made an exile, of a King.
Thus choice of meats, to want of food is changed.
Thus heaven's loss doth hellish torments bring.
Self crosses make me from myself estranged.
Yet am I still the same, but made another!
Then not the same! Alas, I am no other!

SONNET LIV.

IF GREAT APOLLO offered as a dower,
His burning throne to Beauty's excellence;
If JOVE himself came in a golden shower,
Down to the earth, to fetch fair Io thence;
If VENUS, in the curlèd locks was tied
Of proud ADONIS, not of gentle kind;
If TELLUS, for a shepherd's favour died,
(The favour cruel Love to her assigned);
If Heaven's-winged herald HERMES had
His heart enchanted with a country maid;
If poor PYGMALION was for beauty mad:
If gods and men have all for beauty strayed:
I am not then ashamed to be included
'Mongst those that love, and be with love deluded.

SONNET LV.

O, No, I dare not! O, I may not speak!
Yes, yes, I dare! I can! I must! I will!
Then heart, pour forth thy plaints, and do not break!
Let never Fancy, manly courage kill!
Intreat her mildly! (words have pleasing charms,
Of force to move the most obdurate heart)
To take relenting pity of my harms.
And with unfeigned tears to wail my smart!
Is She a stock, a block, a stone, a flint?
Hath She, nor ears to hear, nor eyes to see?
If so, my cries, my prayers, my tears shall stint!
Lord! how can lovers so bewitchèd be!
I took her to be Beauty's Queen alone;
But now, I see She is a senseless stone!

SONNET LVI.

IS TRUST betrayed? Doth Kindness grow unkind?
Can Beauty, both at once, give life and kill?
Shall Fortune alter the most constant mind?
Will Reason yield unto rebelling will?
Doth Fancy purchase praise, and Virtue, shame?
May shew of Goodness lurk in treachery?
Hath Truth unto herself procured blame?
Must sacred Muses suffer misery?
Are women woe to men, traps for their falls?
Differ their words, their deeds; their looks, their lives?
Have lovers ever been their tennis balls?
Be husbands fearful of the chastest wives?
All men do these affirm; and so must I!
Unless FIDESSA give to me the lie.

SONNET LVII.

THREE playfellows (such Three were never seen
In VENUS's Court!) upon a summer's day,
Met altogether on a pleasant green,
Intending at some pretty game to play.
They DIAN, CUPID, and FIDESSA were.
Their wager, Beauty, bow, and Cruelty;
The conqueress the stakes away did bear,
Whose fortune then was it to win all three?
FIDESSA! which doth these, as weapons use,
To make the greatest heart, her will obey:
And yet the most obedient to refuse
As having power, poor lovers to betray.
With these, She wounds, She heals, gives life and death:
More power hath none, that lives by mortal breath!

SONNET LVIII.



BEAUTY! Siren! kept with CIRCE's rod!
The faintest good in seem, but foulest ill!
The sweetest plague ordained for man by GOD!
The pleasing subject of presumptuous will!
Th'alluring object of unstayed eyes!
Friended of all, but unto all a foe!
The dearest thing that any creature buys!
And vainest too (It serves but for a shoe)!
In seem, a heaven; and yet from bliss exiling!
Paying, for truest service, nought but pain!
Young men's undoing! Young and old beguiling!
Man's greatest loss, though thought his greatest gain!
True, that all this, with pain enough I prove;
And yet most true, I will FIDESSA love!

SONNET LIX.



O I, UNTO a cruel tiger play;
That preys on me, as wolf upon the lambs?
(Who fear the danger, both of night and day,
And run for succour to their tender dams)
Yet will I pray (though She be ever cruel!)
On bended knee, and with submissive heart!
She is the fire, and I must be the fuel.
She must inflict, and I endure the smart.
She must, She shall be mistress of her will;
And I, poor I, obedient to the same:
As fit to suffer death, as She to kill;
As ready to be blamed, as She to blame.
And for I am the subject of her ire,
All men shall know thereby my love entire.

SONNET LX.



LET me sigh, weep, wail, and cry no more;
Or let me sigh, weep, wail, cry more and more!
Yea, let me sigh, weep, wail, cry evermore;
For She doth pity my complaints no more
Than cruel Pagan or the savage Moor:
But still doth add unto my torments more;
Which grievous are to me by so much more
As She inflicts them, and doth wish them more.
O let thy mercy, Merciless! be never more!
So shall sweet death to me be welcome, more
Than is to hungry beasts the grassy moor,
As She that to affliction, adds yet more,
Becomes more cruel by still adding more!
Weary am I to speak of this word "more";
Yet never weary She, to plague me more!

SONNET LXI.



IDESSA's worth in time begetteth praise,
Time, praise; Praise, fame; Fame, wonderment,
Wonder, fame, praise, time, her worth do raise
To highest pitch of dread astonishment.
Yet Time in time, her hardened heart bewrayeth:
And Praise itself, her cruelty dispraiseth.
So that through Praise, alas, her praise decayeth:
And that which makes it fall, her honour raiseth
Most strange! yet true. So wonder wonder still,
And follow fast the wonder of these days!
For well I know (all wonder to fulfil)
Her will at length unto my will obeys:
Meantime, let others praise her constancy!
And me attend upon her clemency!

SONNET LXII.

MOST true that I must fair FIDESSA love.
Most true that I fair FIDESSA cannot love.
Most true that I do feel the pains of love.
Most true that I am captive unto love.
Most true that I deluded am with love.
Most true that I do find the sleights of love.
Most true that nothing can procure her love.
Most true that I must perish in my love.
Most true that She contemns the God of love.
Most true that he is snarèd with her love.
Most true that She would have me cease to love.
Most true that She herself alone is Love.
Most true that though She hated, I would love!
Most true that dearest life shall end with love.

B. GRIFFIN.

FINIS.

[1] *Talis apud tales, talis sub tempore tali:*
Subque meo tali judice, talis ero.

KING JAMES
his entertainment at Theobalds

With his welcome to London,
together with a salutatory
Poem.

By JOHN SAVILE.

Dicito Iö pæan: et Iö his dicito pæan.



LONDON:
Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM, and are to be sold
at the house of T. ESTE.
1603.

[This and the following tract contain some very indifferent Verse ; but also many Eye-Witness observations of the Advent of JAMES I. into England.]

To the right worshipful Master GEORGE SAVILE, son and heir to Sir GEORGE SAVILE knight, his most approved kind patron; health, honour, and happiness.



FFSPRING of Gentry, sprig for Honour drest,
'Tis half your loss (O hell!) but all my blame,
In proper words your worth should not b'exprest.
Let it suffice that I adore your name!
Then pardon what is wanting! I will owe it;
And as I'm able, I will pay, I vow it!

Meanwhile, accept this Poem to our King!
Peruse it at your leisure, half or all!
Your Worship's worth, our Muse shall shortly sing;
Though in true Poesy, her skill 's but small:
Howe'er it be, accept her pure goodwill!
She rests at your command, in all save Ill.
Your Worship's
Ever ready at command in all duty.

JOHN SAVILE.

King JAMES his entertainment at Theobalds; with his welcome to London.

COURTEOUS Reader! for the better understanding of this description following, especially [those] to whom the situation of the place is either less known or not at all: they are therefore to note that Theobalds (whither the King's Majesty came on Tuesday, being the 3rd of May, accompanied with his whole train) is a princely manor belonging to the Right Honourable Sir ROBERT CECIL, Principal Secretary to His Majesty, and one of His Highness's Privy Council, seated in the county of Essex [*or rather Hertfordshire, near Cheshunt*], twelve miles distant from London, directly by north, near to an ancient town called Walton [*Waltham*] Cross.

This house is not placed adjoining to the highwayside, as many sumptuous buildings are in that country and thereabouts (and especially between that place and London), the most part whereof belong to the city merchants: but it hath a most stately Walk from the common streetway, whereby passengers travel up to the palace, by the space of one furlong in length, beset about, either side, with young elm and ash trees confusedly mixed one for another, from the highway to the first court belonging to the house; containing in breadth three rods (which amount to some fifteen yards),

in fashion made like a high ridgeland, or the middle street-way without Bishopsgate.

His Majesty having dined upon that same day, with Sir HENRY COCKS at Broxbourne, four miles distant from Theobalds, about half an hour after one a clock in the afternoon, His Highness proceeded forward towards Theobalds. He was accompanied by Sir EDWARD DENNY, then Sheriff of Essex [? *Hertfordshire*], who had 150 followers in parti-coloured hats, red and yellow bands, round rolled, with a feather in every one of them of the same colour; besides two trumpeters: all which were in blue coats, and gallantly mounted. There did accompany His Majesty from Broxbourne, many of the nobility of England and Scotland.

As His Highness was espied coming towards Theobalds, for very joy many ran from their carts, leaving their team of horse[s] to their own unreasonable direction.

After his nigh approach unto Theobalds, the concourse of people was so frequent, every one desiring a sight of him, that it were incredible to tell of. And it was wonderful to see the infinite number of horsemen and footmen that went from the city of London that day, thitherwards; and likewise from the counties of Kent, Surrey, Essex, and Middlesex, besides many other countries.

There were in my company two others. After I had put it into their minds, what infinite numbers of horse and foot passed by us, after our breakfast at Edmonton, at the sign of the *Bell*, we took occasion to note how many would come down in the next hour. So coming up into a chamber next the street, where we might best both see and likewise take notice of all passengers; we called for an hourglass, and after we had disposed of ourselves as to who should take the number of the horse [*riders*], and who the foot [*walkers*], we turned the hourglass; but before it was half run out, we could not possibly truly number them, they came so exceedingly fast. There we broke off, and made our account of 309 horse, and 137 footmen; which course continued that day, from four a clock in the morning till three a clock [in the] afternoon; and the day before also, as the host of the house told us, without intermission. Now whether every equal space [of time] did equal the number of this I cannot justly say; therefore I forbear to set it down.

When we were come to Theobalds, we understood His Majesty to be within the compass of three quarters of a mile from the house. At which tidings, we divided ourselves into three parts, each one taking a place of special note, to see what memorable accidents might happen within his compass; one standing at the upper end of the Walk, the second at the upper end of the first court, the third [*i.e.*, *J. SAVILE himself*] at the second court's door; and we made choice of a gentleman of good sort to stand in the court that leads into the hall, to take notice what was said or done by His Highness to the nobility of our land, or said or done by them to His Majesty, and to let us understand of it. All which accidents, as they happened in their several places, you shall hear in as few words as may be.

Thus then for His Majesty's coming up the Walk. There came before His Majesty some of the nobility, some Barons, Knights, Esquires, Gentlemen, and others; amongst whom was the Sheriff of Essex [? *Hertfordshire*] and most of his men, the trumpets sounding next before His Highness, sometimes one, sometimes another; His Majesty not riding continually betwixt the same two [noblemen], but sometimes [with] one, sometimes [with] another, as seemed best to His Highness; the whole nobility of our land and Scotland round about him, observing no place of superiority, but all bare-headed; all of whom alighted from their horses at their entrance to the first court, save only His Majesty, who alone rode along still, with four noblemen laying their hands upon his steed, two before and two behind. In this manner he came till he was come to the court's door where I, myself, stood, where he alighted from his horse; from which he had not gone ten princely paces but there was delivered to him a petition by a young gentleman; His Majesty returning his gracious answer, that "He should be heard, and have justice."

At the entrance to that court stood many noblemen; among whom was Sir ROBERT CECIL, who there meeting His Majesty, conducted him into his house; all which was practised with as great applause of the people as could be, hearty prayer and throwing up of hats.

His Majesty had not stayed above an hour in his chamber, but hearing of the multitude thronging so fast into the upper-

most court to see His Highness, as His Grace was informed; he shewed himself openly, out of his chamber window, by the space of half an hour together. After which time, he went into the labyrinth-like garden to walk; where he recreated himself in the meanders, compact of bays, rosemary, and the like overshadowing his walk, to defend him from the heat of the sun, till supper time. At which, there was such plenty of provision for all sorts of men in their due place, as struck me with admiration [*astonishment*].

And first, to begin with the ragged regiment, and such as were debarred the privilege of any Court, these were so sufficiently rewarded with beef, veal, mutton, bread, and beer, that they sang "holiday!" every day, and kept a continual feast. As for poor, maimed, and distressed soldiers, which repaired thither for maintenance; the wine, money, and meat, which they had in very bounteous sort, hath been a sufficient spur to cause them to blaze it abroad since their coming to London: whose thankfulness is not altogether unknown to myself, some of whom hearing that I was about to publish this small Remembrance, made means to me to give me true information of such princely exhibition, as they daily received during the time of His Majesty's abode at Theobalds.

But let us a little look back into the Mirror of Majesty, to our Sovereign's own self! who in his princely wisdom, considering the multitude of people assembled together, had that provident care over us his loving subjects, that (foreseeing that victuals would be dear, both for horse and man, had they been permitted to have been disposed of, according to the unsatiable desire of the town inhabitants) he ratified a deposition to that effect before the Clerk of the Market, for such and such victuals, meal, bread, butter, eggs, cheese, beef, mutton, veal, and the like, with lodgings and many more such necessary matters, that they should not be out of measure dear, beyond ordinary course and custom, within the verge of His Majesty's Court, so long as it continued at Theobalds. What his princely intention was in this, towards the public good of all his faithful subjects then and there assembled together, drawn merely with the bonds of love and bounden duty, may easily be gathered by the publication of the same by His Majesty's privilege: but how effectually

this was observed by all estates of people within the verge of His Majesty's Court at the said time, I refer it to the censure of them that are assured of the certainty of it.

Upon Wednesday morn, being the 4th of May [1603], His Majesty rode, very early in the morning, into Enfield Chase, accompanied with many of the nobility. His return was shorter than was expected by a great deal, by reason that the morning seemed to promise a shower, but did not perform it. I could have wished that either it had never lowered at all, so should we have enjoyed the presence of His Majesty the longer at that present, or that the middle region would have given us just cause to have railed against it, by urging His Highness's return into the house before his full recreation.

He rode the most part of the way from the Chase, between two honourable personages of our land, the Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND upon His Majesty's right hand, and the Earl of NOTTINGHAM upon his left hand.

Now one word concerning His Majesty's proceeding towards London, upon Saturday, the 7th of May; and so I will end.

For the number of people that went forth of the city of London to see His Majesty that day; doubtless they were contained in a number, but, without all doubt, were not to be numbered. I heard many grey heads speak it, that in all the meetings they had seen or heard of, they had never heard or seen the tenth man of those that were to be seen that day, betwixt Enfield and London. Every place in this space was so clogged with company, that His Highness could not pass without pausing, ofttimes willingly enforced, though more willing to have proceeded, if conveniently he could without great peril to his beloved people.

After our return to our houses, in our recreating prattle, a gentleman then sojourning in my house, one Master TH[OMAS] PA: a man upon my own knowledge of sufficient wealth; yet he would have been content to have exchanged his state so he might but have had actually, for every reasonable creature there was there that day, a bee; and a hive to put them in. Another, more reasonable than he, would ask for no more living, than for every one, a pin; which (according to an arithmetical proportion and by the judgement of two or

three martial men (who had seen great companies together), as near as they could guess by their seeming show, would have amounted to 150 lbs., receiving but of every one a pin.

His Majesty coming to Stamford Hill, there was an oration made unto His Highness; the effect of which I could not truly learn: and hear it, I could not, by reason of the crowd. For even there, being three miles from London, the people were so throng, that a carman let his cart for eight groats [2*s.* 8*d.*] to eight persons, whose abode in it was not above one quarter of an hour.

From Stamford Hill to London, was a train [*hunt*] made with a tame deer, with such turnings and doubles that the hounds could not take it faster than His Majesty proceeded; yet still by the industry of the huntsman and the subtilty of him that made the train in a full mouthed cry all the way, it was never further distant than one close [*field*] from the highway whereby His Highness rode, and for the most part directly against His Majesty; who, together with the whole company, had the lee wind from the hounds; to the end they might the better perceive and judge of the uniformity of the cry.

After His Majesty had come from Kingsland, there was a division amongst the people, which way His Highness would take when he came at Islington; but, in fine, he came the higher way, by the west end of the church; which street hath ever since, and I guess ever will be called King's Street by the inhabitants of the same.

When His Highness had passed Islington, and another place called New Rents, and entered into a close called Wood's Close by a way, cut of purpose, through a bank, for His Majesty's more convenient passage into the Charterhouse garden; the people that were there assembled, I can compare to nothing more conveniently than to imagine every grass to have been metamorphosed into a man in a moment, the multitude was so marvellous. Amongst whom were the children of the Hospital [*the Bluecoat School, see Vol.* IV. *p.* 240] singing, orderly placed for His Majesty's coming along through them; but all displaced by reason of the rudeness of such a multitude.

After His Majesty was come among the press of the people, the shouts and clamours were so great that one

could scarce hear another speak; and, though there was hope to find what was lost especially by the loser, notwithstanding, in token of excessive joy inwardly conceived in the heart, many threw up their caps.

Now, at last, he is entered into the garden; from which time, till his going to the Tower, mine eyes were never blessed with his encounter.

Now he is amongst us, GOD long preserve him over us! whose presence makes old men say, *Satis se vixisse se viso.*

FINIS.



A salutatory Poem to the Majesty of King JAMES.

HAIL, mortal god! England's true joy! great King
All hail! Thy coming forceth my Muse to sing!
Too forward, so untutored in these lays,
Unfit to blazon Kings' befitting praise,
Yet ne'ertheless I'm forced perforce to write:
Some Fury doth my head, my hand incite.
Antiquity hath taught, next that day
That English hearts first for your state did pray,
The angel GABRIEL, from JEHOVAH sent,
Told to the creature, what her Maker meant.
How She, a maiden-wife, should bear a son,
Mankind's sole Saviour when we were undone.
This blessed Eve of th'blest Annunciation
Was first day of your Highness's proclamation.
What hopes, what haps this proclamation brings
Is cause efficient why our Muses sing.
Hail, full of grace! this 'gins the Salutation,
Striking the Blessed with deepest admiration;
Half daunted first, then straight no whit dismayed,
Mildly made answer, *Be't as my Lord hath said!*
Look what surpassing solace, joy without measure,
Possessed her soul for this celestial treasure,
Entombing in her womb our Saviour dear,

Deigned only worthy, man's Saving Health to bear.
The like, and more, if more or like could be,
Possessed our souls, longing so long for thee,
She blessed the author of her good, the incarnate Word,
Singing, *My soul doth magnify the Lord!*
At tidings of your proclamation we,
In hands, in hats, in hearts, did all agree.
The world hath our applause, heav'ns have our hearty praying,
Yourself, hands, hats, and hearts from you ne'er straying.
The fruit which came by the angel's *Ave!* t'all
Is easily gathered by old ADAM's fall;
The world, the flesh, the Devil, each one our foe,
By *Ave!* had their final overthrow.
The fruit we hope to reap by "GOD save the King!"
Which England's Council, unto the world did ring
'Pon that same day, 's, doubtless, beyond compare
Yourself in virtue, learning, valour rare.
GABRIEL! why stay'st? Angel! why art thou slack?
Tell me, Eternal Messenger! what holds thee back?
To take thy wings, leave demi-deity,
And bid "GOD save King JAMES his Majesty!"
Since thou 'rt create to tell thy Maker's mind,
And for no other end wert first assigned.
Old HOMER writes a silly dog would say
"Welcome" to's master κρᾶς αινόμενη;
PERSIUS hath told us, for great CÆSAR's sake,
A speechless parrot, χαῖρε to's welcome spake:
What shall our hearts devise? or hands set down?
Worthy thy great (O worthy King!) renown!
But thousands of "Welcomes!" millions of χαῖρες send;
Plaudites numberless, shouts wanting end.
Should we not this do, thankless were we then,
But oft it's seen, beasts are more kind than men.
Witness old BARDUS's ape, freed from the pit

That held a Senator and snake within it!
ADRIAN promised BARDUS half of all
His goods, to rid him from his hunting fall.
Poor man, untied his truss, let down his rope;
To pull out ADRIAN first was all his hope.
The ape espying it, out of the prison burst,
Clipping the line in 's arms, was hauled up first.
BARDUS lets down his cord the second time,
Intending ADRIAN up thereby should climb;
When 'twas come down, near to th'imprisoning ground,
The serpent close himself about it wound.
He was released the next: whom BARDUS seeing,
Ran, all aghast, hoping t'escape by fleeing.
Lastly, the Senator, fast by it caught:
Released, ne'er thanked him for the deed he had wrought.
Th' aforesaid two, wanting Words, Reason, Art,
Did several duties to him in their heart.
In thankfulness, poor ape did give him wood;
A precious stone, for his received good
The serpent gave him. Thus we plainly see;
For good received, thankful, dumb creatures be.
Why do I instant in ungrateful man,
Sith all are pressed to do, say, show the best they can,
To entertain England's undoubted King;
JAMES, First of that name, to his own to bring?
Do not our parrots, PERSIUS! equal thine?
When one, 'mongst many, so truly could divine
Could augurize aright, foresee, foresay
A full month since, bidding "King JAMES, good day!"
Unseen of most, hearing his only name,
Tell'st in the streets, recks not her teacher's blame,
Naming him twenty times at least together,
Ceasing no longer than oiling of a feather,
'Twixt each "King JAMES," or "King," or "good," or "day;"

And oft, poor iool, she totally did pray
Withouten ceasing, utter the whole throughout
To th'admiration of the gazing rout.
I cannot deem it now gulling toy
Which VENNARD (inspired!) entitled *England's Joy*;
I rather guess he did our good divine,
Nor daring to disclose 't before full time.
Be bold! go on! Now's thy presaging plain!
King JAMES is *England's Joy*, long hoped for gain.
That it is he, who cannot easily prove!
Sith it is only he, we only love.
'Tis he that *England's Joy* did first awake,
After sad sorrowing for ELIZA's sake.
Then reck no clownish frumps! regard them nought!
Banish such fooleries from thy purer thought!
We know the fruit sprung from foreknowing pen,
"King JAMES is *England's Joy*!" Say all "Amen!"
Tokens of *England's Joy*, who list to seek
That night might find strawed in London street,
Making the night, a day; Phœbe, a sun,
This was the first sign when our *Joy* began:
Continued still t'England's eternal good,
In the happy issue of your royal blood.
Make haste to make us happy, worthy King!
Our Muse desires to write th'enthronizing
At famous Westminster, in thy Elders' Chair;
Where England's peers will yield our Crown to th'heir,
To th'heir legitimate, yourself, dread Sovereign!
Wishing your happy and victorious reign.
Besides a Trine of Kingdoms are your own
Possess them all! possessing England's crown,
France, and froward Ireland, with our English land,
Are feal subjects to your royal hand.
Besides, your sacred Self doth bring with you,

A kingdom never knit to these till now,
As CAMDEN's *Britain* tells, since BRUTUS' days;
Then let us thank our GOD! sing roundelays!
England, rejoice! "St. George for England!" shout!
For joy, 'St. Denis!" cry all France throughout!
Double our joys, O Albion! Hark, Cambrian banks!
GOD hath enriched thee with a Prince, give hearty thanks!
You that, of long, had Lords in judgement sit
Deciding causes, for your country fit.
Clap hands! sing *Iῶ*! changed is your government:
Our King's dearest son's your Prince, your President!
St. DAVID, ring! for joy, set up your leek!
Your prayer's heard, you have got you long did seek!
Brave HENRY FREDERICK, that imperial name
I guess from his nativity foretold the same.
Thrice happy in his threefold name, are you!
HENRY, bold FREDERICK, is a STEWARD true,
How well these titles, with your names agree?
You, almost all, at least possessing three;
Welcome them heartily! welcome brave Prince HENRY!
Sing carols for his sake! keep wakes! be merry!
Ireful cold Ireland, cease from thy rage at last!
To yield subjection to thy King, make haste!
Sound out "St. Patrick!" Scotland, "St. Andrew!" sing!
King JAMES is England's, Scotland's, France's, Ireland's King,
What can I add to eke our joys withal.
Sith JAMES is King of all, contained in all.
But thou hast, dear King! t'ease our expecting mind
Unstayed while your Highness stays behind,
Indeed ne'er truly stayed, till we, you greet
With *χαῖρε βασιλεύς* in London street;
Nor then indeed, till we do all resort
To see your face shining in England's Court,

And then (O but till then make haste!) your Grace shall see
Your stranger subject's faithful loyalty.
Now to return where first I did begin,
'Mongst all estates, Poets have cause to sing
King JAMES his welcome; for he doth excel
(As his *Lepantho* and his *Furies* tell)
In Poesy. All kings in Christendom,
Then welcome him (quick spirits!), blush to be dumb!
And pardon him that boldly makes this suit
Forced by some Fury, scorns to be longer mute,
Rejoice! Your patron is your country's King.
Judge! of all states, have not you cause to sing?
For shame, then, rouse your spirits! Awake, for shame!
Give CÆSAR's due! Acquit yourselves from blame!
All wish his welcome, 'mongst all sorts of men,
Save only such as are past sixty-ten:
These wayward old ones grudge to leave behind
What our succeeding Age is sure to find.
The peace, the plenty, pleasure, and such like gain
Which we are sure t'enjoy in JAMES his reign;
Wishing, Would he had lived in their youth's prime;
Or Old Age would return to ten and nine!
Were they but nineteen who have ninety seen,
They would then wish to see King JAMES and 's Queen.
And so indeed they do, the whitest heads
That lived in antique time, and prayed on beads
These holiest fathers crave no longer life
Than once to see King JAMES his Queen and wife
With hands upreared, giving JEHOVAH praise,
That length'ed their lives to see his happy days.
That these his happy days full grace may bring,
Let English hearts cry all, "GOD save our King!"

FINIS.

THE

Time Triumphant,

Declaring in brief the arrival of our Sovereign liege Lord, King JAMES, into England, His Coronation at Westminster; together with his late Royal Progress from the Tower of London through the City to His Highness's Manor of Whitehall.

Shewing also the varieties and rarities of all the sundry Trophies or Pageants, erected as well by the worthy citizens of the honourable City of London, as also by certain of other nations, namely, Italians, Dutch, and French.

With a Rehearsal of the King and Queen's late coming to the Exchange in London.

By GILBERT DUGDALE.

¶ *At LONDON. Printed by R. B.* 1604.

A dedicatory Poem to the Triumphs of our most dread and sovereign Lord, King JAMES.

HONOUR attend thy gracious Majesty!
Bliss be her partner in thy sovereignty!
Though days are yet young, old joys will hasten on;
When fearful times are dateless, dead and gone.
Thy governing hand, that never yet knew other
Than a Ruler's equal, sucked from thy fair mother.
Whose careful thoughts in thee, by GOD's command,
Hast from thy childhood, held a happy hand.
By which fair hand, GOD's grace hath led thee hither,
To plant thy peace, plenty, and grace together.
So as our Triumphs glorious be in show,
So triumph-like Joy may with Quiet go!
That both in one, and one both ways may be
A double joy in this solemnity.
So Triumph sings this Song of joy and mirth,
" King JAMES live happy! happiest on the earth!
That GOD all seeing may so bless thy land,
That seeing all, may, all thy evils withstand!
Death spurneth,
Life starteth;
By ELIZABETH.
Life returneth,
Death departeth;
By King JAMES."

The poor subject's prayer for the long preservation of the sacred persons of the King, Queen, Prince, and the rest of their most royal issue and posterity, &c.



OYAL King JAMES,
Honour of names,
England's bliss,
We, happy in this,
Pray we ever
Life fail thee never!
But flourish and be
As the bay tree,
Evermore green,
Fresh always seen!
Virtue attend thee
Till Death end thee!

We thus entreat GOD's powerful will
To guide, keep, bless, and guard thee still!
That under GOD, heavens, King and thee,
Our safe abidings still may be!

From harmful tongues
That wish thee wrongs;
From traitor's hate,

That stir debate;
From witching evils,
The gift of devils;
From hell and sin,
That some live in;
From poisoned hearts
That ever thwart;
And from all those
That are his foes:

We wish thy person may stand free,
To enjoy the sweets of Royalty!
That when this life shall yield up breath,
Then live with late Queen ELIZABETH!

Thy Queen and wife,
LORD, length her life!
That peerless ANNE,
GOD loves, and man!
A King her father,
A King her brother,
A King her mate,
A Queen her state,
Her son a Prince,
Her children since
All royal born,
Whom crowns adorn!

Never was woman so before,
But fair Queen CATHARINE, and no more.
And as in greatness, Earth doth grace her;
So GOD's great goodness in Heaven place her!

Rare HENRY young,
Of this line sprung,
Blessed be
In thy degree!
Rest wise and fair,
The royal heir!
And all the rest
Remain thus blest!
Mildly flourish!
In peace nourish!
Never decrease
Till the world cease!

Yea, all in all, all joy betide!
King, Queen, and children, Heaven's pride!
Pine all, all perish, languish, when
To this, all tongues cry not, "Amen!" "Amen!

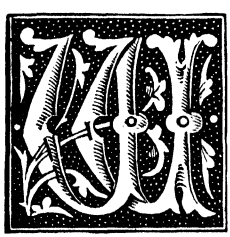
FINIS.





Triumphant,

in King JAMES *his happy coming to the Crown of England, &c.*



HAT time it pleased GOD omnipotent, to seize upon the soul of our late Sovereign Queen of famous memory, that worthy gentleman, Sir ROBERT CARY, night and day omitting no industry, brought, as I have heard it credibly reported, the first fame of the happened honour to our thrice famous and heroic King JAMES: whose haste though it unhappily threw him from his horse near his journey's end, yet it foretold the ensuing Majesty to come, and worthily entertained of one so gracious as our blessed and dread Sovereign, gave him to understand the power of the Almighty in his behalf; seating him as lawful and immediate in the English Throne, to rule Israel with a happy hand.

I shall not need to relate the good orders of the Most Honourable, grave, and wise Council of this land; the great love of the whole nobility; the affective humours of all the Court to shew their duties in that behalf; the worthy usage of the citizens of London in general, and in what excellent manner he was proclaimed, with what quiet love and government. For mine own part, I have known the city of London

many years, but I never did see the retainers, inhabitants, both young and old, of that excellent order and government; nothing of that giddy rashness, as in times before they were accustomed to be: but all in one, and one in all, most worthily received the Imperial name of King JAMES, and freely consented to his titles as *By the Grace of God, of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King; Defender of, &c.*

The day then generally known of his coming forward to the possession of the Regal Seat; let me tell you, by the way, the joy was not so great in England by the English to fetch him, as the sorrow was in Scotland of the Scots to leave him. And that which was more confounding to their joys than the rest, the parting betwixt his Queen and him in the open street, in the full eye of all his subjects, who spent tears in abundance to behold it. Here English and Scottish in one sympathy, joined first in hearty affected love; in sign whereof the floods of their eyes drawn from their kind hearts, conjoined their amity: and no doubt, they that in kindness, being possessed with one joy, can weep together: they will now, and at all times, live and die together.

But to make haste to the principal, whereof this is part. Towards England he comes.

His royal entertainment in Berwick, both of the train of England and the soldiers there I need not set down. Yet I will tell you of a wise answer of the King to a question propounded.

When he entered in the town, it rained small drops, whereby some things had hindrance which should have royalised the time: but His Grace graciously, being attended in his chamber, on the sudden, looking from his window, might see the sunshine.

One by, of no small account, began to question thus. "I muse, why the temperate season was so quickly overcast by a shower of rain; and now that rain so overthrown by this sunshine: it presages somewhat sure[ly]!"

The King smiling, "No great matter!" quoth he, "only this imagine! the first fair shew of weather, my prosperous setting forwards, by GOD's sufferance; the latter shower, the universal tears of my country to leave their King; and this sudden sunshine, the joy of England for my approach." Which undoubtedly it was so, as it appeared; for the cost,

and love pains, of his subjects (all the way from Berwick to York, from thence to Stamford, from thence to Theobalds, and so to the Charter House in London, where he remained for certain days, and then went to the Tower of London, and so seating his most royal person there), as the like hath seldom been, or I think ever will be again to the world's end, to any man's imagination.

Well here he is, happily planted and heartily welcome! What wants then but his blessed coronation! At which was no small triumph. For had you seen him in progress to it, as many did, when he took barge at Whitehall, on Saint James's day [*25th July*]; such was his salutation to the people, and theirs to him. But anon comes forth England's Triumph, the worth of women, ANNE, Queen of England, and happy wife to our most gracious King (whose father was King, brother no less a King, and whose husband four Kings in one), accompained with lovely ladies (the only wedstars of the world for beauty and good graces), following her dear husband to Coronation, with her seemly hair down trailing on her princely bearing shoulders, on which hair was a coronet of gold. She so mildly saluted her subjects, that the women weeping ripe, cried all in one voice "GOD bless the Royal Queen! Welcome to England! long to live and continue so!"

To Westminster they went, and took on them the royalty of the time, the complete order of Coronation; and, by a general and free consent, enjoyed the rights of Royalty and were invest in Honour, possessed of Majesty, owners of Royalty, and made the only Commander of all Principality.

The Triumph of that time, I omit; but let me turn to the Londoners whose hearts were wild fire, and burned unquenchable in love to this royal couple, and expressing her desires and their heads together to solemnize in triumph that happy day: which hour of glory was dashed by the omnipotency of GOD's power; who, mortally visiting the City and land with a general Visitation, hath, since that time, taken thousands to His mercy, and laid their heads low that else, in these actions, would have held them high.

Yet see again a new love of His Majesty! He nobly regarding the cost together with their loves, and that their expectations should go current, appoints when the full posses-

sion of their joys should be; that was when the angry hand of GOD had worked the will of His all-commanding power when the infection ceased, then should the Triumph of the day be solemnized. To this consent, cost prepared, and the City with the strangers, merchants, and others, erected Trophies of Glory, Pageants of that magnificence that never were the like.

Well, the time appointed, when His Highness would set forward, should be in the holy time in Lent, the joyful Spring time when the ground in triumph of the time should likewise flourish in ample equipage; and she (no niggard of her pomp) attires hers in a green livery embroidered with flowers of a thousand divers and sundry colours. Thus heaven and earth applaud the Triumph of King JAMES, and mortals all agree to make that hour famous.

In the meantime, His Grace, with his Queen and children, progressed in the country, and dealt honours as freely to our nation as their hearts would wish, as creating Knights, of Gentlemen; Lords, of Knights; and Earls, of Lords; and, no doubt, hereafter Dukes, of Earls: I [*ay*], and raised up an Honour in England that, to this day, has been long in oblivion, which as now it is honourably living, so it will never die: I mean our noble Knights of the Bath, young and gallant, worthy and valiant.

Nay, see the bounty of our all kind Sovereign! Not only to the indifferent of worth, and the worthy of honour, did he freely deal about these causes; but to the mean, gave grace: as taking to him, the late Lord Chamberlain's servants, now the King's Actors: the Queen taking to her the Earl of WORCESTER's servants, that are now her Actors; the Prince, their son HENRY, Prince of Wales, full of hope, taking to him the Earl of NOTTINGHAM his servants, who are now his Actors. So that of Lord's servants, they are now the servants of the King, Queen, and Prince.

But to return again to our Time Triumphant. Now the hour is come, and the day appointed. The preparation of which is mighty, I [*ay*] and so great as neither can my tongue tell, nor my pen set down. Yet to make a flourish of a flourish, thus it was.

Our heroic King hearing the preparation to be great, as

well to note other things, as that he was desirous privately, at his own pleasure, to visit them; accompanied with his Queen in his coach, he came to the Exchange, there to see for his recreation, thinking to pass unknown. The wily multitude perceiving something, began with such hurly burly to run up and down, with such unreverent rashness as the people of the Exchange were glad to shut the stair doors to keep them out. Here they lost the pleasing sight they might have enjoyed but for their rashness.

When His Highness had beheld the merchants from a window, all below in the walks, not thinking of his coming, whose presence else would have been more: they, like so many pictures, civilly seeming, all bare [headed], stood silent, modesty commanding them so to do. Which sight so delighted the King, that he greatly commended them saying, "He was never more delighted that seeing so many, of divers and sundry nations, so well ordered and so civil one with the other:" but withal discommended the rudeness of the multitude, who, regardless of time, place, or person, will be so troublesome.

And, countrymen, let me tell you this! If you heard what I hear, as concerning that; you would stake your feet to the earth, at such a time, ere you would run regardless up and down! Say, it is His Highness's pleasure to be private, as you may note by the order of his coming; will you then be public, and proclaim that which Love and Duty cries silence to? This shews his love to you: but your open ignorance to him! You will say, perchance, "It was your love!" Will you, in love, press upon your Sovereign thereby to offend him? Your Sovereign may, perchance, mistake your love, and punish it as an offence!

But, hear me! When hereafter he comes by you, do as they do in Scotland! Stand still! see all! and use silence! So shall you cherish his Visitation, and see him thrice for once amongst you! But I fear my counsel is but water turned into the Thames. It helps not!

But to our Solemnity. The Court, the City, and Country, all make preparation to the day: the Court, the order for the King's person; they in the City, his welcome to it, and his quiet pass through the streets; the Country, they

post up to attend: so that all are busied to this Solemnity; and the reason, I trow, being the Day of Triumph so long expected.

The Tower was empty of his prisoners; and I beheld the late [!] Sir WALTER RALEIGH, the late [!] Lord COBHAM, the late [!] Lord GREY, MARKHAM, with others, conveyed some to the Marshalsea, others to the Gatehouse, and others to appointed prisons [*in* November, 1603].

The Tower itse'f was prepared with that pomp as eye never saw, such glory in the hangings! such majesty in the ornaments of the chambers! and such a necessary provision, as when I beheld it, I could no less than say

GOD gives King JAMES the grace
And glory of the day,
As never a King possessed like place
That came the Northern way,
And since the heavens will have it so,
What living soul dares say "No!"

Upon the Thames, the water works for his entertainment were miraculous, and the fireworks on the water passed pleasing. As of a castle or fortress built on two barges, seeming as a settled fort in an island, planted with much munition of defence: and two pinnaces ready rigged, armed likewise to assault the castle: that had you beheld the managing of that fight, with the onset on the castle, repulse from the castle, and then the taking of it, it was a show worthy the sight of many Princes. Being there placed at the cost of the Cinque Ports: whereat the King, all pleased, made answer that "their love was, like the wild fire, unquenchable!" And, I pray GOD, it may ever be so!

Well, from the Tower, he came. Here, Cost was careless; Desire was fearless, and Content flourished in abundance. But so royally attended, as if the gods had summoned a Parliament, and were all in their steps of triumph to JOVE'S High Court. This worthy train attending so majestic a presence, the Companies of London in their liveries, placed in the street which was double railed [*i.e., a rail on each side of the street*] for them and the passengers, the Whifflers in

their costly suits and chains of gold walking up and down, not a conduit betwixt the Tower and Westminster but runs with wine, drink who will! coming thus, with his royal assembly, all so gallantly mounted, as the eye of man was amazed at the pomp.

In Fenchurch street was erected a stately Trophy or Pageant, at the City's charge; on which stood such a shew of workmanship and glory as I never saw the like! Top and topgallant, whereon were shews so embroidered and set out, as the cost was incomparable! who spake speeches to the King of that incomparable eloquence, as, while I live, I shall commend.

The city of London was very rarely and artificially made; where no church, house, nor place of note, but your eye might easily find it out: as the Exchange, Cole Harbour, Paul's, Bow Church, &c.

There, also Saint GEORGE and Saint ANDREW, in complete armour, met in one combat, and fought for the victory; but an old Hermit passing by, in an oration, joined them hand in hand, and so, for ever, hath made them as one heart: to the joy of the King, the delight of the Lords, and the unspeakable comfort of the comminalty.

Our gracious Queen ANNE, mild and courteous, placed in a chariot of exceeding beauty, did all the way so humbly and with mildness, salute her subjects, never leaving to bend her body this way and that, that women and men in my sight wept with joy.

The young hopeful HENRY FREDERICK, or FREDERICK HENRY, Prince of Wales, smiling as overjoyed, to the people's eternal comfort, saluted them with many a bend.

Before whom, the Lord Mayor of the City in a crimson velvet gown, bearing his enamelled golden mace on his shoulder, ushered the King, Queen, and Prince; bringing them to Temple Bar, took his leave, and received many thanks of the King and Queen: who were after met by the Aldermen and Sheriffs, that came to guard him home.

Well, the glory of that Show passed, the King and his train passed on through Gratious [*Gracechurch*] street. But there let me tell you I was not very near: but, in my eye, it was

super excellent Justice, as I take it, attired in beaten gold, holding a crown in her hand; guarded with shalmes and cornets, whose noise was such as if the Triumph had been endless.

There, likewise, were, on both sides, speeches spoken; Shows appointed with several harmonies of drums, trumpets, and music of all sorts.

The Italians spared no spending in that behalf, at whose charge this glorious prospect was so pompous and full of shew, to the wonder of every beholder for the height, strength, and quality. Through it our King and his train passed.

At the corner of the street stood one, an old man with a white beard, at the age of seventy-nine, who had seen the change of four Kings and Queens, and now beheld the triumphs of the fifth; which, by his report, exceeded all the rest. Wherefore, as hopeful never to behold the like, yet he would, of his own accord, do that which should show his duty and old love, that was to speak a five lines that his son had made him: which lines were to this purpose, he himself being attired in green—

Peerless of Honour, hear me speak a word!
Thy welcomed glory and enthroned renown
Being in peace, of earthly pomp and State,
To furnish forth the beauties of thy Crown.
Age thus salutes thee, with a downy pate.
Threescore and nineteen is thy servant's years,
That hath beheld thy predecessors four
All flourishing green; who deaths, the subjects' tears
Mingled with mine, did many times deplore,
But now again, since that our joys are five,
Five hundred welcomes, I do give my King!
And may thy change, to us that be alive,
Never be known, a fifth extreme to bring!
My honest heart be pattern of the rest!
Whoever prayed for them before now thee,
Both them and thine, of all joy be possest!
Whose lively presence, we all bless to see.
And so pass on! GOD guide thee on thy way!
Old Hind concludes, having no more to say.

But the narrow way, and the pressing multitudes so overshadowed him, with the noise of the Show, that opportunity was not favourable to him; so that the King passed by: yet noting his zeal, I have publicly imprinted it, that all his fellow subjects may see this old man's forwardness; who missed of his purpose by the concourse of the people. Besides the King appointed no such thing, but at several stays and appointed places.

Along Cornhill, they trooped with great majesty. But His Highness, being right over against the Exchange, smiled, looking toward it; belike, remembering his last being there, the grace of the merchants, and the rudeness of the multitude: and casting his eye up to the third Trophy or Pageant, admired it greatly; it was so goodly, top and top many stories, and so high as it seemed to fall forward.

On the top, you might behold the sea dolphins as dropping from the clouds on the earth, or looking to behold the King; pictures of great art, cost, and glory, as a double ship that, being two, was so cunningly made as it seemed but one, which figured Scotland and England in one, with the arms of both in one escutcheon, sailing on two seas at once.

Here, was a speech of wonder delivered too. But the glory of this Show was in my eye as a dream, pleasing to the affection, gorgeous and full of joy: and so full of joy and variety, that when I held down my head, as wearied with looking so high, methought it was a grief to me to awaken so soon. But thus the Dutch and French spared for no cost to gratify our King.

Still the streets stood railed, and the Liveries of all the Companies on both sides guarding the way; and the strong stream of people violently running in the midst towards Cheapside. There, our Triumphant rides, garnished with troops of royalty and gallant personages.

And passing by the Great Conduit, on the top thereof, stood a prentice, in a black coat, flat cap, servant-like, as walking before his master's shop. Now whether he spake this or not, I heard it not: but the manner of this speech was this; it coming to me at third, or second hand.

"What lacks you, gentlemen? What will you buy? Silks! Satins! Taffetas! &c.

But stay, bold tongue! Stand at a giddy gaze!
Be dim, mine eyes! What gallant train are here,
That strike minds mute, and put good wits in maze?
O 'tis our King! Royal King JAMES is near!
Pass on in peace, and happy be thy way!
Live long on earth, England's great crown to sway!

Thy City, gracious King, admires thy fame,
And on their knees, prays for thy happy state!
Our women, for thy Queen ANNE, whose rich name
Is their created bliss, and sprung of late.
If women's wishes may prevail thus being,
They wish you both long lives, and good agreeing!

Children for children pray, before they eat,
At their uprising, and their lying down:
Thy sons and daughters, Princely all complete,
Royal in blood, children of high renown.
But generally together they incline,
Praying in one, great King, for thee and thine."

Whether he were appointed, or of his own accord, I know not; but howsoever forward, love is acceptable; and I would the King had heard him, but the sight of the Trophy at Soper Lane end, made him more forward.

There was cost both curious and comely, but the devices of that, afar off, I could not conjecture. But by report, it was exceeding. It made no hugh high shew like the other; but was pompous, both for glory and matter; a stage standing by, on which were enacted strange things; after which, an oration was delivered of great wisdom. Both sides of this Pageant were decked gallantly; and furnished so as all the broad street, as the King passed, showed like a Paradise.

But here, His Grace might see the love of his subjects, who, at that time, were exceedingly in the Shows. Passing by the Cross [*in Cheapside*] beautifully gilt and adorned; there

the Recorder and the Aldermen on the scaffold, delivered him a gallant oration; and withal a cup of beaten gold.

So he passed on to the Pageant at the Little Conduit, very artificial indeed, of no exceeding height, but pretty and pleasing, in the manner of an arbour; wherein were placed all manner of wood inhabitants, divers shews of admiration as pompions, pomegranates, and all kinds of fruits: which the Lords highly commended: where, after strange musics had given plenty of harmony; he passed toward Fleet Street, through Ludgate, where the Conduits dealt so plenteously both before and after he was passed, as many were shipped to the Isle of Sleep, that had no leisure, for snorting, to behold the day's Triumph.

When he came to the Trophy in Fleet Street, the Lords considered that the same, for royalty, was so richly beautified, and so plenteous of shew, that with the breath of the street, it seemed to them to have gone back again, and that they were but then at the Cross in Cheap, but otherwise saluted, as with variety of speeches.

All sundry sorts of music appointed by the City too, as that at the Little Conduit, and all else but the Exchange and Gratious Street. On the top of this Pageant was placed a globe of goodly preparation.

Thus, while wondering at the glory of it, setting on unawares, were they at the Pageant at Temple Bar: neither great nor small, but finely furnished; some compared it to an Exchange shop, it shined so in that dark place and was so pleasing to the eye. Where one, a young man, an Actor of the City, so delivered his mind, and the manner of all, in an oration, that a thousand gave him his due deserving commendations.

In the Strand, also, was another, of small proportion, a Pyramid fit beseeming time and place. But the day was far spent, and the King and the States, I am sure, wearied with the Shows, as the stomach may glutton: the daintiest Court stayed not long, but passed forward to the place appointed; where I leave them to GOD's protection and their own pleasures.

Thus have you heard a short description of this day's Progress, in which all the Peers and Lords of England, and a

part of those of Scotland were assembled, to beautify the triumphs of their most gracious King. The multitude of people present at this, was innumerable; but to conclude, GOD be thanked for it! such was the care of the worshipful citizens of London, and all things so providentially foreseen by them, that little or no hurt ensued to any: which was greatly feared of many to have happened, by reason of the great multitudes that were in the City, being come both far and near this, to see this most glorious and happy Show.

And I beseech Almighty GOD, of His infinite mercy and goodness, so to keep our King, Queen, and Prince, and all their princely progeny, that no harm may ever come near them, nor touch them; but that may ever live to His great glory, and to maintain His glorious Gospel, for evermore. Amen.

THE END OF THE

Fifth Volume

OF *AN ENGLISH GARNER.*

TURNBULL AND SPEARS, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

A List of WORKS

Edited by

Professor EDWARD ARBER

F.S.A.; Fellow of King's College, London; Hon. Member of the Virginia and Wisconsin Historical Societies; late English Examiner at the London University; and also at the Victoria University, Manchester; Emeritus Professor of English Language and Literature, Mason College, Birmingham.

An English Garner

English Reprints

The War Library

The English Scholar's Library

The first Three English Books on America

The first English New Testament, 1526

The Paston Letters, 1422-1509. Edited by JAMES GAIRDNER. 3 Vols.

A List of 837 London Publishers, 1553-1640

All the Works in this Catalogue are published at net prices

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.

14 PARLIAMENT ST., WESTMINSTER

NOTE

THE ENGLISH GARNER, THE ENGLISH REPRINTS, *and* THE ENGLISH SCHOLAR'S LIBRARY *are now issued in a new style of binding. A few copies in the old style are still to be had, and will be supplied if specially ordered, as long as the stock lasts. Some of Professor Arber's Publications can still be supplied on large paper. Prices on application to the Booksellers or from the Publishers.*

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO.

An English Garner.

INGATHERINGS FROM OUR HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

Abridged Lists of the Texts; many of which are very rare and not obtainable in any other form.

VOL. I.

Small Paper. Cloth, 5s. net.

English Political, Naval, and Military History, etc. etc.

1. The Expedition to Scotland in May 1543.
2. R. PEEKE's fight at Xerez with a quarter-staff against Three Spaniards at once, armed with poniards and daggers: when he killed one and put the other two to flight. 1625.
3. The capture of Cris in Galatia by Captain QUAILE and 35 men. 1626.
4. Ranks in the British Army, about 1630.
5. The Return of CHARLES II. to Whitehall, 1660.
6. The Retaking of St. Helena, 1673.

English Voyages, Travels, Commerce, etc. etc.

7. The Beginnings of English Trade with the Levant, 1511-1570.
8. The Voyage from Lisbon to Goa of the first Englishman [THOMAS STEVENS, a Jesuit] known to have reached India by the Cape of Good Hope. 1572.
9. The extraordinary Captivity, for 19 years, of Captain ROBERT KNOX in Ceylon; with his singular deliverance. 1660-1679.

English Life and Progress

10. The Benefits of observing Fish Days. 1594.
11. The Great Frost. Cold doings in London. 1608.
12. The Carriers of London and the Inns they stopped at in 1637.
13. A Narrative of the Draining of the Fens. 1661.

English Literature, Literary History, and Biography.

14. Sir HENRY SIDNEY. A Letter to his son PHILIP when at Shrewsbury School.

English Poetry.

15. Love Posies. Collected about 1590.
16. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. ASTROPHEL and STELLA [Sonnets] 1591. With the story of his affection for Lady PENELOPE DEVEREUX, afterwards RICH.
17. EDMUND SPENSER *and others*. ASTROPHEL. A Pastoral Elegy on Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. 1591.
18. JOHN DENNIS. The Secrets of Angling [*i.e. Trout Fishing*]. 1613. Forty years before WALTON'S *Angler*.
19. Many other single Poems by various Authors.

VOL. II.

Small Paper. Cloth, 5s. net.

English Political, Naval, and Military History, etc. etc.

1. The Triumph at Calais and Boulogne of HENRY VIII. [with ANNE BOLEYN] and FRANCIS I. November 1532.

2. The Coronation Procession of Queen ANNE [BOLEYN] from the Tower through London to Westminster. June 1533.

3. English Army Rations in 1591.

4. Rev. T. PRINCE. A History of New England in the form of Annals, from 1602 to 1633. Published at Boston, N.E., in 1736-1755. This is the most exact condensed account in existence of the foundation of our first Colonies in America.

English Voyages, Travels, Commerce, etc. etc.

5. Captain T. SANDERS. The unfortunate voyage of the *Jesus* to Tripoli, where the crew were made slaves. 1584-1585.

6. N. H. The Third Circumnavigation of the Globe, by THOMAS CAVENDISH, in the *Desire*. 1586-1588.

7. The famous fight of the *Dolphin* against Five Turkish Men-of-War off Cagliari. 1617.

English Life and Progress.

8. Dr. J. DEE. The Petty Navy Royal. [Fisheries.] 1577.

9. Captain HITCHCOCK. A Political Plat [*Scheme*], etc. [Herring Fisheries.]

10. D. DEFOE. The Education of Women. 1692.

English Literature, Literary History, and Biography.

11. F. MERES. A Sketch of English Literature, etc., up to September 1598. This is the most important contemporary account of SHAKESPEARE'S Works to this date; including some that have apparently perished.

12. J. WRIGHT. The Second Generation of English Actors. 1625-1670. This includes some valuable information respecting London Theatres during this period.

English Poetry.

13. Sir P. SIDNEY. Sonnets and Poetical Translations. Before 1587.

14. H. CONSTABLE, *and others*. DIANA. [Sonnets.] 1594.

15. Madrigals, Elegies, and Poems, by various other Poets.

VOL. III.

Small Paper. Cloth, 5s. net.

English Political, Naval, and Military History, etc. etc.

1. W. PATTEN. The Expedition into Scotland: with the Battle of Pinkie Cleugh or Musselburgh, 1547. This was the 'Rough Wooing of MARY, Queen of Scots,' whom the English wanted to marry EDWARD VI.

English Voyages, Travels, Commerce, etc. etc.

2. J. H. VAN LINSCHOTEN. Voyage to Goa and back, in Portugese carracks. 1583-1592.

This work showed the way to the East, and led to the formation of the Dutch and the English East India Companies. For nearly three years this Dutchman, returning in charge of a cargo of pepper, spices, etc., was pinned up in the Azores by the English ships; of whose daring deeds he gives an account.

3. E. WRIGHT. The voyage of the Earl of CUMBERLAND to the Azores in 1589. This is a part of LINSCHOTEN's story re-told more fully from an English point of view.

4. The first Englishmen—JOHN NEWBERY and RALPH FITCH—that ever reached India overland, *viâ* Aleppo and the Persian Gulf, in 1583-1589. They met with LINSCHOTEN there; and also T. Stevens the Jesuit, see vol. i. p. 130.

English Life and Progress.

5. J. CAIUS, M.D. Of English Dogs. 1536. Translated from the Latin by A. FLEMING in 1576.

6. Britain's Buss. A Computation of the Cost and Profit of a Herring Buss or Ship. 1615.

English Literature, Literary History, and Biography.

7. T. ELLWOOD. Relations with J. MILTON. This young Quaker rendered many services to the Poet; amongst which was the suggestion of *Paradise Regained.*

8. J. DRYDEN. Of Dramatic Poesy. An Essay. This charming piece of English Prose was written in 1665 and published in 1668. With it is given the entire Controversy between DRYDEN and Sir R. HOWARD on this subject.

English Poetry.

9. S. DANIEL. DELIA. [Sonnets.] 1594.

10. T. CAMPION, M.D. Songs and Poems. 1601-1613.

11. Lyrics, Elegies, etc., by other Poets.

VOL. IV.

Small Paper. Cloth, 5s. net.

English Political, Naval, and Military History, etc. etc.

1. E. UNDERHILL 'the Hot Gospeller' Imprisonment in 1553, with Anecdotes of Queen MARY's Coronation Procession, WYATT's Rebellion, the Marriage of PHILIP and MARY, etc.

2. J. FOX. The Imprisonment of the Princess ELIZABETH. 1554-1555.

3. Texts relating to the Winning of Calais and Guisnes by the French in January 1556.

4. The Coronation Procession of Queen ELIZABETH. January 1559.

5. Sir THOMAS OVERBURY. Observations of Holland, Flanders, and France in 1609. A most sagacious Political Study.

6. JAMES I. The Book of Sports. 1618.

7. Abp. G. ABBOTT. Narrative of his Sequestration from Office in 1627 by CHARLES I., at the instigation of BUCKINGHAM and LAUD.

8. Major-General Sir T. MORGAN. Progress [*i.e. March*] in France and Flanders with the 6000 'Red Coats' at the taking of Dunkirk, etc., in 1657-8.

English Voyages, Travels, Commerce, etc. etc.

9. The first Britons who ever reached the city of Mexico: T. BLAKE, a Scotchman, before 1536; and J. FIELD and R. TOMSON, 1556.

10. The wonderful Recovery of the *Exchange* from forty-five Turkish pirates of Algiers by J. RAWLINS and twenty-four other slaves. February 1622.

English Life and Progress.

11. T. GENTLEMAN. England's Way to Win Wealth. [Fisheries.] The Dutch obtained more wealth from their Herring Fishery *along the English shores* than the Spaniards did from their American gold mines.

English Poetry.

12. ? T. OCCLEVE. The Letter of CUPID. 1402.

13. L. SHEPHERD. JOHN BON and Mast[er] PARSON. [A Satire on the Mass.] 1551.

14. Rev. T. BRICE. A Register of the Tormented and Cruelly Burned within England. 1555-1558. These verses give the names of most of the Marian Martyrs.

15. J. C. ALCILIA; PHILOPARTHEN's loving folly! [Love Poems.] 1595.

16. G. WITHER. Fair VIRTUE, the Mistress of PHIL'ARETE. 1622. This is WITHER's masterpiece. Over 6000 lines of verse in many metrical forms.

17. The Songs that JOHN DOWLAND, the famous Lutenist, set to music.

VOL. V.

Small Paper. Cloth, 5s. net.

English Political, Naval, and Military History, etc. etc.

1. J. SAVILE, King JAMES's Entertainment at Theobalds, and his Welcome to London. 1603.

2. G. DUGDALE. The Time Triumphant. King JAMES's Coronation at Westminster, 25 July 1603; and Coronation Procession [delayed by the Plague], 15 March 1604.

English Voyages, Travels, Commerce, etc. etc.

3. The Voyages to Brazil of WILLIAM HAWKINS, Governor of Plymouth and father of Sir JOHN, about 1530.

4. Sir J. HAWKINS. First Voyage to the West Indies, 1562-1563. This was the beginning of the English Slave Trade.

5. R. BODENHAM. A Trip to Mexico. 1564-1565.

6. Sir J. HAWKINS. Second Voyage to the West Indies. 1564-1565.

7. Sir J. HAWKINS. Third and disastrous Voyage to the West Indies, 1567-1569: with the base treachery of the Spaniards at San Juan de Ulna, near Vera Cruz; and the extraordinary adventures of Three of the Survivors. This was DRAKE's 2nd Voyage to the West Indies; and the first in which he commanded a ship, the *Judith*.

8. Sir F. DRAKE's 3rd (1570), 4th (1571), and 5th (1572-73), Voyages to the West Indies. Especially the 5th, known as The Voyage to Nombre de Dios: in which, on 11 February 1573, he first saw the Pacific Ocean; and then besought GOD to give him life to sail once in an English ship on that sea. [See opposite page.]

English Life and Progress.

9. B. FRANKLIN. 'Poor Richard' improved. Proverbs of Thrift and to discourage useless expense. Philadelphia, 1757.

English Poetry.

10. B. BARNES. PARTHENOPHIL and PARTHENOPHE. Sonnets, Madrigals, Elegies and Odes. 1593. [A perfect Storehouse of Versification, including the only *treble* Sestine in our language.]

11. ZEPHERIA. [Canzons.] 1594.

12. Sir J. DAVIES. Orchestra or a Poem on Dancing. 1596.

13. B. GRIFFIN. FIDESSA, more chaste than kind. [Sonnets.] 1596.

14. Sir J. DAVIES. *Nosce teipsum!* In two Elegies: (1) Of Human Knowledge, (2) Of the Soul of Man and the Immortality thereof. 1599.

15. Sir J. DAVIES. Hymns of ASTRÆA [*i.e.* Queen ELIZABETH.] In acrostic verse. 1599.

VOL. VI.

Small Paper. Cloth, 5s. net.

English Political, Naval, and Military History, etc. etc.

1. The Examination, at Saltwood Castle, Kent, of WILLIAM of THORPE by Abp. T. ARUNDELL, 7 August 1407. Edited by W. TYNDALE, 1530. This is the best account of Lollardism from the inside, given by one who was the leader of the second generation of Lollards.

English Voyages, Travels, Commerce, etc. etc.

2. J. CHILTON. Travels in Mexico. 1568-1575.
3. J. BION. An Account of the Torments, etc. 1708.

English Life and Progress.

4. The most dangerous Adventure of R. FERRIS, A. HILL, and W. THOMAS; who went in a boat by sea from London to Bristol. 1590.
5. Leather. A Discourse to Parliament. 1629.
6. H. PEACHAM. The Worth of a Penny, or a Caution to keep Money. 1641. With all the variations of the later Editions.
7. Sir W. PETTY. Political Arithmetic. [Written in 1677.] 1690. One of the earliest and best books on the Science of Wealth.

English Literature, Literary History, and Biography.

8. ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq. [Dean J. Swift.] Predictions for the year 1708. [One of these was the death of J. PARTRIDGE, the *Almanack* Maker, on 29 March 1708.] Other Tracts of this laughable controversy follow.
9. [J. GAY.] The Present State of Wit. 3 May 1711. [A Survey of our Periodical Literature at this date; including the *Review*, *Tatler*, and *Spectator*.]
10. [Dr. J. ARBUTHNOT.] Law [*i.e. War*] is a Bottomless Pit, exemplified in the Case of the Lord STRUTT [*the Kings of Spain*], JOHN BULL [*England*] the Clothier, NICHOLAS FROG [*Holland*] the Linendraper, and LEWIS BABOON [LOUIS XIV. of Bourbon = *France*]. In Four Parts. 1712.

This famous Political Satire on the War of the Spanish Succession was designed to prepare the English public for the Peace of Utrecht, signed on 11 April 1713. In part I., on 28 February 1712, first appeared in our Literature, the character of JOHN BULL for an Englishman.

11. T. TICKELL. The life of ADDISON. 1721.
12. Sir R. STELLE. Epistle to W. CONGREVE [in reply.] 1722.

English Poetry.

13. The first printed *Robin Hood* Ballad. Printed about 1510.
14. W. PERCY. COELIA. [Sonnets.] 1594.
15. G. WITHER. FIDELIA. [This is WITHER'S second masterpiece. The Lament of a Woman thinking that she is forsaken in love.] 1615.
16. M. DRAYTON. IDEA. [Sonnets.] 1619.
17. The Interpreter. [A Political Satire interpreting the meaning of The Protestant, The Puritan, The Papist.] 1622.

VOL. VII.

Small Paper. Cloth, 5s. net.

English Political, Naval, and Military History, etc. etc.

1. Sir F. VERE, *General of the English troops in the Dutch service.*. Commentaries of his Services: at (1) the Storming of Cadiz in 1596, (2) the Action at Turnhout in 1597 (3) The Battle of Nieuport in 1600: but especially (4) the Siege of Ostend, of which place he was Governor from 11 June 1601 to 7 June 1602.

2. The Retaking of *The Friends' Adventure* from the French by R. LYDE and a boy. 1693.

English Voyages, Travels, Commerce, etc. etc.

3. H. PITMAN. Relation, etc. For doing noble Red Cross work at the Battle of Sedgemoor; this Surgeon was sent as a White Slave to Barbadoes, etc. 1689.

English Life and Progress.

4. W. KEMP'S [SHAKESPEARE'S fellow Actor] Nine Days Wonder; performed in a Morris Dance from London to Norwich. April 1600.

5. A series of Texts on the indignities offered to the Established Clergy, and especially the Private Chaplains, in the Restoration Age, by the Royalist laity; including

Dr. J. EACHARD'S witty 'Grounds of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion.' 1670.

English Literature, Literary History, and Biography.

6. Another Series of Tracts, in prose and verse, illustrating the great Public Services rendered by D. DEFOE, up to the death of Queen Anne; including:

D. DEFOE. An Appeal to Honour and Justice, etc. 1715.
D. DEFOE. The *True* Born Englishman. 1701.
D. DEFOE. The History of *Kentish Petition.* 1701.
D. DEFOE. LEGION'S *Memorial.* 1701.
D. DEFOE. The Shortest Way with the Dissenters, etc. 1702.
D. DEFOE. A Hymn to the Pillory. 1703.
D. DEFOE. Prefaces to the *Review.* 1704-1710.

English Poetry.

7. T. DELONEY. Three Ballads on the Armada fight. August 1588.

8. R. L. (1) DIELLA [Sonnets]; (2) The Love of Dom DIEGO and GYNEURA. 1596.

9. AN. SC. DAIPHHANTUS, or the Passions of Love. 1604.

See also above.

D. DEFOE. The *True* Born Englishman. 1701.
D. DEFOE. A Hymn to the Pillory. 1703.

VOL. VIII.

Small Paper. Cloth, 5s. net.

This Index Volume will, if possible, contain the following:—

English Political, Naval, and Military History, etc. etc.

1. J. PROCTOR. The History of WYATT'S Rebellion. 1554.
2. The burning of Paul's Church, London. 1568.
3. G. GASCOIGNE the Poet. The Spanish Fury at Antwerp. 1577.
4. J. LINGHAM. English Captains in the Low Countries. 1584.
5. The Burial of MARY QUEEN of Scots at Peterborough Cathedral. 1 August 1587.
6. T. M. The Entertainment of JAMES I. from Edinburgh to London. 1603.
7. Bp. W. BARLOW. The Hampton Court Conference. 1604.
8. The Speeches in the Star Chamber at the Censure of BASTWICK, BARTON, and PRYNNE. 1637.
9. N. N. The Expedition of the Prince of ORANGE. 1688.

English Voyages, Travels, Commerce, etc. etc.

10. The strange things that happened to R. HASLETON in his ten years Travels. 1585-1595.
11. E. PELLHAM. The miraculous Deliverence of eight Englishmen left in Greenland, anno 1630, nine months and twelve days.

English Life and Progress.

12. J. MAY. The Estate of Clothing [*the manufacture of woollen Cloths*] now in England. 1613.

English Poetry.

13. A translation [? by Sir E. DYER] of Six of the Idyllia of THEOCRITUS. 1588.
14. Verses penned by D. GWIN, eleven years a slave in the Spanish galleys, and presented by him to Queen ELIZABETH on 18 August 1588.
15. W. SMITH. CHLORIS. [Sonnets.] 1596.
16. T. STORER. The Life and Death of Cardinal WOLSEY. 1599.
17. E. W. Thameseidos. In 3 Cantos. 1600.
18. Some Collections of Posies. 1624-1679.

Chronological List of Works included in the Series.

Index.

English Reprints.

No.		*Text.*		*s.*	*d.*
1.	**Milton**	*Areopagitica*	1644	1	0
2.	**Latimer**	*The Ploughers*	1549	1	0
3.	**Gosson**	*The School of Abuse* . . .	1579	1	0
4.	**Sidney**	*An Apology for Poetry* . . .	? 1580	1	0
5.	**E. Webbe**	*Travels*	1590	1	0
6.	**Selden**	*Table Talk*	1634-54	1	0
7.	**Ascham**	*Toxophilus*	1544	1	0
8.	**Addison**	*Criticism on* Paradise Lost . .	1711-12	1	0
9.	**Lyly**	*EUPHUES*	1579-80	4	0
10.	**Villiers**	*The Rehearsal*	1671	1	0
11.	**Gascoigne**	*The Steel Glass, etc.* . . .	1576	1	0
12.	**Earle**	*Micro-cosmographie* . . .	1628	1	0
13.	**Latimer**	7 *Sermons before* EDWARD VI. .	1549	1	6
14.	**More**	*Utopia*	1516-57	1	0
15.	**Puttenham**	*The Art of English Poesy* . .	1589	2	6
16.	**Howell**	*Instructions for Foreign Travel* .	1642	1	0
17.	**Udall**	*Roister Doister*	1553-66	1	0
18.	**Mk. of Eves.**	*The Revelation*, etc. . . .	1186-1410	1	0
19.	**James I.**	*A Counterblast to Tobacco*, etc. .	1604	1	0
20.	**Naunton**	*Fragmenta Regalia*	1653	1	0
21.	**Watson**	*Poems*	1582-93	1	6
22.	**Habington**	*CASTARA*	1640	1	0
23.	**Ascham**	*The Schoolmaster*	1570	1	0
24.	**Tottel's**	*Miscellany* [Songs and Sonnets] .	1557	2	6
25.	**Lever**	*Sermons*	1550	1	0
26.	**W. Webbe**	*A Discourse of English Poetry* .	1586	1	0
27.	**Lord Bacon**	A Harmony of the *Essays* .	1597-1626	5	0
28.	**Roy, etc.**	*Read me, and be not wroth!* . .	1528	1	6
29.	**Raleigh, etc.**	*Last Fight of the 'Revenge'* . .	1591	1	0
30.	**Googe**	*Eglogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets* .	1563	1	0
				41	**6**

(For full titles, etc., see pp. 11-20.)

1.

JOHN MILTON.

Areopagitica.

1644.

(*a*) AREOPAGITICA: *A Speech of Mr.* JOHN MILTON *For the Liberty of Vnlicenc'd Printing, To the Parliament of Eng'land.*

(*b*) A Decree of Starre-Chamber, concerning Printing, made the eleuenth of July last past, 1637.

(*c*) An Order of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament for the Regulating of Printing, &c. 1643.

LORD MACAULAY. He attacked the licensing system in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand, and as frontlets between his eyes. —*Edinburgh Review, p.* 344, *August* 1825.

H. HALLAM. Many passages in this famous tract are admirably eloquent: an intense love of liberty and truth flows through it: the majestic soul of MILTON breathes such high thoughts as had not been uttered before.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, iii. 660. *Ed.* 1839.

W. H. PRESCOTT. The most splendid argument, perhaps, the world had then witnessed on behalf of intellectual liberty.—*History of FERDINAND and ISABELLA*, iii. 391. *Ed.* 1845.

2.

HUGH LATIMER.

Ex-Bishop of Worcester.

The Ploughers.

1549.

A notable Sermon of ye reuerende father Master HUGHE LATIMER, *whiche he preached in ye Shrouds at paules churche in London on the xviii daye of Januarye.*

SIR R. MORISON. Did there ever any one (I say not in England only, but among other nations) flourish since the time of the Apostles; who preached the gospel more sincerely, purely, and honestly, than HUGH LATIMER, Bishop of *Worcester.* — *Apomaxis Calumniarum . . quibus JOANNES COCLEUS &c.*, f. 78. *Ed.* 1537.

It was in this Sermon, that LATIMER (himself an ex-Bishop) astonished his generation, by saying that the Devil was the most diligent Prelate and Preacher in all England. "Ye shal neuer fynde him idle I warraunte you."

3.

STEPHEN GOSSON

Stud. Oxon.

The School of Abuse.

1579.

(*a*) *The Schoole of Abuse. Conteining a pleasaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Common wealth; Setting vp the Flag of Defiance to their mischieuous exercise, and ouerthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason and common experience.*

1579.

(*b*) *An Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse, against Poets, Pipers, Players, and their Excusers.* [*Dec.*]

1579.

∴ This attack is thought to have occasioned Sir PHILIP SIDNEY's writing of the following *Apologie for Poesie.*

GOSSON was, in succession, Poet, Actor, Dramatist, Satirist, and a Puritan Clergyman.

4.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

An Apology for Poetry.

[? 1580.]

An Apologie for Poetrie. Written by the right noble, vertuous, and learned Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, *Knight.* 1595.

H. W. LONGFELLOW. The defence of Poetry is a work of rare merit. It is a golden little volume, which the scholar may lay beneath his pillow, as CHRYSOSTOM did the works of ARISTOPHANES. — *North American Review, p.* 57. *January* 1832.

The Work thus divides itself:
The Etymology of Poetry.
The Anatomy of the Effects of Poetry.
The Anatomy of the Parts of Poetry.
Objections to Poetry answered.
Criticism of the existing English Poetry.

5.

EDWARD WEBBE.

A Chief Master Gunner.

Travels.

1590.

The rare and most vvonderful thinges which EDWARD WEBBE *an Englishman borne, hath seene and passed in his troublesome trauailes, in the Citties of Ierusalem, Damasko, Bethelem and Galely: and in all the landes of Iewrie, Egipt, Grecia, Russia, and in the Land of Prester John.*

Wherein is set foorth his extreame slauerie sustained many yeres togither, in the Gallies and wars of the great Turk against the Landes of Persia, Tartaria, Spaine, and Portugall, with the manner of his releasement and coming to England. [1590.]

6.

JOHN SELDEN.

Table Talk.

[1634-1654.]

Table Talk: being the Discourses of JOHN SELDEN, *Esq.; or his Sence of various Matters of weight and high consequence, relating especially to Religion and State.* 1689.

S. T. COLERIDGE. There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer. . . . O! to have been with SELDEN over his glass of wine, making every accident an outlet and a vehicle of wisdom.—*Literary Remains*, iii. 361-2. *Ed.* 1836.

H. HALLAM. This very short and small volume gives, perhaps, a more exalted notion of SELDEN'S natural talents than any of his learned writings. — *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, iii. 347. *Ed.* 1836.

Above all things, Liberty!

7.

ROGER ASCHAM.

Toxophilus.

1544.

Toxophilus, the Schole of Shootinge, conteyned in two bookes.

To all Gentlemen and yomen of Englande, pleasaunte for theyr pastime to rede, and profitable for theyr use to follow both in war and peace.

In a dialogue between TOXOPHILUS and PHILOLOGUS, ASCHAM not only gives us one of the very best books on Archery in our language; but as he tells King Henry VIII., in his Dedication, "this litle treatise was purposed, begon, and ended of me, onelie for this intent, that Labour, Honest pastime, and Vertu might recouer againe that place and right, that Idlenesse, Unthriftie Gaming, and Vice hath put them fro."

8.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Criticism on *Paradise Lost.*

1711-1712.

From the *Spectator*, being its Saturday issues between 31 December, 1711, and 3 May 1712. In these papers, which constitute a Primer to *Paradise Lost*, ADDISON first made known and interpreted, to the general English public, the great Epic poem, which had then been published nearly half-a-century.

After a general discussion of the *Fable*, the *Characters*, the *Sentiments*, the *Language*, and the *Defects* of MILTON'S Great Poem; the Critic devotes a Paper to the consideration of the *Beauties* of each of its Twelve Books.

9.

JOHN LYLY,

Novelist, Wit, Poet, and Dramatist.

Euphues.

1579-1580.

EUPHVES, *the Anatomy of Wit. Very pleasant for all Gentlemen to reade, and most necessary to remember.*

VVherein are conteined the delights that Wit followeth in his youth, by the pleasantnesse of loue, and the happinesse he reapeth in age by the perfectnesse of Wisedome.

1579.

EUPHUES *and his England. Containing his voyage and aduentures, myxed with sundry pretie discourses of honest Loue, the description of the countrey, the Court, and the manners of that Isle.*

1580.

Of great importance in our Literary History.

10.

GEORGE VILLIERS,

Second Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

The Rehearsal.

1671.

The Rehearsal, as it was Acted at the Theatre Royal.

Many of the passages of anterior plays that were parodied in this famous Dramatic Satire on DRYDEN in the character of *BAYES*, are placed on opposite pages to the text. BRIAN FAIRFAX's remarkable life of this Duke of BUCKINGHAM is also prefixed to the play.

The Heroic Plays, first introduced by Sir W. D'AVENANT, and afterwards greatly developed by DRYDEN, are the object of this laughable attack. LACY, who acted the part of *BAYES*, imitated the dress and gesticulation of DRYDEN.

The Poet repaid this compliment to the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, in 1681, by introducing him in the character of *ZIMRI* in his *ABSOLOM and ACHITOPHEL*.

11.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE,

Soldier and Poet.

The Steel Glass, &c.

1576.

(*a*) *A Remembraunce of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of* GEORGE GASKOIGNE, *Esquire, who deceassed at Stalmford in Lincoln shire, the 7 of October*, 1577. *The reporte of* GEOR. WHETSTONS, *Gent.* [1577.]

There is only one copy of this metrical Life. It is in the Bodleian Library.

(*b*) *Certayne notes of instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English.* 1575.

This is our First printed piece of Poetical Criticism.

(*c*) *The Steele Glas.*

Written in Blank Verse.

Probably the fourth printed English Satire: those by BARCLAY, ROY, and Sir T. WYATT being the three earlier ones.

(*d*) *The Complaynt of* PHILOMENE. *An Elegie.* 1576.

12.

JOHN EARLE,

Afterwards Bishop of SALISBURY.

Microcosmographie.

1628.

Micro-cosmographie, or a Peece of the World discovered; in Essays and Characters.

This celebrated book of Characters is graphically descriptive of the English social life of the time, as it presented itself to a young Fellow of Merton College, Oxford; including *A She precise Hypocrite*, *A Sceptic in Religion*, *A good old man*, &c.

This Work is a notable specimen of a considerable class of books in our Literature, full of interest; and which help Posterity much better to understand the Times in which they were written.

13.

HUGH LATIMER,

Ex-Bishop of WORCESTER.

Seven Sermons before Edward VI.

1549.

The fyrste [—seuenth] Sermon of Mayster HUGHE LATIMER, *whiche he preached before the Kynges Maiestie wythin his graces palayce at Westminster on each Friday in Lent.*

1549.

Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH. LATIMER, . . brave, sincere, honest, inflexible, not distinguished as a writer or a scholar, but exercising his power over men's minds by a fervid eloquence flowing from the deep conviction which animated his plain, pithy, and free-spoken Sermons.—*History of England*, ii. 291. *Ed.* 1831.

14.

Sir THOMAS MORE.

Translation of Utopia.

1516-1557.

A frutefull and pleasaunt worke of the best state of a publique weale, and of the new yle called Utopia: VVritten in Latine by Sir THOMAS MORE *Knyght, and translated into Englyshe by* RALPH ROBYNSON.

Lord CAMPBELL. Since the time of PLATO, there had been no composition given to the world which, for imagination, for philosophical discrimination, for a familiarity with the principles of government, for a knowledge of the springs of human action, for a keen observation of men and manners, and for felicity of expression, could be compared to the *Utopia.*—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors* (*Life of Sir T. More*) i. 583, *Ed.* 1845.

In the imaginary country of Utopia, MORE endeavours to sketch out a State based upon two principles—(1) community of goods, no private property; and consequently (2) no use for money.

15.

GEORGE PUTTENHAM,

A Gentleman Pensioner to Queen ELIZABETH.

The Art of English Poesy.

1589.

The Arte of English Poesie. Contriued into three Bookes: The first of POETS *and* POESIE, *the second of* PROPORTION, *the third of* ORNAMENT.

W. OLDYS. It contains many pretty observations, examples, characters, and fragments of poetry for those times, now nowhere else to be met with.—*Sir WALTER RALEIGH*, liv. *Ed.* 1736.

O. GILCHRIST. On many accounts one of the most curious and entertaining, and intrinsically one of the most valuable, books of the age of QUEEN ELIZABETH. The copious intermixture of contemporary anecdote, tradition, manners, opinions, and the numerous specimens of coeval poetry nowhere else preserved, contribute to form a volume of infinite amusement, curiosity, and value.—*Censura Literaria*, i. 339. *Ed.* 1805.

This is still also an important book on Rhetoric and the Figures of Speech.

16.

JAMES HOWELL,

Clerk of the Council to CHARLES I.; afterwards Historiographer to CHARLES II.

Instructions for Foreign Travel.

1642.

Instructions for forreine travell. Shewing by what cours, and in what compasse of time, one may take an exact Survey of the Kingdomes and States of Christendome, and arrive to the practicall knowledge of the Languages, to good purpose.

The *MURRAY, BÆDEKER,* and *Practical Guide* to the Grand Tour of Europe, which, at that time, was considered the finishing touch to the complete education of an English Gentleman.

The route sketched out by this delightfully quaint Writer, is France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, and Holland. The time allowed is 3 years and 4 months: the months to be spent in travelling, the years in residence at the different cities.

17.

NICHOLAS UDALL,

Master, first of Eton College, then of Westminster School.

Roister Doister.

[1553-1566.]

This is believed to be the first true English Comedy that ever came to the press.

From the unique copy, which wants a title-page, now at Eton College; and which is thought to have been printed in 1566.

Dramatis Personæ.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.
MATTHEW MERRYGREEK.
GAWIN GOODLUCK, *affianced to Dame* CUSTANCE.
TRISTRAM TRUSTY, *his friend.*
DOBINET DOUGHTY, *"boy" to* ROISTER DOISTER.
TOM TRUEPENNY, *servant to Dame* CUSTANCE.
SIM SURESBY, *servant to* GOODLUCK.
Scrivener.
Harpax.

Dame CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, *a widow.*
MARGERY MUMBLECRUST, *her nurse.*
TIBET TALKAPACE } *her*
ANNOT ALYFACE } *maidens*

18.

A Monk of Evesham.

The Revelation, &c.

1186[-1410]. 1485.

¶ Here begynnyth a maruelous reuelacion that was schewyd of almighty god by sent Nycholas to a monke of Euyshamme yn the days of Kynge Richard the fyrst. And the yere of owre lord. M.C.Lxxxxvi.

One of the rarest of English books printed by one of the earliest of English printers, WILLIAM DE MACLINIA; who printed this text about 1485, *in the lifetime of CAXTON.*

The essence of the story is as old as it professes to be; but contains later additions, the orthography being of about 1410. It is very devoutly written, and contains a curious Vision of Purgatory.

The Writer is a prototype of BUNYAN; and his description of the Gate in the Crystal Wall of Heaven, and of the solemn and marvellously sweet Peal of the Bells of Heaven that came to him through it, is very beautiful.

19.

JAMES I.

A Counterblast to Tobacco.

1604.

(*a*) *The Essayes of a Prentise, in the Diuine Arte of Poesie.*

Printed while JAMES VI. of Scotland, at Edinburgh in 1585; and includes *Ane Schort treatise, conteining some Reulis and Cautelis to be obseruit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie*, which is another very early piece of printed Poetical Criticism.

(*b*) *A Counterblaste to Tobacco.* 1604.

To this text has been added a full account of *the Introduction and Early use of Tobacco in England.* The herb first came into use in Europe as a medicinal leaf for poultices: smoking it was afterwards learnt from the American Indians.

Our Royal Author thus sums up his opinion:

"A custome lothsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse."

20.

Sir ROBERT NAUNTON,

Master of the Court of Wards.

Fragmenta Regalia.

1653.

Fragmenta Regalia: or Observations on the late Queen ELIZABETH, *her Times and Favourites.* [1630.]

Naunton writes:

"And thus I have delivered up this my poor Essay; a little Draught of this great Princess, and her Times, with the Servants of her State and favour."

21.

THOMAS WATSON,

Londoner, Student-at-Law.

Poems.

1582-1593.

(*a*) *The* Ἑκατομπαθια *or Passionate Centurie of Loue. Diuided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Authours sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie.* 1582.

(*b*) MELIBŒUS, *Siue Ecloga in obitum Honoratissimi Viri Domini* FRANCISCI WALSINGHAMI. 1590.

(*c*) *The same translated into English, by the Author.* 1590.

(*d*) *The Tears of Fancie, or Loue disdained.* 1593.

From the *unique* copy, wanting *Sonnets* 9-16, in the possession of S. CHRISTIE MILLER, Esq., of Britwell.

22.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

Castara.

1640.

CASTARA. *The third Edition. Corrected and augmented.*

CASTARA was Lady LUCY HERBERT, the youngest child of the first Lord POWIS; and these Poems were chiefly marks of affection during a pure courtship followed by a happy marriage. With these, are also Songs of Friendship, especially those referring to the Hon. GEORGE TALBOT.

In addition to these Poems, there are four prose Characters; on *A Mistress, A Wife, A Friend,* and *The Holy Man.*

23.

ROGER ASCHAM.

The Schoolmaster.

1570.

The Scholemaster, or plaine and perfite way of teachyng children, to vnderstand, write, and speake, in Latin tong, but specially purposed for the priuate brynging vp of youth in Ientlemen and Noble mens houses, &c.

This celebrated Work contains the story of Lady JANE GREY'S delight in reading *PLATO*, an attack on the *Italianated* Englishman of the time, and much other information not specified in the above title.

In it, ASCHAM gives us very fully his plan of studying Languages, which may be described as *the double translation of a model book.*

24.

HENRY HOWARD, *Earl of SURREY.*
Sir THOMAS WYATT.
NICHOLAS GRIMALD.
Lord VAUX.

Tottel's Miscellany.

5 June, 1557.

Songes and Sonettes, vvritten by the right honorable Lorde HENRY HOWARD *late Earle of* SURREY, *and other.*

With 39 additional Poems from the second edition by the same printer, RICHARD TOTTEL, of 31 July, 1557.

This celebrated Collection is the First of our Poetical Miscellanies, and also the first appearance in print of any considerable number of English Sonnets.

TOTTEL in his *Address to the Reader*, says:

"That to haue wel written in verse, yea and in small parcelles, deserueth great praise, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficiently. That our tong is able in that kynde to do as praiseworthely as ye rest, the honorable stile of the noble earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the depe-witted Sir Thomas Wyat the elder's verse, with seuerall graces in sondry good Englishe writers, doe show abundantly."

25.

Rev. THOMAS LEVER,

Fellow and Preacher of St John's College, Cambridge.

Sermons.

1550.

(*a*) *A fruitfull Sermon in Paules church at London in the Shroudes.*

(*b*) *A Sermon preached the fourth Sunday in Lent before the Kynges Maiestie, and his honorable Counsell.*

(*c*) *A Sermon preached at Pauls Crosse.*

1550.

These Sermons are reprinted from the original editions, which are of *extreme* rarity. They throw much light on the communistic theories of the Norfolk rebels; and the one at Paul's Cross contains a curious account of Cambridge University life in the reign of EDWARD VI.

26.

WILLIAM WEBBE,

Graduate.

A Discourse of English Poetry.

1586.

A Discourse of English Poetrie. Together with the Authors iudgement, touching the reformation of our English Verse.

Another of the early pieces of Poetical Criticism, written in the year in which SHAKESPEARE is supposed to have left Stratford for London.

Only two copies of this Work are known, one of these was sold for £64

This Work should be read with STANYHURST'S *Translation of Æneid, I.-IV.*, 1582, see p. 64. WEBBE was an advocate of English Hexameters; and here translates VIRGIL'S first two Eglogues into them. He also translates into Sapphics COLIN'S Song in the Fourth Eglogue of SPENSER'S *Shephard's Calendar.*

27.

FRANCIS BACON,

afterwards Lord VERULAM Viscount ST. ALBANS.

A Harmony of the *Essays*, &c.

1597-1626.

And after my manner, I alter ever, when I add. So that nothing is finished, till all be finished.—Sir FRANCIS BACON, 27 Feb. 1610-[11.]

(*a*) *Essayes, Religious Meditations, and Places of perswasion and disswasion.* 1597.

(*b*) *The Writings of Sir* FFRANCIS BACON *Knight the Kinges Sollicitor Generall in Moralitie, Policie, Historie.*

(*c*) *The Essaies of Sir* FRANCIS BACON *Knight, the Kings Solliciter Generall.*

1612.

(*d*) *The Essayes or Counsells, Civill and Morall of* FRANCIS *Lord* VERULAM, *Viscount* ST. ALBAN. 1625.

28.

WILLIAM ROY. JEROME BARLOW.

Franciscan Friars.

Read me, and be not wroth!

[1528].

(*a*) *Rede me and be nott wrothe,*
For I saye no thynge but trothe.
I will ascende makynge my state so hye,
That my pompous honoure shall never dye.
O Caytyfe when thou thynkest least of all,
With confusion thou shalt have a fall.

This is the famous satire on Cardinal WOLSEY, and is the First English *Protestant* book ever printed, not being a portion of Holy Scripture. See *p.* 22 for the Fifth such book.

The next two pieces form one book, printed by HANS LUFT, at Marburg, in 1530.

(*b*) *A proper dyaloge, betwene a Gentillman and a husbandman, eche complaynynge to other their miserable calamite, through the ambicion of the clergye.*

(*c*) *A compendious old treatyse, shewynge, how that we ought to haue the scripture in Englysshe.*

29.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.
GERVASE MARKHAM.
J. H. VAN LINSCHOTEN.

The Last Fight of the "Revenge."

1591.

(*a*) *A Report of the trvth of the fight about the Iles of Acores, this last la Sommer. Betwixt the* REVENGE, *one of her Maiesties Shippes, and an* ARMADA *of the King of Spaine.*

[By Sir W. RALEIGH.]

(*b*) *The most honorable Tragedie of Sir* RICHARD GRINUILE, *Knight.* 1595.

[By GERVASE MARKHAM.]

(*c*) [*The Fight and Cyclone at the Azores.*

By JAN HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.]

Several accounts are here given of one of the most extraordinary Sea fights in our Naval History.

30.

BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets.

1563.

Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes Newly written by BARNABE GOOGE.

• Three copies only known. Reprinted from the *Huth* copy.

In the prefatory *Notes of the Life and Writings of B. GOOGE*, will be found an account of the trouble he had in winning MARY DARELL for his wife.

A new Literature generally begins with imitations and translations. When this book first appeared, Translations were all the rage among the "young England" of the day. This Collection of *original* Occasional Verse is therefore the more noticeable. The Introduction gives a glimpse of the principal Writers of the time, such as the Authors of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the Translators of SENECA'S *Tragedies*, &c., and including such names as BALDWIN, BAVANDE, BLUNDESTON, NEVILLE, NORTH, NORTON, SACKVILLE, and YELVERTON.

The English Scholar's Library.

16 Parts are now published, in Cloth Boards, £2, 1s.
Any part may be obtained separately.

The general character of this Series will be gathered from the following pages:—22-28.

		s.	d.
1.	WILLIAM CAXTON. **Reynard the Fox,**	1	6
2.	JOHN KNOX. **The First Blast of the Trumpet,**	1	6
3.	CLEMENT ROBINSON and *others.* **A handful of Pleasant Delights,**	1	6
4.	[SIMON FISH.] **A Supplication for the Beggars,**	1	6
5.	[*Rev.* JOHN UDALL.] **Diotrephes,**	1	6
6.	[?] **The Return from Parnassus,**	1	6
7.	THOMAS DECKER. **The Seven Deadly Sins of London,**	1	6
8.	EDWARD ARBER. **An Introductory Sketch to the 'Martin Marprelate' Controversy, 1588-1590,**	3	0
9.	[*Rev.* JOHN UDALL.] **A Demonstration of Discipline,**	1	6
10.	RICHARD STANIHURST. **'Æneid I.-IV.'** in English hexameters,	3	0
11	**'The Epistle,'**	1	6
12.	ROBERT GREEN. **Menaphon,**	1	6
13.	GEORGE JOY. **An Apology to William Tyndale,**	1	6
14.	RICHARD BARNFIELD. **Poems,**	3	0
15.	*Bp.* THOMAS COOPER. **An Admonition to the People of England,**	3	0
16.	*Captain* JOHN SMITH. **Works.** 1120 pages. Six Facsimile Maps. 2 Vols.,	12	6

1.

William Caxton,

our first Printer.

Translation of REYNARD THE FOX.

1481.

[COLOPHON.] *I haue not added ne mynusshed but haue folowed as nyghe as I can my copye which was in dutche / and by me* WILLIAM CAXTON *translated in to this rude and symple englyssh in th[e] abbey of westmestre.*

Interesting for its own sake; but especially as being translated as well as printed by CAXTON, who finished the printing on 6 June 1481.

The Story is the History of the Three fraudulent Escapes of the Fox from punishment, the record of the Defeat of Justice by flattering lips and dishonourable deeds. It also shows the struggle between the power of Words and the power of Blows, a conflict between Mind and Matter. It was necessary for the physically weak to have Eloquence: the blame of REYNARD is in the frightful misuse he makes of it.

The author says, "There is in the world much seed left of the Fox, which now over all groweth and cometh sore up, though they have no red beards."

2.

John Knox,

the Scotch Reformer.

THE FIRST BLAST OF THE TRUMPET, &C.

1558.

(*a*) *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women.*

(*b*) *The Propositions to be entreated in the Second* BLAST.

This work was wrung out of the heart of JOHN KNOX, while, at Dieppe, he heard of the martyr fires of England, and was anguished thereby. At that moment, the liberties of Great Britain, and therein the hopes of the whole World, lay in the laps of four women —MARY of Loraine, the Regent of Scotland; her daughter MARY (the Queen of Scots); Queen MARY TUDOR; and the Princess ELIZABETH.

The Volume was printed at Geneva.

(*c*) KNOX'S *apologetical Defence of his* FIRST BLAST, &C. *to Queen* ELIZABETH.

1559.

3.

Clement Robinson,

and divers others.

A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS.

1584.

A Handefull of pleasant delites, Containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories, in diuers kindes of Meeter. Newly deuised to the newest tunes that are now in vse, to be sung: euerie Sonet orderly pointed to his proper Tune. With new additions of certain Songs, to verie late deuised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor vsed heretofore.

OPHELIA quotes from *A Nosegaie &c.* in this Poetical Miscellany; of which only one copy is now known.

It also contains the earliest text extant of the *Ladie Greensleeues*, which first appeared four years previously.

This is the Third printed Poetical Miscellany in our language.

4.

[Simon Fish,

of Gray's Inn.]

A SUPPLICATION FOR THE BEGGARS.

[? 1529.]

A Supplicacyon for the Beggars.

Stated by J. FOX to have been distributed in the streets of London on Candlemas Day [2 Feb. 1529].

This is the Fifth Protestant book (not being a portion of Holy Scripture) that was printed in the English Language.

The authorship of this anonymous tract, is fixed by a passage in Sir T. MORE's *Apology*, of 1533, quoted in the Introduction.

5.

[Rev. John Udall,

Minister at Kingston on Thames.]

DIOTREPHES.

[1588.]

The state of the Church of Englande, laid open in a conference betweene DIOTREPHES *a Byshopp,* TERTULLUS *a Papiste,* DEMETRIUS *an vsurer,* PANDOCHUS *an Innekeeper, and* PAULE *a preacher of the word of God.*

This is the forerunning tract of the *MARTIN MARPRELATE Controversy*. For the production of it, ROBERT WALDEGRAVE, the printer, was ruined; and so became available for the printing of the Martinist invectives.

The scene of the Dialogue is in PANDOCHUS's Inn, which is in a posting-town on the high road from London to Edinburgh.

6.

[?]

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS.

[Acted 1602.] 1606.

The Returne from Pernassus: or The Scourge of Simony. Publiquely acted by the Students in Saint Iohns Colledge in Cambridge.

This play, written by a University man in December 1601, brings WILLIAM KEMP and RICHARD BURBAGE on to the Stage, and makes them speak thus:

"KEMP. Few of the vniuersity pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Ouid* and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* and *Iuppiter*. Why herees our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I [*Ay*] and *Ben Ionson* too. O that *Ben Ionson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit:

"BURBAGE. It's a shrewd fellow indeed:"

What this controversy between SHAKESPEARE and JONSON was, has not yet been cleared up. It was evidently recent, when (in Dec. 1601) this play was written.

7.

Thomas Decker,

the Dramatist.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF LONDON, &c.

1606.

The Seuen deadly Sinnes of London: drawn in seuen seuerall Coaches, through the seuen severall Gates of the Citie, bringing the Plague with them.

A prose allegorical Satire, giving a most vivid picture of London life, in October 1606.

The Seven Sins are—

- FRAUDULENT BANKRUPTCY.
- LYING.
- CANDLELIGHT (*Deeds of Darkness*).
- SLOTH.
- APISHNESS (*Changes of Fashion*).
- SHAVING (*Cheating*), and
- CRUELTY.

Their chariots, drivers, pages, attendants, and followers are all allegorically described.

8.

The Editor.

AN INTRODUCTORY SKETCH TO THE MARTIN MARPRELATE CONTROVERSY.

1588-1590.

(*a*) *The general Episcopal Administration, Censorship, &c.*
(*b*) *The Origin of the Controversy.*
(*c*) *Depositions and Examinations.*
(*d*) *State Documents.*
(*e*) *The Brief held by Sir* JOHN PUCKERING, *against the Martinists.*
The Rev. J. UDALL (who was however *not* a Martinist); Mrs. CRANE, of Molesey; Rev. J. PENRY; Sir R. KNIGHTLEY, of Fawsley, near Northampton; HUMFREY NEWMAN, the London cobler; JOHN HALES, Esq. of Coventry; Mr. and Mrs. WEEKSTON, of Wolston; JOB THROCKMORTON, Esq.; HENRY SHARPE, bookbinder of Northampton, and the four printers.
(*f*) *Miscellaneous Information.*
(*g*) *Who were the Writers who wrote under the name of* MARTIN MARPRELATE?

9.

[Rev John Udall,

Minister at Kingston on Thames.]

A DEMONSTRATION OF DISCIPLINE.

1588.

A Demonstration of the trueth of that discipline which CHRISTE *hath prescribed in his worde for the gouernement of his Church, in all times and places, vntill the ende of the worlde.*

Printed with the secret Martinist press, at East Molesey, near Hampton Court, in July 1588; and secretly distributed with the *Epitome* in the following November.

For this Work, UDALL lingered to death in prison.

It is perhaps the most complete argument, in our language, for Presbyterian Puritanism, as it was then understood. Its author asserted for it, the infallibility of a Divine Logic; but two generations had not passed away, before (under the teachings of Experience) much of this Church Polity had been discarded.

10.

Richard Stanyhurst,

the Irish Historian.

Translation of

ÆNEID I-IV.

1582.

Thee first fovre Bookes of VIRGIL *his* Æneis *translated intoo English heroical* [*i.e.*, hexameter] *verse by* RICHARD STANYHURST, *wyth oother Poëtical diuises theretoo annexed. Imprinted at Leiden in Hôlland by* IOHN PATES, *Anno M. D. LXXXII.*

This is one of the oddest and most grotesque books in the English language; and having been printed in Flanders, the original Edition is of *extreme* rarity.

The present text is, by the kindness of Lord ASHBURNHAM and S. CHRISTIE-MILLER, Esq., reprinted from the only two copies known, neither of which is quite perfect.

GABRIEL HARVEY desired to be epitaphed, *The Inventor of the English Hexameter*; and STANYHURST, in imitating him, went further than anyone else in maltreating English words to suit the exigencies of Classical feet.

11.

Martin Marprelate.

THE EPISTLE.

1588.

Oh read ouer D. JOHN BRIDGES, *for it is a worthy worke: Or an epitome of the fyrste Booke of that right worshipfull volume, written against the Puritanes, in the defence of the noble cleargie, by as worshipfull a prieste,* JOHN BRIDGES, *Presbyter, Priest or Elder, doctor of Diuillitie, and Deane of Sarum.*

The Epitome [*p.* 26] *is not yet published, but it shall be, when the Byshops are at conuenient leysure to view the same. In the meane time, let them be content with this learned Epistle.*

Printed oversea, in Europe, within two furlongs of a Bounsing Priest, at the cost and charges of M. MARPRELATE, *gentleman.*

12.

Robert Greene, M.A.

MENAPHON.

1589.

MENAPHON. CAMILLAS *alarum to slumbering* EUPHUES, *in his melancholie Cell at Silexedra. VVherein are deciphered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the triumphes of inconstant Time. Displaying in sundrie conceipted passions (figured in a continuate Historie) the Trophees that Vertue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Enuie, or the resolution of Fortune.*

One of GREENE'S novels, with TOM NASH'S Preface, so important in reference to the earlier *HAMLET*, before SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy.

GREENE'S "love pamphlets" were the most popular Works of Fiction in England, up to the appearance of Sir P. SIDNEY'S *Arcadia* in 1590.

13.

George Joy,

an early Protestant Reformer.

AN APOLOGY TO TINDALE.

1535.

An Apologye made by GEORGE JOYE *to satisfye (if it may be)* W. TINDALE: *to pourge and defende himself ageinst so many sclaunderouse lyes fayned vpon him in* TINDALS *vncharitable and vnsober* Pystle *so well worthye to be prefixed* for the Reader *to induce him into the vnderstanding of hys* new Testament, diligently corrected and printed in the yeare of our Lorde 1534, in Nouember

[Antwerp, 27 Feb. 1535.]

This almost lost book is our only authority in respect to the surreptitious editions of the English *New Testament*, which were printed for the English market with very many errors, by Antwerp printers who knew not English, in the interval between TINDALE'S first editions in 1526, and his revised Text (above referred to) in 1534.

14.

Richard Barnfield,

of Darlaston, Staffordshire.

POEMS.

1594-1598.

The affectionate Shepheard. Containing the Complaint of DAPHNIS *for the Loue of* GANYMEDE.

In the following Work, BARNFIELD states that this is "an imitation of *Virgill*, in the second Eglogue of *Alexis*."

CYNTHIA. *With Certaine Sonnets, and the Legend of* CASSANDRA. 1595.

The Author thus concludes his Preface: "Thus, hoping you will beare with my rude conceit of *Cynthia* (if for no other cause, yet, for that it is the First Imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet, Maister *Spencer*, in his *Fayrie Queene*), I leaue you to the reading of that, which I so much desire may breed your Delight."

The Encomion of Lady PECUNIA: *or, The praise of Money.*

1598.

Two of the Poems in this Text have been wrongly attributed to SHAKESPEARE. The disproof is given in the Introduction.

15.

T[homas] C[ooper].

[*Bishop of* WINCHESTER.]

ADMONITION TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

[1589.]

An admonition to the people of England: VVherein are answered, not onely the slaunderous vntruethes, reprochfully vttered by MARTIN *the Libeller, but also many other Crimes by some of his broode, objected generally against all Bishops, and the chiefe of the Cleargie, purposely to deface and discredite the present state of the Church.*

[*Jan.* 1589.]

This is the official reply on the part of the Hierarchy, to *MARTIN MARPRELATE's Epistle of* [Nov.] 1508: see No. 11 on *p.* 24.

It was published between the appearance of the *Epistle* and that of the *Epitome*.

16.

Captain John Smith,

President of Virginia, and Admiral of New England.

WORKS.—1608-1631.

A complete edition, with six facsimile plates.

Occasion was taken, in the preparation of this Edition, dispassionately to test the Author's statements. The result is perfectly satisfactory. The Lincolnshire Captain is to be implicity believed in all that he relates of his own personal knowledge.

The following are the chief Texts in this Volume:—

(1.) **A true Relation of Occurences in Virginia.** 1608.
(2.) **A Map of Virginia.** 1612.
(3.) **A Description of New England.** 1616.
(4.) **New England's Trials.** 1620 and 1622.
(5.) **The History of Virginia, New England, and Bermuda.** 1624.
(6.) **An Accidence for young Seamen.** 1626.
(7.) **His true Travels, Adventures, and Observations.** 1630.
(8.) **Advertisements for Planters in New England, or anywhere.** 1631.

The first Three English Books on America. [? 1511]-1555.

This Work is a perfect Encyclopædia respecting the earliest Spanish and English Voyages to America.

Small Paper Edition, 456 *pp.*, *in One Volume, Demy 4to*, £1, 1*s.*
Large Paper Edition, in One Volume, Royal 4to, £3, 3*s.*

The Three Books are—

(1.) **Of the new landes, etc.** Printed at Antwerp about 1511. *This is the first English book in which the word* America [*i.e.*, Armonica] *occurs.*

(2.) **A Treatise of the new India, etc.** Translated by RICHARD EDEN from SEBASTIAN MUENSTER'S *Cosmography:* and printed in 1553. *The Second English Book on America.*

(3.) **The Decades of the New World, etc.,** by PIETRO MARTIRE [PETRUS MARTYR], translated by RICHARD EDEN, and printed in 1555. *The Third English Book on America.* SHAKESPEARE obtained the character of CALIBAN from this Work.

A List of 837 London Publishers, 1553-1640.

This Master Key to English Bibliography for the period also gives the approximate period that each Publisher was in business.

Demy, 4to, 32 pp., 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

Fcap. 4to, Cloth, Gilt, 10s. 6d. *net.*

THE ONLY KNOWN FRAGMENT OF

The First printed English New Testament, in Quarto.

By W. TINDALE and W. ROY.

Sixty photo-lithographed pages; preceded by a critical PREFACE.

BRIEFLY told, the story of this profoundly interesting work is as follows:—

In 1524 TINDALE went from London to Hamburg; where remaining for about a year, he journeyed on to Cologne; and there, assisted by WILLIAM ROY, subsequently the author of the satire on WOLSEY, *Rede me and be nott wrothe* [see *p.* 19], he began this first edition in 4to, *with glosses*, of the English New Testament.

A virulent enemy of the Reformation, COCHLÆUS, at that time an exile in Cologne; learnt, through giving wine to the printer's men, that P. QUENTAL the printer had in hand a secret edition of three thousand copies of the English New Testament. In great alarm, he informed HERMAN RINCK, a Senator of the city, who moved the Senate to stop the printing; but COCHLÆUS could neither obtain a sight of the Translators, nor a sheet of the impression.

TINDALE and ROY fled with the printed sheets up the Rhine to Worms; and there completing this edition, produced also another in 8vo, *without glosses*. Both editions were probably in England by March 1526.

Of the six thousand copies of which they together were composed, there remain but this fragment of the First commenced edition, in 4to; and of the Second Edition, in 8vo, one complete copy in the Library of the Baptist College at Bristol, and an imperfect one in that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

In the *Preface*, the original documents are given intact, in connection with *Evidence connected with the first Two Editions of the English New Testament, viz., in Quarto and Octavo—*

I. WILLIAM TINDALE'S antecedent career.
II. The Printing at Cologne.
III. The Printing at Worms.
IV. WILLIAM ROY'S connection with these Editions.
V. The landing and distribution in England.
VI. The persecution in England.

Typographical and Literary Evidence connected with the present Fragment—

I. It was printed for TINDALE by PETER QUENTAL at Cologne, before 1526.
II. It is not a portion of the separate Gospel of *Matthew* printed previous to that year.
III. It is therefore certainly a fragment of the Quarto.

Is the Quarto a translation of LUTHER'S *German Version?*

Text. The prologue. Inner Marginal References. Outer Marginal Glosses.

*** For a continuation of this Story see G. JOY'S *Apology*, at *p.* 25.

Captain WILLIAM SIBORNE.

The Waterloo Campaign. 1815.

4th Ed. Crown 8vo. 832 *pages.* 13 *Medallion Portraits of Generals.* 15 *Maps and Plans.*

Bound in Red Cloth, uncut edges. FIVE SHILLINGS, Net.

The Work is universally regarded to be the best general Account in the English language of the Twenty Days War: including the Battles of Quatre Bras, Ligny, Waterloo, and Wavre; and the subsequent daring March on Paris. It is as fair to the French as it is to the Allies.

WILLIAM BEATTY, M.D., Surgeon of H.M.S. Victory.

An Authentic Narrative of the Death of Lord Nelson.

21st October 1805.

2nd Ed. Crown 8vo. 96 *pages.* *Two Illustrations:*

(1) **Of Lord NELSON in the dress he wore when he received his mortal wound.**

(2) **Of the Bullet that killed him.**

Bound in Blue Cloth, uncut edges. HALF-A-CROWN, Net.

Other volumes in preparation.

3 *Vols. Fcap. 8vo, Cloth,* £1, 1s.

The Paston Letters.

1422-1509.

A NEW EDITION, containing upwards of 400 letters, etc., hitherto unpublished.

EDITED BY

JAMES GAIRDNER,

of the Public Record Office.

3 *Vols. Fcap. 8vo, Cloth extra,* 15s. *net.*

'*The Paston Letters* are an important testimony to the progressive condition of Society, and come in as a precious link in the chain of moral history of England, which they alone in this period supply. They stand, indeed, singly, as far as I know, in Europe; for though it is highly probable that in the archives of Italian families, if not in France or Germany, a series of merely private letters equally ancient may be concealed; I do not recollect that any have been published. They are all written in the reigns of HENRY VI. and EDWARD IV., except a few that extend as far as HENRY VII., by different members of a wealthy and respectable, but not noble, family; and are, therefore, pictures of the life of the English gentry of that age.'—HENRY HALLAM, *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, i. 228, *Ed.* 1837.

These Letters are the genuine correspondence of a family in Norfolk during the Wars of the Roses. As such, they are altogether unique in character; yet the language is not so antiquated as to present any serious difficulty to the modern reader. The topics of the letters relate partly to the private affairs of the family, and partly to the stirring events of the time: and the correspondence includes State papers, love letters, bailiff's accounts, sentimental poems, jocular epistles, etc.

Besides the public news of the day, such as the Loss of Normandy by the English; the indictment, and subsequent murder at sea of the Duke of SUFFOLK; and all the fluctuations of the great struggle of YORK and LANCASTER; we have the story of JOHN PASTON'S first introduction to his wife; incidental notices of severe domestic discipline, in which his sister frequently had her head broken; letters from Dame ELIZABETH BREWS, a match-making Mamma, who reminds the youngest JOHN PASTON that Friday is 'Saint Valentine's Day,' and invites him to come and visit her family from the Thursday evening till the Monday, etc., etc.

Every Letter has been exhaustively annotated; and a Chronological Table with most copious Indices, conclude the Work.

MESSRS. A. CONSTABLE AND COMPANY'S
COMPLETE CATALOGUE

CONTAINING

THE WHITEHALL SHAKESPEARE

(*Large type in handy volumes*).

CONSTABLE'S Reprint of the Author's Favourite Edition of the

WAVERLEY NOVELS

in 48 Vols.

THE ACME LIBRARY

Etc.

Will be sent post free on application.